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E U R O P E
G O I N G — G O I N G — G O N E !

By the same Author

THIS SALZBURG

(4th impression)

EUROPE GOING GOING GONE !

*A sketchy book trying to give a rough explanation
of Europe, its politics, and its state of mind, for
the benefit mainly of Anglo-Saxons, politicians,
and other folk with uncomplicated minds*

COMPILED MOST CARELESSLY
BY
COUNT FERDINAND CZERNIN

ILLUSTRATED TO MAKE THINGS EASIER, BY
WALTER GOETZ

LONDON
PETER DAVIES

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book is a work of fiction. All characters, as far as there are any in the book, are drawn entirely from imagination. The greatest possible care has been taken to avoid the use of names of real live people, and if any such names have been used this has been done inadvertently and no reference to such persons is intended. In fact all characters in this book are dummies.

THE AUTHOR

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THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS OF THE BOOK

- Hitler, Adolf, the grater on the nerves, an extremely touchy personality.
- Mussolini, Benito, the blessed one, a bald-headed actor who used to play lead, but only works as an understudy now.
- Chamberlain, Neville, a traveller with great experience of Salmon fishing.
- Eden, Anthony, a dandy in distress.
- Goebbels, Joseph, an Aryan doctor who doesn't look it and sports a biblical name.
- Goering, Hermann, a pomposity.
- Schacht, Hjalmar, a juggler who, thanks to his collar, hasn't yet broken his neck.
- Funk, a financial dictator, sometimes referred to as blue.
- Baldwin, a chap to whose pipe people used to go to sleep.
- Norman, Montagu, head of Norman, Britain & Co., of Threadneedle Street, London.
- Masaryk, Thomas, a European, deceased like most of them.
- Benes, Eduard, a peace offering.
- Schuschnigg, Kurt, a piece of crushed evidence.
- Horthy, an admirable admiral.
- Daladier, a dictator in bud.
- Bonnet, a French wit.
- Blum, the reason for French anti-semitism.

xii *THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE BOOK*

Stalin, a bogey in the background.

Ciano, an heir.

Edda, his brain and wife.

Halifax, looking down upon them all.

Christian, a king on a bicycle.

Carol, still a king.

Boris, an engine-driver.

Beck, a colonel, trying hard not to have to stay at
the b . . . and call of Adolf the Touchy.

Mister X, a king who for that reason always wins
the first set.

Franco, Italian State Secretary for Spanish affairs.

Kant, exactly what you think and a Prussian philo-
sopher.

Runciman, a Lord with a plan.

A Brownshirt

A Blackguard

A Sokol

An Ironguard

A Man of the Fiery Doublecross

An American, the man who wonders what it's all
about, when, after all, the market is bad
enough as it is.

The Average European, the chap taking over.

Leopold, a likeable king trying to be neutral.

Wilhelmina, the image of tradition.

Himmler, chief of a secret gang.

The Neutral, a timid individual of no consequence.

The Masses

A Hungry Hungarian

A Magyar Gentleman

A Polish Colonel

A Pole, something a bit greasy.

A Jew, a being.

An Aryan, a proud being.

An Antisemite, a being with a theory.

Zog, an ex-king by the grace of the Blessed One.

Peter, an infant king.

Paul, a regent.

Titulescu, a politician tired of retiring.

Maniu, an honest Roumanian politician.

Matschek, a Croatian leader, whatever that may be.

Scoropadsky, a Hetman.

George, a Greek king, on and off.

Wagner	} the original nerve-graters.
Nietzsche	

THE SCENE,

with few exceptions, is present-day Europe.

The background should be kept dark, as if a thunderstorm was likely to break any minute.

Occasional gusts of wind should blow across the stage to sweep away the debris which is continually accumulating during the performance.

The left of the stage is occupied by the pillars of a Greek temple of incredible size, and the right is a blank wall, with but one tiny door leading through it, marked No. 10. Through this the statesmen escape whenever the scene becomes too turbulent for them.

The centre of the stage is occupied by a large green table with no chairs round it. It doesn't matter, for no statesman ever finds any time to sit down to think or to concentrate. Earl Baldwin says so.

Whatever talk there is to be done is done standing. So there is no seating accommodation in the room.

Many telephones occupy many little tables, which in the course of events often get knocked over. When that happens, loud voices cry out through them: "Mr. Chamberlain, you're through," or "Mr. Hitler, you're through," or "Gentlemen of the League, you're through." But nothing ever results from those cries, for someone, usually one of the symbolic characters of the book, puts the receiver back again in the nick of time.

There are loud-speakers in the room, apart from the

characters, mechanical ones, which all through the evening go on talking and blaring national anthems and marches. The audience must be actually made to feel quite relieved when one of them, as it occasionally does, breaks into an American jazz-tune.

The only other thing in the room is an elaborate rack, specially designed to receive hats and umbrellas, helmets, swords, canons and Bren guns. But it is never used, for the characters prefer to carry their equipment about with them.

Sir John Anderson even has a footman following him with part of his equipment, the Welsh part, and a pair of skates.

When the curtain rises there is no one in the audience. When it comes down again after the last word, the wailing of a child is heard in the gallery, where it has just been mysteriously born. Otherwise, the audience is still empty.

This, of course, is purely symbolic.

INTRODUCTION

WHEN I SET OUT to write this book over a year ago, it was to be a very light-hearted thing I was writing, a book full of gaiety and fun, a gaiety which I then believed to be typically European, and very, very Austrian.

I didn't particularly care for dictators even then, I adored my Austria, and I believed in Austria as the last free stronghold of that other Germany, which for half a decennium now has been muzzled and unable to utter a sound.

I know now that, though we could see Hitler's house at Berchtesgaden with a pair of good binoculars, though we were next door to Nazi-ism and in constant touch with it, I know now that we didn't know anything about it until we had to live under it.

In fact, we had exactly the same attitude which I find everywhere nowadays, in England, France, Switzerland, the "It-can't-happen-here" attitude, which, though it makes people wonder at the bestiality and stupidity of men, and makes them shudder at times at the stories which occasionally manage to cross the frontiers of the dictator countries, doesn't seem able to make them grasp the full importance of what is going on, and makes them question why, if people haven't gone mad, they put up with it.

Then National-Socialism happened to us. It sounds stupid to say so, but still it's true: it was like an elemental

disaster, like a flood, an earthquake, like a big fire, it happened.

The earth which we stood on no longer appeared to be solid, values crashed to the right and the left, truths which we had believed in since we had been able to think suddenly became lies overnight, lies which we had fought and despised we found established as gospel truths when we shook off the nightmares that followed us into fitful sleep.

On the ghastly 11th of March, 1938, while four hundred German bombers droned over our heads on their way to Aspern, Vienna's airport, bombers that had come to "deliver us from the dastardly oppression of the Schuschnigg Government", the manuscript of this book went up in flames.

It wasn't worth keeping any longer, for a lot of its contents were true no more, and the few truths it still contained were as good as a third-class ticket to Dachau if any of the Gestapo chaps happened to see them.

In the meantime, all that Austria stood for seems to have disappeared as if it had never really existed. But I know, and so do thousands of others, that that spirit of live and let live, that spirit of human understanding, that spirit of individualism and personality, which was Austria, still lives and will go on living, no matter what happens, no matter how it is suppressed. For the spirit doesn't die of suppression, it thrives on it.

Unfortunately in the Julian calendar, the beastly thing we still use, the month of September, after some delay, follows the month of March.

It certainly did with a vengeance in 1938, and bang, went Czechoslovakia. Not only part, but the whole of it.

And now that a year has gone by, full of events for some, less for others, this book is ready for publication again.

It is not the same book by any means as the one that turned to smoke and was blown away by the four hundred propellers. Quite a lot of things which seemed important then don't seem to matter at all now and are left unsaid. A number of things which I believe I have learnt in the last twelve months had to be put into it.

It's a flippant book, a book which no one with a serious mind should read. But still, I hope for a large public, for who on earth can afford to be serious these days, when being serious has such terrible consequences?

But I have got to apologise—

to you, my friends, and
to all of you whom I have never set eyes upon, who
have suffered for the sake of our convictions,
to you who have been murdered because you couldn't
bend your necks,
to you who are being tortured from sunrise to
sunrise in the prisons and concentration camps
of totalitarianism,
to you who go on living in countries of your own,
though you are no longer able to understand them,
to you who are undergoing the worst imaginable
tortures of mind daily,
to you who have given up all hope, and
to all of you who still go on fighting, be it only for
your own souls' salvation.

I've got to apologise to you for being flippant about the ideals and ideas which you are being put to death for.

Forgive me if I sound callous at times, forgive me for sounding as if I myself were no longer firm in our faith. I am. I still believe as strongly as ever I did in the dignity of man, in freedom and justice, in the rights of humanity.

I haven't suffered as you have. I have got no sacrifice to lay with yours on the scales of time, but I, too, have lost my country, and I know as you do that it needs but the faith and the determination to fight to regain it, that country which is more than a landscape, more than a home, for it is the symbol of our convictions.

Forgive me, you that have gone, and you that are still here, forgive me for writing this book, but this is my way of fighting.



A CHAPTER ON THE IMPORTANCE OF NOT BEING EARNEST

LIFE ISN'T LONG ENOUGH to keep on being serious about it. Particularly not in swiftly moving days like ours, when times are just sufficiently long for you to find out what you want and to get it, and there is no more retiring into quiet places to work things out for yourself and be earnest about the here and the hereafter.

Our mentality has got left so far behind the developments of this mechanical age that hardly any of us seem capable of even forming a rough opinion of what all this living is for and about.

I'm afraid that we are living through an age when life has got very far ahead of us, and all we can do about it is to let it run its course, then seriously strive to catch up with it, by which time, I hope to God, our mentality and our way of living will have adjusted themselves to the world of our own making.

I'm afraid that at present we are all of us, or practically all of us, living into a void, if you know what I mean. You don't? All right, I wonder if really I do myself.

But, anyway, I am not here to be philosophical about

it, but to tell you that I think it most important, now more than ever, that we should try and see the really screamingly funny sides of life's seriousness, for if we don't we shall probably sooner or later all have to go to the dogs.

The ghastliest thing that can happen to a people is to have its sense of humour taken away from it, and to be left high and dry on the rocks of life, so hard, so uncomfortable, and so cold from underneath.

We Austrians have always had an absurdly childlike love for Anglo-Saxons, which I don't think anything but the similarity of our senses of humour is able to explain.

If I hadn't been born an Austrian and therefore have become extinct by now, I am sure I would have wished to be born an Englishman. Just think of the fun one can get out of being able to rule the waves. Great ones, small ones, negligible ones and most important ones; golly, what fun it must be to rule them. Hundreds and thousands of them, delicious ones and nasty ones, all, all, all of them.

Well, not quite all of them, I suppose. One shouldn't be greedy. But let's say, all except those which are being ruled by someone else: Americans, or Japanese, for instance, or Germans, or Italians, or General Franco. But I am sure there would still be enough waves left to go round, if one stops being greedy, and just concentrates on the undisputed ones.

But quite apart from this ruling of the waves business, we Austrians always have, and funnily enough always will, I suppose, go on having a crush on the English.

It's his mentality more than anything else which we

like and respect. The mentality which makes every cabby at heart a gentleman—at heart, I said, and when



it comes to the real show-down. It's the freedom and the respect which the English accord to every personality, the spirit of a country where everyone is careful not to tread on anyone else's toes, where to contradict is rude, not because you are not entitled to your own opinion, but because everyone is entitled to his own, the spirit of a nation that adores laughing at itself, and doesn't mind being laughed at by anybody else if it isn't done nastily, not even by foreigners. (All right, I'll cut myself in the finger just to give you an excuse for using the adjective!)

And, I suppose, we love England and the English for what they stand for: self-controlled democracy, the freedom of mind and thought, and the will to conserve what is good and worthy of conservation, and the ability to throw into the dustbin what has become old, and useless, and superfluous.

Being earnest about life seems to lead to the most ghastly messes all over the place. Whenever people get ideas into their heads, forget their sense of humour, start wearing blinkers, and try to convince the world that theirs is the right way, and the only possible way, of looking at things, it usually ends up with an unholy row, at the end of which they haven't got any farther than if they had laughed at each other and themselves to begin with.

He who won't stand being laughed at doesn't deserve to read this book, and he who can't see the other chap's point of view, won't.

But if there are people who laugh when they read it, I shall be glad. If there are some whom it might set thinking, I shall be delighted. And if there are a few who understand what I'm trying to say in a stupid roundabout way, then this book will have done all I can ever ask of it.



THE ORIGINAL MISTAKE

IT IS NO GOOD CRYING over spilt milk, I suppose. But it's a gentlemanly thing to own up when one has made a mistake, though what good it does anybody I don't know.

Let's frankly admit that the original mistake was entirely ours. It was greed, pure greed, that made us do it. And now, of course, we are having to suffer for it.

Why anybody should want to get at the spices of India, I can't think, and why people thought it of such great importance to find a short cut to them wouldn't be any of my business, if it wasn't for the consequences.

The Habsburgs—I wish somebody would tell me why all Angels and Saxons insist on calling that hapless family the Hapsburgs—who could be relied upon always to do the wrong thing under any given circumstances, of course would make a mess of it the moment that gentleman with the beard walked into the room, gingerly balancing an egg, and asking for a

hundred and forty-five bucks, or whatever it was, to finance the discovery of America.

They had probably never heard of that saying about being in for a penny and having to go in for pounds, or else they thought that being dollars it didn't apply, anyway they straight away, or as straight away as they could, raised those dollars, and Christopher went off and did his stuff.

It never was a good business proposition to go about discovering places. And apart from that, one doesn't do anyone any good. Those who are discovered don't like it, and those who do the discovering usually get it in the neck for it. Those who do the financial side of the discovery start off by investing comparatively small sums, then, to save their investments, put in larger and larger amounts, until at the end of it they lose it all. No, going about discovering things may be fun if you can afford it, but it's no good as a serious sideline to business.

Those Habsburgs ought to have stuck to ruling Spain properly, and pulling their weight in the Holy Roman Empire, for it was none of their business to go running about discovering Wall Street and Hollywood.

Well, it's too late now. That trip was taken, and it made an awful lot of difference to everybody in the long run. Not at the beginning, it didn't, but within the three to four hundred years which followed people began sitting up and taking notice.

I'm sure Alphonso, if he had a chance, would wring the neck of that ancestor of his for throwing away good cash, when he might have provided for his descendants if he had only had the foresight to see what was going to happen. But then, Habsburgs in those days didn't

ever think of being dethroned, and so now Alphonso has to try and get those hundred and forty-five dollars back at the shimmy-tables of Deauville or Monte Carlo from some American who can easily afford to lose them.

That's what comes of discovering places.

JUST A THEORY

IN TIMES AS CONFUSING as ours it is just as well to get oneself a theory, an elastic one if one can possibly find it, one that will be able to accommodate all the things one knows, into which one can immediately fit new facts as they arise, and which will always give one the chance of saying: That's exactly what I always believed.

If you find one like that, it not only should be, it's got to be elastic.

I got myself one the other day, a wonderful one, I believe, though I have thought so before, and the one I then had turned out to be quite unworkable when it was most urgently needed.

But this one of mine, I think, might work for some time. It should, for it is brand-new, and I would simply hate it to go phut on me again, for theories which you care for going phut on you is one of the worst experiences anyone can have. So dreadfully discouraging, and such an awful nuisance rigging up a new one.

Well, for what it's worth you can have mine, if yours gets out of order, or if you haven't got one. Even if you have one you had better grab mine. For the time being, anyway. For odds and ends of it you will find cropping up in this book everywhere, and you won't know where they come from, if you don't grasp my theory.

Well, here it goes:

- (a) Hundreds of thousands of busy brains and hands have been working away for nearly two hundred years now, making that mechanical age in which we live come possible, blast them!
- (b) There is no getting away from it, we are in for it, and the trouble is, we are not nearly ready for it yet, in fact, we are miles behind!

Though everyone laughs at the means of communication of, say, a hundred and fifty years ago, we are at bottom still in the frame of mind of 1790. We haven't outgrown Rousseau, or Kant, or John Locke really, and Goethe and Byron are just as readable or unreadable to us as they were to their contemporaries. So what?

- (c) See: our civilisation has for the last twenty-five years or so been trying to catch up with the mechanical age, but is finding it terribly difficult with all this tradition stuff, the established interests, the deeply rooted conventions, and what not, about. In fact, it finds it can't catch up with anything at all without getting rid of that dead weight.
- (d) That dead weight unfortunately is a very integral part of our present-day culture.
- (e) "Well, what if it is?" says nature, or whoever is in charge of these things, "it will have to go. You shouldn't have started inventing things in the first place, if you don't like living up to them. Now it's too late to complain."
- (f) Efficiently, it seems, the whole thing can only be done by destroying everything that stands at present, and by getting the new stuff to sprout without hindrance.

- (g) Gee! So that's the reason why everything is going topsy-turvy! Whatever force there is, is clearing the way apparently for the new machine-age civilisation.

That's the theory. As far as its implications go, I can't say I like it. But as a theory it's wonderful. For it works; you can cram anything into it you like, and you can explain almost everything by it. And I don't suppose it's so much farther from the truth than any other theory.

There is a flaw in it, of course, because it necessitates the introduction of history, or progress, or nature, or whatever you may call it, as a living force, as something that shapes destinies, moulds life, extinguishes it, and creates it too. And it makes man and whatever he does just look absurdly stupid and futile. That, of course, is the flaw.

Well, but show me a theory that hasn't got a flaw in it!

CASH AND LIBERTY

THAT'S THE WORST of making mistakes, you don't usually know that you have made one, until quite a long time afterwards, when it comes rushing up and smites you in the neck.



As a matter of fact, mistakes may look like not being mistakes at all for an awfully long time, and only turn out to be mistakes in the end. So if you want to find out whether you've made one or not, you've always got to wait patiently right up to the end.

Now it quite often happens that people can't afford to do that and simply die off, leaving life behind to work out for itself whether what they did was a mistake or not.

Some people, of course, their mistakes catch up with in their lifetimes. Those are the people who always go on telling you to be careful not to make any.

It took a long time for Europeans to find out what a great mistake they had made by discovering America. For hundreds of years they believed that they had done something wonderful, and they loved being able to ship across the ocean what they considered to be their bad eggs, and getting a shipload of gold and silver back in exchange.

Spain grew fat and rich on Christopher's discovery, and bang, down she went to lean, parsimonious Elizabeth.

Then the English, in the course of events, got hold

of it, and, lucky dogs that they are, were got rid of before they went phut themselves.

But let's get back to see what was happening inside that mistake of ours which, as the ages grew more and more aged, absorbed ever greater amounts of European blood.

As Spaniards never will finish anything properly, whatever they do, not even wars, but usually get stuck somewhere in the middle, and as in their case being in America was just in the middle of going there, getting the gold and the spices, and going back, an awful lot of them did get stuck there.

But that was mainly South America, so it doesn't really matter how awful the lot was that did get stuck, for South America doesn't enter into this story at all.

With North America the thing was totally different. The people who went there, to begin with, didn't usually go because they wanted to come back, which, after all, is a terribly roundabout way of doing things, but because they were sick of Europe and wanted to live a new life altogether, their own, which, though they suspected it might be hard, they knew would at least be free.

They were sick of being under-dogs and of being prosecuted for their faith, so off they went to become Americans. And in those days no one ever even thought of affidavits of support.

Every other word those early settlers spoke was "liberty", and every other "rights", which seems very little to start any new language on. But how much can come of how little can be seen by giving the American language of to-day the once over. Gee! what a language

for getting as near to what you want to say as anybody can ever possibly hope to get! A people that could have invented "bodyurge", for instance, for that reason alone deserves to be made to swallow the whole globe.

Now, where did we start from? Oh yes! Liberty! Well, that sure—beg your pardon—certainly was the foundation-stone of American civilisation. Whereas in Europe personal liberty in the best of cases was regarded as a privilege, in America it was never anything else straight from the start but a right, and the most primitive one at that.

To a certain extent, of course, personal liberty must always remain tied up with the question of population. The owner of a big house with a park around it will always be at liberty to spit out of the window as often as he likes. If, on the other hand, he is likely to be spitting into another man's window by spitting out of his own, he won't be allowed to retain his right of free spitting for very long.

So naturally there is much more liberty of that kind yet in the United States—to be exact, four-and-a-half times as much as in Europe, for Europe is four-and-a-half times as densely populated.

Those who shook the dust of Europe off their feet very soon found out that they had rid themselves of a lot of other things, too, by going west. They had left behind them all those cumbersome traditions, firmly rooted conventions, and generally accepted rules, which governed Europe, and which, though they may have been full of sense at one time, went on existing long after all the sense had gone out of them.

In fact, they were able to start inventing their own

rules. And that, believe me, counts for a lot, if you are setting up a new civilisation.

Anyone setting up a civilisation should take good care not to balance it on one pillar alone.

The early Americans, of course, knew all about that, and somehow or other, by chance or by design, I don't know, tumbled upon the idea of setting up money as the second pillar of that civilisation of theirs. And an awfully good idea it turned out to be too.

At least, it seemed a good idea as long as the wide-open spaces remained wide and open, and as long as everybody, simply by doing things that eventually turned out to be the right things, could make pots of money. And, of course, as long as one chap stood just as good a chance as any other of doing the right things.

Whether it is still a good idea or not, I'm not quite sure. But the fact remains that money as such is of very much greater importance in the American variety of civilisation than in any other.

There it has become a standard to which everything can be reduced.

It's a long and complicated story, how cash managed to become, and to stay, one of the main pillars of this astounding new civilisation, and I don't think I ought to go into it, but no doubt somebody some time should. But then he'd probably have to get rid of his sense of humour first, and that is more than is fair to ask of anybody.

Let us just accept the fact that cash, up to quite recently anyway, was one of the mainstays of American civilisation, and that the other was liberty.

A curious combination, but so far it seems to work remarkably well.

I.O.U.'s AND AUTHORITY

I WONDER WHETHER anybody really knows what original pillars the European civilisation was set up on.

Layers and layers of dust and tradition have accumulated in Europe in the years gone by, and probably only those who started erecting the pillars two thousand years ago know what they really were. And it wouldn't be any good trying to find out from them, for apart from being dead by now they probably didn't even know they were setting up a new civilisation. They hadn't become as conscious of "making history" as we are to-day. And as to pillars, they didn't know the first thing about them.

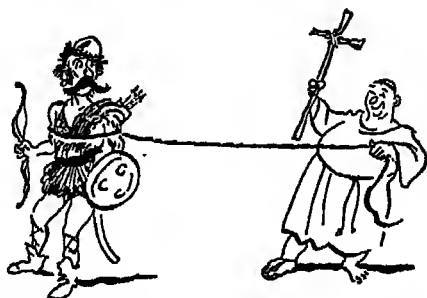
And to unearth the pillars to-day would mean going to no end of trouble. I am going to leave it to someone else more fitted for the job, for I'm neither strong enough to do the digging up nor intelligent enough to draw the correct conclusions.

But as far as I can see with the naked eye, it seems to me that one of the mainstays of European civilisation has, right from the start, been authority.

Right from the start, when the first savage heathen was given the choice of either bending his knee and



kissing the holy cross, or joining his ancestors in their respective happy hunting-grounds.



Disputed or undisputed, authority was always there. First the undisputed one of the church and its various puppets, then the disputing of it, only to have it succeeded by the divine authority of emperors, kings, princes and princelings, and the disputing of their authority, and the rise of the authority of the nation, when kings started toppling over and nations, whatever they may be, assumed authority.

You can't have authority banging you about for two thousand years without it giving you a complex, and so naturally European civilisation has become a thing full of complexes. In fact, being European has become a complex itself by now.

Authority did have a most salutary effect, inasmuch as the best people in this part of the world were only made possible by fighting authority and sharpening their wits on it. But this is certainly not to the point and comes under the heading of "destructive criticism", that admirable term created by Joseph minor.

About the other original pillar I am not at all sure.

As cash was the other one on which American civilisation grew, I suppose there must be an equivalent of sorts for the European one too. The cash side, of course, never did play a major role in European civilisation. It was the I.O.U. side of the question which was always of much greater importance. And not only financially either. For Europe even to-day seems to be full of people and institutions and communities waiting for the day to pay off a debt to somebody else.

With those thousands of I.O.U.'s being traded backwards and forwards, Europe has landed itself in a position where relations have become rather strained. In fact, one can be quite candid about it, it has got itself into a mess.

Of course, I don't pretend that it is easy to trace everything back to one of the two original pillars in Europe, for the roots of quite a lot of things don't go down to either of them, but are sunk in one of the mud-cakes built out of tradition and dust which lie on top of each other and make up this civilisation of ours.

In fact, tradition has snowed under the original pillars, and European civilisation is supported by hundreds of latter-day ones, some old and venerable, some newer and more comprehensible, but all of them terribly wobbly by now.

AND NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET?

EUROPE TO MOST AMERICANS is nothing but an accumulation of picture-galleries, restaurants, hotels, a ghastly succession of table d'hôtes, Rubenses and Rembrandts, a recollection of bad nights spent in sleepers, a meaningless string of names, gay Paree, Budapest, Venice, the place where they had the flood when you were there, Berlin with the national festival going on when you arrived, flags, bands, generals, and all; Vienna, the place where that divine boy fell in love with you, and was so, so unhappy when you left, poor dear; Prague, where they must have mistaken you for someone else, for they were continually thanking you for having made the Czech nation become possible, and cursing you for having sold them out; Rome, where the poor darlings are so poor they simply have got to let their houses fall into ruins, and Durazzo, where you actually went and dined with the KING, and were allowed to take presents to his beautiful sisters.

Whatever you do in Europe, you are bound to run up against a "done" or a "not done" sooner or later. Not alone ethical ones, but just conventional ones, which are being stuck to for no other reason but that they are done or not done. These things are not abolished by anything any individual can do about them, but "dones" and "not dones" are only dislocated by tremendous social upheavals. And it's no good starting a social upheaval to be allowed to dip your buttered toast into a

cup of coffee. It's much simpler not to dip. And so European civilisation goes on.

Europe, I suppose, does stand for old age and wisdom, America for youth and energy. You can't have both, for wisdom will never be energetic. And the best display old age can give of itself is second youth, and that, my girl friend tells me, never lasts for more than three or six months at the best. But then, of course, there are monkey glands!

Europeans sniff at money and are born into business. Americans don't sniff and work their way into it. In America the head of any decent firm has worked his way up from being a boot-black. But even if he hasn't, when he arrives on top he invents a boot-black past for himself, the Press, and the admiring public. Europeans



start off from being heads, and end up as boot-blacks. And they don't get inferiority complexes from it either.

In Europe you can grow up to be quite a respectable member of the upper ten thousand without having been kidnapped, actually or for publicity's sake, at least once

in your lifetime. And that is a pity, for it is nice to be able to point to the fact that one was worth fifty thousand dollars ransom money to someone, even if it was only a parent who couldn't possibly realise at the time what you were going to grow up into.

In Europe you have to be terribly careful not to be arrested for something or other. Being drunk is a crime in some countries, not being a Nazi in others, trying to be polite to girls you don't know might land you in jail in England, whereas not being polite to a girl might easily lead to a crime passionelle in France, for instance. In almost any country you will be arrested for raising the wrong limb. Europe is terribly dangerous, for you can be arrested for almost anything, for theft and robbery as well as for murder and kidnapping.

Europe is so authoritarian that the authorities don't even have to prove that you are an income-tax defaulter before they can lock you up.

Whereas in America a waterfall becomes a potential electric power station the moment it is discovered, it remains a waterfall in Europe in most cases, with the exception of Switzerland, of course, where it immediately becomes a national asset and a source of national income, for you won't be allowed to look at it unless you pay 1 Sfr. But then, that applies to everything in Switzerland, to waterfalls as well as to views and gulps of that wonderful Swiss air. Everything is 1 Sfr. Luxuries, of course, are more, but then people don't go to Switzerland for luxury, but to live simple, healthy lives, even if they do stay with Mr. Badrutt.

In America time, as everyone knows, is money. Money is a thing to save, so Americans do anything to

save time. What they do with the millions of years which they have by now accumulated, God alone knows. In Europe time is the only thing people have got a lot of, and which they waste liberally. And I wonder whether they are so very much worse off for it.

Refined Americans, when they are five years old, start playing the piano and learning the French language.

Refined Europeans, when they are five, start learning the English language and wishing they could play the saxophone. That, I suppose, is one of the reasons why refined Europeans and refined Americans, whenever they meet, never think that the others are.

In Europe life isn't as simple as it ought to be, but senselessly complicated, and the funny part of it is that Europeans seem to like it that way, and are even apt to smile at the American way of simplifying life. They don't seem to envy the Americans their refrigerators and their bathrooms, their air-conditioned houses and their central heating, they actually seem quite happy with things as they are, and rather fond of their mess. And it doesn't make any impression on them either if one is "preachy" about it to them. They actually believe that Americans could learn something from them. The fact doesn't impress them that America has taller houses, larger markets, greater factories and bigger business. The rude ones amongst them even smile at Americans for being proud of it. Some even smile at American liberty. They might, they say, as well be slaves to Adolf or Musso as to machines and money.

Europeans seem to know that they are going under, but they don't seem capable of doing anything about it. And if anyone suggests applying American methods

to Europe, he is as likely as not to get the reply that that is exactly what they would call going under. Europeans, in fact, are stupid, muddle-headed, narrow-minded people.

Europe, of course, suffers tremendously from all the nationality problems which it continually has to deal with. There is a German problem, an Irish one, a Czech, a Ruthenian, an Italian one, and a dozen others.

Things are easy in a country like America, where they haven't got nationality problems. Americans haven't really got an Irish problem, or an Italian one, they can just make policemen out of the ones and gangsters out of the others, and make them fight their problems out between them.



America has before now been accused of having fought all its wars for cash. That obviously is not true. It is not even a half-truth, for America never fought a war for cash, just as it never fought a war for its ideals alone. The wars which America fought she fought as representative of American civilisation. What of it, if this civilisation is built up on cash and the ideal of liberty?

In America life as well as everything else has become standardised. So have American goods, American ideas, American women and men. Even after quite a few years of American training most Germans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, or even Lithuanians, for that matter, would resent being called average Germans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, or Lithuanians. As for an average European,

such a thing is quite inconceivable. Americans like to be thought the average; they are rather proud of it. They even have contests to determine the average American. American papers are full of articles on the average American millionaire, the average bootblack, and the average American virgin. We Europeans feel that one should stop averaging somewhere, at the latest just before you get to a virgin.

I don't know what Europeans get out of having no money, apart from the lovely feeling that there is nothing more to lose, but I suppose if I tried hard I could think up one or two more things. On the other hand, I wonder whether there is a thing I could think of that an American millionaire gets out of his money which the non-millionaire American can't get as well. Cars and cinemas, radio and magazines, are within reach of practically all Americans, so are golf and football and all the other kinds of education. The central heating in a millionaire's home can't be more central than the one in an office clerk's flat, and conversation, which after all is based upon what people know and think about, can't be very different at any American's dinner-table.

American pictures, I suppose, have done more spadework in Americanising Europe than anything else, even including American tourists. First of all American pictures have taught thousands of quite sensible human beings the American language. Subcutaneously they have, secondly, injected American mentality into many a European brain. And even if that mentality is, in most cases, only switched on when Europeans enter a cinema, it is usually not switched off for many hours

after he leaves the place, and it has become responsible for quite a few things in the everyday life of Europe to-day. And it isn't only the crime-doesn't-pay mentality, which is lapped up eagerly by many in the hope of finding out whether crime couldn't be made to pay after all, but mainly the sentimental value of American films, which has entered many a European soul, and which not only catches hold of chamber-maids and footmen, but also of duchesses and brave old generals on leave from their battlefields, who feel that they have deserved a soaking, and that getting soaked on sentimentality in a picture-house is ever so much more dignified than getting soaked on something else in a public one.

Karl Marx, that wonderful man who wrote that clever book about the thing he didn't have, once defined the proletarian as a human living entirely on his wages. If this still holds true, then, I suppose, America ought to be regarded as the most proletarian community in the world, with the exception, maybe, of the U.S.S.R. But then, I don't think that the average American wage-earner can possibly look upon himself as a proletarian, and nobody is likely to look upon him as being it either. If, on the other hand, proletarianism means the inability to rise above and beyond a fixed level of thought and individuality, then indeed America has attained a high degree of proletarianisation. But proletarianisation, as we understand it to-day, can only have one meaning, and that is condemnation to either material or spiritual slavery. Now no one can talk of condemnation to slavery in a country where every boot-black, like Napoleon's grenadiers who carried their field-

marshal's batons in their knapsacks, carries his future private secretaryship in one of his boot-boxes, a country where every rise and fall seems possible, where personal liberty is one of the foundation-stones of the whole social structure.

America has created a mass-civilisation which, though it may be inferior to the old aristocratic civilisation of Europe, is certainly far superior to the civilisation of the European masses. And the American civilisation has got another advantage over its European and Asiatic equivalents of the Fascist and Communist variety: it works.

One knows how Americans adore and pet foreigners, and it is most amazingly flattering to be received in their country and worshipped because one happens to be a foreigner. It only remains flattering, though, until one finds out that they believe that every decent foreigner who arrives in America must surely be a great exception and not a typical representative of his caste or his nation.

In the case of Austrians, I am afraid, they really have got some justification. Unfortunately Americans will not be convinced by seeing the people in their own habitat, and after they have come to see Europe they will despise and distrust Europeans even more, even if it only be on account of their inefficiency, the absence of refrigerators, the undrinkableness of the coffee, and the tepidity of the drinking water.

America at a critical stage of its history was lucky enough to possess a man who produced the necessary doctrine. Europe, unfortunately, has no doctrine to defend it, but I don't suppose that really matters, for no Monroe doctrine could be good enough against the

methods which America is using, unconsciously and unwillingly, I know, to colonise the feeble European peninsula. Just by being alive, by creating a new mode of living, by erecting a new and more efficient civilisation, just by being young and energetic, just by emitting rays that penetrate, America is shaping that world of ours anew, creating new values and destroying the old.

As man is so built, that first he must try to get hold of his daily bread before he can attempt to butter it, and before he can try to put his fowl into the cooking-pot every Sunday, before he can think of having a home of his own, his wireless and his car, long before he ever thinks of the necessity of realising the importance of Tennyson or Beethoven, or of attributing beauty a share in his life, there can't be any doubt that long before European culture can capture America, European civilisation will be captured by its American brother. Unfortunately it won't be left to the discretion of the individual American citizen, nor to the respective president or congress, whether Europe is to be colonised or not, but to the power of economic conditions and the power of ideas let loose, two powers ever so much mightier than man. I can only hope to God that in colonising Europe American civilisation will lap up quite a bit of European culture. For I don't suppose that it matters one little bit whether European civilisation goes to the dogs, but it definitely would be a pity for some of Europe's culture.

Of course, Americans don't know very much about Europe and, after all, why and how should they? They are never told anything: European films are seldom

worth while seeing, European news just make headlines in American papers, and most Americans probably haven't even read John Gunther, they hardly know that he exists.

They are convinced that Europe is a pest, that the farther away they can stay from it the better, that all the details of Europe are of no importance, for all those details will go up in smoke one of these days.

Well, maybe they are right, about the last part at least. But I can't for the life of me see how they are going to do the staying out stunt.

Personally, I think they ought to take training courses now on how to make peace in Europe, for having tried it once and made a mess of it, they won't be able to help not only fighting in Europe once again, but, what is much more difficult, they will have to try, too, to put it back into working order.

SOME STATISTICS TO PLAY ABOUT WITH

MANY OF THE REMARKS in that last chapter won't seem as pertinent as they are, though quite a few of them are quite as impertinent as they seem. From them all the gentle reader (why, for goodness' sake, does one always have to call the brute that?) will have gathered that I believe Europe to be on the secret colonising list of that great unimperialistic conqueror, the American idea.

Though it may not seem so at first sight, we are to-day living in an age where humanity is once again coming under as strong an influence of ideas as it ever has been under since the age of Erasmus and the Reformation.

An idea is far more powerful to-day than it ever was before, for it is no longer confined to one little set of medieval municipalities or other, but has the whole world ahead of it to conquer.

One can't, though, let ideas run wild to do the colonising for themselves. If one doesn't want to make a mess of things, one must at least try to exercise some guiding influence on them, and one can't let ideas loose upon a world which one doesn't know the first thing about, for that will spell havoc.

If ever one sets out to colonise anything, I suppose statistics are more important than anything else, particularly as one can interpret statistics practically every way one likes. So, surveying Europe, the best thing to do, I should think, is to have some statistics first.

Europe, as continents go, isn't a very imposing thing to look at, on the map, anyway. How and why it ever

started being a continent I'm afraid I am unable to tell you. For geographically it is just a small appendix of that important-looking mass of Asia which takes up most of that bit between Berlin and Tokio, that bit that does make the talk about an axis from Germany to Japan look rather like being nothing else but pure sentimental trash. But then, of course, lovers will say silly things, won't they?

With its six million square kilometres Europe is only about one-seventh of the size of either Asia or America, one-fifth of the size of Africa, and smaller even than Australia and Oceania put together, which term, I take it, means all those peaceful little islands down there added up. In fact, Europe forms only about one-twenty-second of all the inhabited parts of our globe.

From what one hears, Europe until recently seems to have been doing fairly well, and only of late has Asia started suffering from that acute appendicitis which is apt to make even the best-looking of people rather unattractive to the eye. And good old mother Asia was never really very good to look at, anyway.

As about 550 million people (or call it 425 million if you don't count that part of Soviet Russia which for some unearthly reason always gets included when one speaks of the European continent) live inside that appendix, it would be downright infamy to start thinking of a surgical operation, even should the inflammation become worse.

All one can do, I suppose, is to wait for an act of God to get rid of the inflammation or of the whole bally appendix somehow.

The fact that 425 million human beings actually live

in Europe becomes rather staggering when you consider the fact that only eight million live in Australia, and only 126 million in the United States.

That lovely statistical term, density, works out at about 16 for America, 1 for Australia, and 71 for Europe per square kilometre. Which means that an Australian can actually spit 71 times to 4½ spits of an American, and 1 spit of a European. Which does show clearly what a bad way Europe is in.

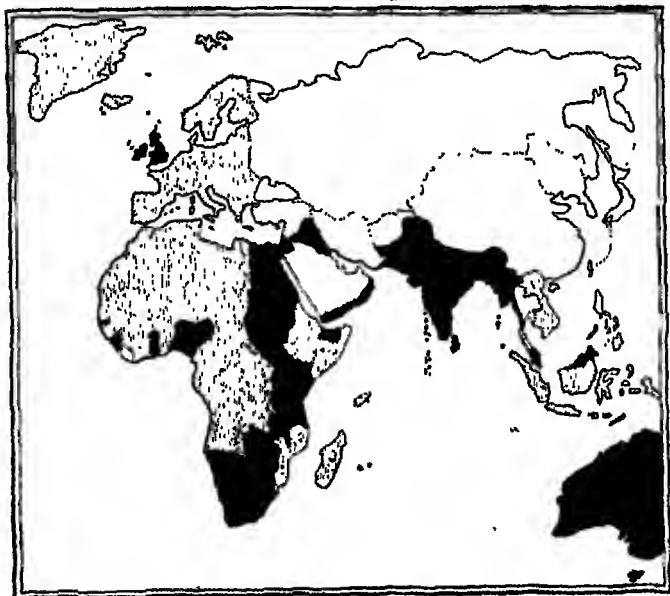
Europe as a whole could be practically self-supporting, which, I am given to understand, is one of the most important things in our day, when it has become so easy technically to get the rubber from the Malay States, the beef from the Argentine, or the corn from America.


Europe produces—

95% of the world's rye				
44%	"	"	"	wheat
17%	"	"	"	corn
89%	"	"	"	potatoes
1%	"	"	"	rice
87%	"	"	"	sugar beet
23%	"	"	"	wool
10%	"	"	"	silk
50%	"	"	"	coal
8%	"	"	"	oil
49%	"	"	"	iron ore
9%	"	"	"	copper
2%	"	"	"	tin
23%	"	"	"	zinc
5%	"	"	"	silver
6%	"	"	"	gold

As about 25% of the world's population inhabit this funny continent, you can work out for yourself on these figures the extent to which Europe as a whole might become self-supporting.

In addition to all that, "Europe", of course, owns no



THE U.S.E. AND COLONIES
U.S.E.  British Empire, black
Other countries, white

end of colonies, like the Congo, French Equatorial Africa, the Abyssinian Empire, Portuguese East, the East Indies, and heaps of others. Those, of course, could supply the coffee, tea, cocoa and rubber, in fact, they could really do something for their old mother country. Or maybe they wouldn't recognise the mother country if she came to them disguised as "Europe as a whole".

The trouble with Europe, of course, is that, politically, so far it never has been a whole, and as long as every stupid little country insists upon believing that it's a whole by itself, Europe never will be.

I suppose every decent statistic ought to give one some tabulated figures to juggle with. I'll give you some very informative ones of mine, which show you exactly what percentage of what population of what country does what. Which is a very instructive thing to know, and from my tabulation you can draw your own conclusions. That is what's so nice about statistics, that you can draw so many different conclusions from every single one.

		Agri- culture %	In- dustry %	Trade %	Gov. Officials %	House Work %
1. England	-	6.7	50	27.6	6.8	8.9
2. Belgium	-	19.1	46.5	18.3	9.1	7
3. Switzerland	-	25.9	44.3	16.6	7	6.2
4. Germany	-	30	40	17	9	4
5. Holland	-	20.5	39.3	23.4	9.2	7.6
6. Czechoslovakia	-	38.3	37.4	12.2	8	4.1
(before March, 1939)						
7. France	-	38.4	34.8	15.1	8.3	3.4
8. Sweden	-	40.7	32.3	14.3	5.7	7
9. Italy	-	47.3	29.8	12.9	6.8	3.2
10. Denmark	-	34.9	28.7	16.9	6.4	13.1
11. Norway	-	35.3	26.5	21.8	5.7	10.7
12. Spain	-	57	24.6	8.1	6.5	3.8
13. Hungary	-	58.2	20.1	9.5	7.5	4.7
14. Jugoslavia	-	80	15	—	—	—
15. Finland	-	63.4	14.4	7.4	3.6	11.3
16. Poland	-	76.2	11.2	5.7	5.1	1.8
17. Roumania	-	80	8	4	5	3

As I am sure that you love playing about with statistics just as much as I do, I shall just give you one or two more of these delicious things, and this time they are political ones. What with statesmen flying from one conference to the other, dictators continually doing things, altering maps and messing things up generally, I cannot be held responsible if everything is all wrong by the time you read these figures. But, touching wood, here goes.

So far there are ten Fascist countries in Europe, not counting England, there are twelve democratic states not counting Germany, and there is no Communist state in Europe yet, again not counting Germany.

Kings have got into the dreadful habit of walking off the stage, pretenders arrive by aeroplane or on foot and take over from presidents, whole countries turn into protectorates over night, and even Führers have been known to dissolve into thin air in the course of history. For any errors in this statistic blame the swift flow of time, please, the dictators, or the British Prime Minister, not me.

Of living rulers (nominal or real) there are:

Pope	1
Ex-Pope	0
Kings	12
Ex-Kings	5
Pretenders	7
Regents	2
Reigning Duchess	1
Reigning Dukes	2
Führer, large	1

Führer, medium	.	.	.	11,786
Führer, small	.	.	.	5,215,703
Duce, il (one I, please!)	.	.	.	1
Presidents	.	.	.	11
Ex-Presidents	.	.	.	29

I hope this will be enough Statistics for you! It's more than enough for me!

SOME ASPECTS OF EUROPEAN HISTORY

STATISTICS, OF COURSE, do help one a lot, but they don't get one very far. Really to understand Europe one has to dig right down into its history, go right back to where the Greeks made wars on each other for the sake of one beautiful woman with no morals at all. For such was the attitude of primitive man, to fight about his womankind.

The same thing is still done in Hungary to-day, where fiery gentlemen will still draw beautiful old cavalry swords and start trying to bash each other's heads in to decide who is better fitted to get the girl. But then Hungarians are relics of an age long gone by.

The old Greeks didn't have any divorce courts, Reno was just as far from their minds as it was geographically, and the only way of making sure of preserving matrimonial happiness was to die for it.

History, of course, can be looked at in very many different ways, for history can be an awful lot of things, and it all depends on the way you look at it.

It can be just a jumble of meaningless, accidental happenings that lead nowhere, from which no one can possibly learn anything, for history under no circumstances whatever repeats itself.

It can be just a magazine of times gone by, at which to look and to wonder at what man made of circumstances, or what circumstances made of men.

It can be the breath-taking story of humanity fighting its way upwards to the light which it can only

dream of and never conceive, of humanity rising again and again, after it has slipped and fallen on the stiff climb through impenetrable fog, on the climb towards the light which, it feels, must be somewhere ahead, of humanity trying to conquer the spirit.

History can be all that and a lot more things yet. For whoever looks at the history of this world shapes it anew, makes an entirely new thing of it, a magazine cover with flashing blood-stained daggers, a book of sermons, full of wise or senseless advice, or a book of memoirs by which it is impossible not to be thrilled.

Undoubtedly an awful lot is to be learned about an age by looking at the way that age looked at history. The way every age shapes its historical facts, draws its own conclusions, is apt to give one deeper insight into the workings of its mind than any one other thing I can think of, on the spur of the moment.

I hope no one will judge my age by this chapter on history. Let them judge me, if they must.

But still, history is more than that yet. For history is a live and mystic thing. No deed was ever done, no drop of blood was ever spilt, no idea was thought and put into words, that does not somehow shape our lives or our destinies and those of our own present-day world.

I don't know if ever there was a time when people, doing whatever they did, so earnestly believed that they were making history as the big bugs of our day. They seriously seem to believe and act as if history was shaped and conducted by man. It never seems to enter their minds that man might be nothing but a speck in history, that man's deeds may take different aspects in a hundred

years to come, may have quite unthought-of consequences after a century or two have gone by.

If you think of the greatest of them all, none of them really remain but one or two philosophers, creators and shapers of ideas, who have made more than a momentary impression on history. Where is Alexander? Where is Cæsar? Where is the great Napoleon even, who hardly a hundred and fifty years ago was the bogey of every European? What was their part in the development of mankind, which goes steadily on and on through the years of slaughter and war, and even turns regression into progress?

Man should not and cannot be judged by his deeds alone. What often makes him more important in history are the reactions which his deeds provoke. Napoleon's wars, his intention to conquer, and all his victories, would be of no account if it wasn't for the fact that nationalism rose in reaction to him, the nationalism which has cut up Europe into the bleeding thing it is to-day.

I can't do more here than to rush you along through Europe's history, and to point out one or two things which still are of some importance to us to-day.



That the sage old Greeks, sitting about on their tiny peninsula, that appendix of Europe, continually quarrelled with each other in between being philosophical, erecting beautiful temples, which have all fallen down in the meantime, and sculpturing Aphrodites, which in most cases have by now lost all their extremities, but still look beautiful, is all you need know about them.

And it won't do to jump to conclusions, to compare the Greek peninsula of those days with Europe of to-day, for, as I said before, history never, under any circumstances, repeats itself.

It won't do, therefore, to compare the British Empire with the Romans of old, who conquered all the world as it was known to them, and managed to ape some of the Greek culture. It would, furthermore, be quite useless to compare the hordes of Barbarians who took over from Greece and Rome with present-day Americans.

It won't do. For conditions, after all, within those two thousand years which have elapsed, have changed considerably, and even if one might compare Mr. Baldwin with Fabius Cunctator, one can't possibly compare Anthony to Antony, though the latter was very well dressed too, by all accounts.

Luckily, when the Barbarians got as far as swallowing up the ancient civilisation, a new power had arisen within the rotten old one that was crumpling up. The power of Christianity, which in those days really was a power, although, or maybe because, only very few adhered to it, making up for their lack of numbers by whole-hearted devotion and fanaticism.

The fact remains, that when the Barbarians had done

their job of smashing up everything they could lay hands on, and started settling down and being orderly, they found that they had become Christianised and thereby had preserved one link at least with the things they had so successfully set out to destroy.

Apart from really believing in Christianity, the new Barbarian rulers found the Christian faith a very useful thing to back them up, and by the goodwill of the Pope they managed to become rulers by the grace of God. The last of the by-the-grace-of-God rulers only disappeared in 1918, which just shows you what a good idea that grace-of-God business must have been, at least to start with, or else it couldn't have lasted all those 1,500 years. Of course there is the King of England, but him the Pope has nothing to do with.

The only thing in those old days which people could be made to believe in unanimously was religion, and they would only obey authority if it could be backed up by their faith.

That idea was strengthened in the very first year of Franconian kingship by the Arab-Mohammedan aggression, which broke in over Europe across the Pyrenees. Christianity, under Charles Martel, managed to smash the unbelievers up, and to make Europe safe for another few hundred years, until Mohammedanism tried to get in by the back door via the Balkans, where it became the Habsburgs' job to do something about it. But that, of course, was much later.

In the meantime, Charles the Great, or, as you prefer to call him, the Magne, had really got down to state-making during his long reign, had erected the Franconian empire, which stretched from the shores of

the Atlantic right across to the Elbe. He was an extremely able man, and by Christianising the whole of central Europe, and by slaughtering several thousands of Saxons, did the world no end of good. Just imagine if those Saxons had gone on breeding from that day to this, how they would have multiplied, and, if you have ever been to Leipzig, you will, I am sure, appreciate what Charles Magne did for Europe.

But when his dying day came along he did a thing which proved to be terribly unwise. He took a pencil and drew two wobbly lines right across the empire, thereby cutting it in three, and handed one of the slabs to each of his three sons, who in due course made Franconia, Burgundy, and the Holy Roman Empire out of them.

Of course, the poor chap in the middle, the Burgundy one, got it in the neck, until Burgundy was given up as a bad job, and to-day is nothing but a wine. France and Germany appeared, the one to the right, the other to the left.

The trouble with Alsace Lorraine actually goes right back to those old days, and while it does no good saying nasty things about Charles Magne, let's be thankful to the "Fureur" for saying that that part of the world will never again be fought for. Whether he means it or not, he is at least the first man who ever said so.

In England, where, after the Romans had cleared out of that misty island, a lot of conquering had been done by Danes, Normans and Saxons, a sturdy race had developed, of which the Plantagenets had, by all sorts of means, become kings. But even in those days that island of theirs didn't seem to suffice them, so

instead of putting quite a lot of things right at home, they set out to conquer France, and it took them a hundred years to get rid of that habit which had grown so dear to their hearts, the waging of war on France, and to find out that they couldn't win anyhow. So they gave it up.

It was a French girl who persuaded them to get on to their channel boats, give up the idea of victory and



go back to Victoria, continental side. I am sure that the English felt very unhappy about it at the time, and I am equally sure that the King of England, the King of France and that lovely sweet little thing right up to the moment when she was being burnt, believed that they were making history. And so they were. But quite differently than they thought. For, as Maurois has so cleverly been pointing out, the British Empire and English Democracy would have become quite impossible if the English had won that hundred years' war instead of the French. For what with governing France and England at the same time, the kings would

have had quite sufficient power and a large enough army at their disposal to establish an authoritarian régime, and England would probably have been so busy being a continental power that Australia would have gone to the Japs, and Canada to the Americans, whereas South Africa would have probably remained Dutch, and England itself might even conceivably have become part of Europe.

Thus the history-making of men, and in this case maidens, works.

You believe you are fighting for your own ends, and long after those slimy worms have grown comfortably fat on you, new situations arise, new things crop up, new ideas are born, and what you did and thought and said turns out to have completely different consequences from what you intended them to have.

Or so at least things can be construed.

On the continent the Popes in Italy went on becoming mightier and mightier, worldlier and worldlier, overbearing and overbearing, while the various rulers of the great and small European states of that day tried to put spokes into each others' wheels and poison into each others' ale. So it was only natural that all the kings came under the Popes' thumb. For whenever they tried to do anything which His Holiness did not quite approve of, he ex-communicated them, which either made them crawl back to him on their hands and knees, or else got them killed off by their princes, who wouldn't for anything miss the opportunity of showing off.

To keep them all busy and to get some use out of them the Pope made them organise military expeditions

to the mandated territory of Palestine, where the Arabs had got hold of Jerusalem and tried to stop people wailing at the wailing wall when they wanted to. Most of the European kings, princes and nobles went down there trying to put themselves into the good graces of God and the Pope, and in most cases probably trying to get away from their medieval castles and their more than medieval wives for once in their life.

These expeditions, apart from keeping down the population of Europe, had one more great advantage, or at least consequence, and that was that it enriched the many Italian municipalities who had come to set up sovereignties of their own. In most cases they tried to pretend that they were republics, which they were, just as much as Hitler's Germany is to-day. Those places did all the trade with the Near East, they shipped the knights merrily to and fro when they set out to fight the half-moon Arabs, and made so much money that eventually they got sick of being medieval.

They decided to grow modern, which in those days meant going right back to the culture of the old Greeks, which they then and there started to re-discover. They called themselves the reborns, and their movement, by their perfect command of the French, the Renaissance.

Now that Renaissance business was an awfully good thing for a people who live in a climate that doesn't make one take life too seriously, but the movement, as movements are apt to do right to our present day, started to spread, and once it crossed the Alps it had got so weak in the knees that it turned into something else almost immediately. For though the people north of the great snow-covered mountains had learned

something about the *joie de vivre* when they went East, they were still of a very earnest, sombre and philosophical type, which refused to see the fun of painting pictures, sculpturing naked women, building houses in the Greek style, and letting their perfectly good and rather beautiful soul go west.

They reacted most unfavourably to the Renaissance and refused to be re-born, for they thought themselves perfectly good as they were. They reacted so unfavourably, in fact, that they turned the whole thing into its contrary, and called it the Reformation.

For a long time now people started chasing each other down side streets, burning each other for either being Protestants or Catholics, and eventually ended up by waging furious wars on each other and killing each other off wholesale in the name of Christianity.

We ought to be capable of real understanding for those chaps in our days, when once again we are starting being killed off and killing off for whatever we believe to be true. In our days, when Italian and German planes come swooping down out of blue skies to machine-gun Spanish women and children refugees, while the "King of Spain" tears himself away from the roulette table to attend thanksgiving service for the fall of Barcelona!

I wonder what God Almighty thinks of that, and I shouldn't wonder if He doesn't feel any different about it than about the thirty years' war, if ever He comes to hear of it. But then, of course, God Almighty doesn't feel the way we do about things, for He alone knows the eventual outcome of it all, where it leads to, what it is good for, and who is going to get it in the neck for it.

The funny part about the thirty years' war was that when it was all over nothing really had changed. People went on lustily being Catholics or sombrely being Protestants, and except that Europe had become full of free and open spaces once again, and people had become sick of killing each other off for no better reason than that they believed in different things, everything stayed as it was.

Well, not quite. For the thirty years' war, or at least the Reformation, had given France and England the chance of setting up united national kingdoms, and had given the Netherlands and Switzerland their chance of breaking away from the Holy Roman Empire to set up states of their own.

France had the good luck to have an intelligent Cardinal at the head of its state at the time, who turned the religious issue into a national, or a dynastic one, almost immediately, and managed to unite all of France under an autocratic king.

England didn't get through that time quite as easily, for though lady-killer Henry—the one who eats chicken with his hands, you know—managed to establish himself as the head of the Church of England, the Reformation necessarily led to a row with Spain, where the Jesuits had started being terribly inquisitive, which, of course, the English didn't like at all, and on top of that there was the colonial question to be considered.

Spain had lately indulged in an awful lot of discoveries and erectings of Spanish flags all over the place, and had extracted more money from the places it had discovered than turned out to be good for them or it.

Now when it comes to sailing ships, the English, as

Sir Thomas Lipton tried to prove all his life, will never accept the fact that they are beaten by anybody, and they tried telling Philip where to get off. But Philip wasn't going to get off, or at least he thought he wasn't, and sent out a big number of ships to show the English what was what. But the English just ordered a storm, and Philip's Armada went to feed the fishes off the coast of Scotland, and England's road to the conference of Ottawa was free.

But before anything could be done about establishing an empire, the kings of England had to be seen to, who now started being Stuarts for a change and wouldn't at all do what they were told to. So England had to get its Hitler. (I wonder if the name of Adolf will ever take on such a heroic sound as the name of Oliver did in the course of time?)

Oliver's SS, his famous Ironsides, overran the country, and Oliver got so pleased with them, that he quite forgot the fact that he had really meant to kick out the Stuarts for the benefit of the English people, and started being something like a king himself. *Mutatis mutandis*, Cromwell was England's Hitler, and though, of course, there are a certain number of *mutandis*, I hope you will see what I mean.

England is lucky to have got over its Nazi stage such a long time ago, and nobody need be afraid now that the name of Oswald will go down in England's history sounding heroic.

After Oliver's death you could get anything out of the Stuarts, who were then allowed to come back. Even the Habeas Corpus Act. So at least there is something to be thankful for to Oliver.

A little bit later the English Parliament said it wanted to have an Orange for a king. And as Parliament in England always gets what it wants once it has made up its mind as to what it does want, which, of course, is difficult with 600 odd brains working in 600 odd ways, it got the Orange.

And because William spent a lot more money than he could afford to spend, England became the world centre of trade. For to do something about those bills of his his advisers had to set up the Bank of England, and the Bank of England in its turn only made the rise of the British Empire possible.

Thus again the history-making of men, and in this case Oranges, works.

But we are getting too far ahead, and we had better go back to see what the continent looked like after it had settled down, having quarrelled about religious questions to start with, and territorial ones in consequence, for the best part of a century.

The heirloom of Charles V, that great empire whereupon the sun never set, had become by now a sorry sight. Spain had been reduced practically to what to-day it is still reduced to, and the Holy Roman Empire not only had a religious dividing line running right through the middle of it, but—and here quite a few of our present-day troubles start—it had not been welded into one unity, but consisted of more than two hundred principalities, electorates, bishoprics, free cities, kingdoms, and one poor, powerless and worrying emperor.

France under its autocratic kings had come out top-dog on the continent, and had become the centre of

European civilisation, which it has, after all, remained ever since. From this fact alone one can judge the decline of European civilisation; for what is this France of Lebrun's compared to the France of Louis the Catoars?

Nothing much happens of any importance to us to-day in the next hundred and fifty years or so, except, of course, that England, having established the balance of power in Europe, was free to consolidate its position on the world market, and that in between quarrelling with each other and having uninteresting little wars, all the people on the continent aped the French kings and started believing in making money and spending twice as much.

Then, after some preparation in the way of book-writing by clever philosophers, the French revolution starts, and the whole European civilisation becomes the proverbial apple-cart.

But with the French revolution history ends, and politics start. For the apple-cart hasn't since then ever really been put back on its wheels properly, and I'm afraid I shall have to conclude this chapter with the mention of the man who started off by being a dirty little corporal to become a flabby emperor and megalomaniac, a man who believed himself to be the greatest son of the nation, and who was convinced that by whatever he thought, said, and did, he was making history. And so he was, but differently than he thought.

For as a reaction to his wars nationalism rose all over the continent, and he, in a funny roundabout way, has become responsible for all the mess Europe is in at

present. And he really believed, himself, that he was making history and uniting Europe.

Thus, once again, history-making by man, and in this case corporals, works.

With those days history ends. With those happy days, as somebody said before, when only one man believed that he was Napoleon. And with those days politics start.

For the only difference between history and politics is, that whereas people are prepared to cut each other's throats for political reasons and ideals, they can afford to smile at the unreasonableness and the ideals of times gone by.



THE STORY OF THE STONES

THERE ARE MANY more facts in European history which you ought to know about before you can even begin to understand this absurd peninsula.

You can read it all up in books, and you can try to remember names, dates and events, but much the nicer way of getting to know all about it is just quietly to stroll about Europe, letting the stones talk to you, the ones that have already fallen down, as well as the ones that have stood up to the wear and tear of two thousand, or five hundred, or even less years, that have swept over them.

All the history of Europe is in them. And in the paintings on their walls, in the stained-glass windows, in the monuments and in the pictures in the galleries.

It's no good "doing Europe" though, rushing from the Ryks Museum to the Louvre, from there to the Tate Gallery, and getting yourself just as muddled over the bits of canvas as you have become over the historical facts.

If you wait patiently the stones will one day start talking to you and will tell you more than you can ever hope to learn by rushing about and not being patient.

If looking at the stones of Europe doesn't strike you dumb, don't blame them for it, it's not their fault. You must have been dumb already before ever you set eyes on them.

Every idea that was strong enough to make man's heart beat faster, every spiritual movement, the rise and

the decline of every nation, are unmistakably written down in those only living and lived in documents of times gone by.

Whether it be the old ruins of Greece or Rome which you look at, whether you look at beautiful Versailles, the Louis quatorzest thing you ever saw, whether you gaze at the hideousness of the Siegesallee in Berlin, the magnificence of the statue of Victor Emanuel in Rome, or whether you look at Vienna's great blocks of workmen's dwellings, which rise like fortresses out of the maze of yellow one-storied houses, all of which Beethoven once lived in, the spirit which moved the times in which they were built is always there.

I'm afraid I can't take you back and rush you through the growth of the whole of European culture. All I can do is to draw your attention to one or other item in the stirring story of Europe's stones.

When the Blessed one's ancestors lived up to that saying of his about the book and the sword being the two arms of knowledge, and carried Roman culture right up into the centre of Europe on the point of their legionaries' daggers, they left behind them, after they receded, examples of their conception of Greek culture, and a population that had grasped the fundamentals of the alphabet and of piling stones one upon the other, instead of building wooden huts in their forests.

With the migration of nations which very soon started to set in, most of the knowledge which the people had thus gained was swept away again, and it was left to the Roman church to reintroduce art and learning to the heathen whom it now started to conquer.

It was on the foundation of this Romanesque art,

as people in time came to call it, that Europe for the first time in history became spiritually united.

Glancing at the history of mankind all through the ages, you will find that whenever spiritual changes took place in a people's outlook on life, when one philosophy of life gave way to another, that fact regularly first became manifest in the arts, in the paintings, in the buildings, and, of course, later on, when there was such a thing, in the literature and music of the age. The social, political and economic changes and adjustments only followed later on. Those changes were equally results of the ideas which the arts had given form and shape to, but the necessary adjustments in the various spheres of life are slower to take shape than the adjustment of the spirit.

Art has always been the barometer of the age which its creator lived in. Often, though, that age was far ahead of its time.

Europe, having become a unity in the days of Romanesque art, a spiritual unity which bound Europe together even while it was being torn asunder by wars, remained a unity in essence up to our present age. But of that a bit more farther on.



Romanesque art had something very primitive about it, a primitiveness so startling that one feels it can hardly be attributed to the inability of the hands and the eyes of those who gave it shape, but to the primitivity of ideas, and to the childlike spirit of the people who lived in those days. It always will be wrong to look at art in whatever form from the angle of technique.

For art, if it has something to convey, will shape its own technique, and the craftsmanship of art will always only remain secondary to its spirit. For art springs from emotion as well as from the brain, and while the technique, the learning and the ability of the artist, may develop or deteriorate as time goes on, it is really the emotional and the spiritual life of the artist that shapes the appearance of his art.

Unless you look for it very carefully you are not terribly likely to run into anything very Romanesque, for there are very few remains of that time left. There are some churches, a few monasteries, and quite a number of books which go back to the days of that child-like, unquestioning faith. But then, Romanesque art isn't so very important to us to-day, for present-day Europe has no longer any connection with the Romanesque age. Gone is the childlikeness, and gone, too, the unquestioning faith.

As people started growing up, questioning truth, grappling with it, looking for it, as faith all over the continent slowly deepened into mysticism, Europe's windows started becoming higher, its pillars became taller, the statues long-leggeder. Before anyone knew where he was, Europe had entered the Gothic age.

I'm afraid Gothic art and architecture cannot be explained the Van Loony way, and it would be wrong to believe that because burghers crowded into small municipalities, which they surrounded by high walls for



fear of attack, they had to build higher and narrower churches, as there wasn't enough room for them to build broader ones. That may well be one of the reasons for the skyscrapers on Manhattan Island, though I doubt if it was the only one, but it certainly wasn't the real reason for the creation of Gothic art.

The reason for Gothic art, as for every other, if art can be said to have a reason, was a spiritual one, and nothing else. Man was growing up, and his child-like belief was beginning to fade. His spirit got buried in mysticism, trying to get at the true foundations of his faith; it was trying to tear itself from the sphere of the earth and to rise into the sphere of God. The asceticism of the time, its devotion to the spirit, its concentration on the hereafter, found its expression, its last, highest and everlasting expression, in the slim, frail and forceful forms of Gothic art.

Though, of course, Gothic art varied slightly in accordance with the regions into which it spread, the Gothic remained a most universal movement which nowhere conceded any of its principles to regional conceptions.

Whereas Gothic slowly developed from Romanesque art, the Renaissance burst upon Europe like a revolution. After being mystics, ascetics and truth-seekers for about four hundred years, and after having found out that truth was, after all, not getatable, not by any contortion of either brain or spirit, Europe, when it woke one day, decided to go worldly.

The fact that the church in Rome, right from the beginning, established itself as the leader of the new revolutionary movement, of course did the Renaissance

an awful lot of good. That on the other hand the ungrateful thing did a lot of harm to the Pope is neither here nor there, and is due to the fact that the Nordics, those truth-seeking, mystery-loving people, hadn't nearly done with trying to get at the truth and being mystic. Still, even that didn't stop the Renaissance, it only retarded its progress, robbed it of some of its nearness to nature, sublimated it, and turned it from a heathen into a Christian movement.

When it became that, it changed its name into Baroque, and became pompous and heavy, gilded and voluptuous.

From Baroque one was bound to go one step farther, and to go Rococo, for one can't remain pompous and voluptuous all the time. All over Europe Baroque turned Rococo, and became so twiddly and flourishy, that it stopped being anything at all but a twiddle and a flourish in the end.

When Rococo petered out, nothing took its place. With the end of the Rococo, some hundred and fifty years ago, the distintegration of European culture set in. Never again since then has Europe been in the grip of one universal spirit.

When Rococo was laid to its eternal rest, people actually, I suppose, did sit down to think about what was to come next. Some tried to start the Renaissance all over again and went classic, others tried their luck with Romanticism, others went realistic and ended up by going dada, and gaga, and the rest of it.

Even while Europe itself still remained a whole, its spiritual life began to distintegrate, the universal spirit vanished and dissolved into styles. Individuals attacked

life's problems from different angles, schools of thought cropped up and fought each other on matters of technique, and though I realise that the last hundred and fifty years held some very great artists indeed, I wonder what is going to be left of the European art of the last century and a half, once a couple of hundred years have passed over it.

The greatest artist needs a wave to ride on, to lift him to immortality, to give him a chance of shaping the emotions and the conceptions of truth which are within him. And that wave has been missing.

The rise of the machine age brought Europe the disintegration of its spiritual life, as it is slowly bringing about also the disintegration of its social, political and economic system.

That same spirit which is bringing down Europe is carrying America to the top. It is only with the machine age that America and American life raises itself into the sphere of art. It is the machine-age spirit that is the true spirit of American art, is the foundation stone not only of American civilisation, but also, absurd as it may sound to Europeans, of American culture.

The limited space of Manhattan Island, and the high price of real estate in Chicago, may have been one of the reasons for erecting skyscrapers, but no one will get me to believe that the skyscrapers could have been built for that reason alone, just as I will not believe that the abundance of American cash has created that great number of first-class American artists.

It has often been said that America is the one country where artists are still overpaid. I'm afraid this is rather a misconception, for an artist never can be overpaid.

He can't even be paid. For pay ruins the art just the same as the spirit creates it. As long as the world turns, art will be created, whether it pays or not.

The spirit that to-day grips America may seem varied in 'Frisco and New York, there may seem to be no common denominator to the spirits of Chicago and New Orleans, but I don't doubt that one day it will be looked upon as the Gothic spirit of the machine age, full of that mysticism, that ardent search for truth, full of that fanaticism which goes into the making of prophets, explorers, inventors, and great artists.

America, thank God, is as yet entirely unconscious of it. But unconsciousness and naivety have ever been the foundations of true art.



SOME AIMLESS REMARKS ON TRAVELLING

WITH THINGS IN EUROPE being in the mess they are at present, travelling, unfortunately, in this part of the world has become a very messy and complicated business.

But you needn't be afraid of running into wars or revolutions in Europe anywhere if you don't want to, for as long as you put up at the Hotel Bristol in any of Europe's 500 cities you can have a perfectly good war or a nice big revolution going on practically under your windows without noticing anything about it at all. No revolution and hardly any war is fierce enough not to regard with suitable deference the tourists who happen to be present.

There are various ways of travelling, one of which is to travel by conducted tours. A conducted tour isn't a bad thing. I mean, it's no worse, and probably even slightly better than no conducted tour, but you can hardly call it intelligent travelling. Having done Europe, having looked at hundreds of statues, museums, galleries, churches and hotel bedrooms, having sent dozens of post-cards, you leave Europe probably knowing less about it than when you started out. You are completely muddled, and all you remember is that it is a mass of things, and a rather messy mass at that. In the end the mess is all you remember.

No one, of course, can deny the mess of Europe, but after all, it's not as important as you might imagine.

The mess is just one aspect of Europe, and not the most important one at that.

To travel intelligently you will have to crawl beneath the surface, and you will have to get right down to the roots of the mess, if you want to find out some real truths about Europe. But that, unfortunately, takes time, and that, of course, nobody has got except the Europeans themselves, and they don't use it to do any finding out. They use it for sitting on café terraces with.

To travel intelligently, I suppose, you have either got to leave your personality at home before you go travelling and gobble up all the personality of the places you visit, or you have got to have such a lot of personality of your own that you will be able to mirror all the things in yourself.

The one thing you can't do is to take that little bit of personality of your own along with you, bounce it about and let other people play about with it. It only leads to complications.

I don't know how chaps like Peter Fleming do it. They roam the world, go to the most absurd and out-of-the-way places, ride on mule-back through the most tartarious countries and don't seem to be able to have any adventures at all. Everything, I suppose, is just so natural to them, or maybe it is that fate is terrified of being put into books and getting more publicity than it cares for.

Fate, somehow, doesn't seem to suspect me, so far. For whenever I travel, wherever I go, things start happening. I wouldn't call London an out-of-the-way place. But I need only to be there for a fortnight, bang

comes a breach-of-promise suit. Germany is nothing out of the ordinary in the way of travelling, but I have a knack somehow of always getting on the wrong side of every uniform, and there are so many in Germany, unfortunately. Italy is the touristy place *par excellence*, but I can't go there without having jealous daggers stuck into me by mistake, entirely by mistake, as the polite people are quick to explain after they have taken me to hospital. Sweden regularly gives me indigestion and Switzerland the creeps. I simply can't think how Peter Fleming does it.

The difference probably is that his personality is ever so much stronger than mine, so he can do the reflecting, whereas I only get bounced about.

Or, of course, it maybe that Peter Fleming is



English, they are so *blasé* about things! Unless there is some bombing, a real war, some mauling by tigers and natives, they don't think it adventure at all. They

walk about conquering the world and are far too busy doing things to get any fun out of them. All they do in the way of adventuring is to start golf clubs wherever they get to, and to teach the natives how to caddy.

But all this is beside the point, or maybe perhaps it isn't, for Anglo-Saxons, wherever they go, are so terribly apt to spoil places, peoples, and their foods. It's not their own fault, I don't suppose, but their abundance of personality, or maybe the abundance of their bank accounts.

I wonder if you have ever felt completely lost on your travels? With strange names of no meaning flashing past your carriage window, with strange people looking at you out of strange houses, living lives of which you know nothing, lives that seem quite senseless to you, as yours would seem to them if they knew you existed. Haven't you ever felt a complete stranger in a strange land? If you haven't, you have either no imagination at all, or far too great a personality, or far too large a bank account to be good for you.

Intelligent travelling probably means concentrating upon very little, and getting the most out of that. Which way you do it really is not of great importance. The important thing about travelling is to get as much out of it for yourself as you can. For there is only one really good excuse for travelling, and that is the coming home. For travelling should never mean, or anyway can never be, running away from yourself, though it maybe some help in building yourself up. Which is being philosophical, and once again doesn't really belong.

To travel through Europe you will have to master

the science of getting the visas, of changing from one currency to the other, and of transferring whatever



money you have got across endless frontiers. Don't expect to get uninterrupted sleep in any sleeper in Europe, for there is bound to be a frontier round about four in the morning, and new uniforms will pop into your compartment, check your possessions, scan your passports and fill every vacancy with stamps. So it doesn't do to look too vacant when the frontier official wakes you.

The most difficult thing to get into one's head is why money should be so complicated in this part of the world. So I'll be nice to you and give you a whole chapter on it.

MONEYS AND THEIR WORTH

EINSTEIN HIMSELF SAYS that his theories will not be proved until 1958, when one star does something or other to some other star. Living in that age or his we feel as if the relativity of values all over the world was proof enough of his theory, and so are the monetary systems which prevail in Europe these days.

Moneys and currencies in Einstein's age have become relativities, and the only thing absolute about them is that they are an absolute nuisance.

In the days of our forefathers you could just pick up a newspaper and see what the pound was worth in any currency under the sun.

Now, of course, things are different, for the relative values of currencies to each other depend to a large extent upon (a) where you happen to be, (b) the reason you want to buy or sell, and (c) whether you care to stay within all the laws of all the governments concerned in the transaction or not.

Officially, for instance, £1 sterling is worth RM. 12.50 or thereabouts. If you sell a pound note in Berlin, that is all it will fetch. If, on the other hand, you buy marks for one pound note in London, you can get from 25 if you're unlucky to 100 marks if you aren't.

This transaction won't do you any good, though, if you want to stay within the German law, for you won't be allowed to take the mark notes, which you have acquired in London, into Germany. Not legally, you

won't, but if you want to take the risk, you are quite likely to get away with it.

But even legally the German Government will be kind enough to reduce its rate for you, if you buy marks for pounds in London. Whereas it will only give you RM. 12.50 to the pound if you produce the note in Germany, it will give you something like RM. 25 to the pound if you produce the note in London.

If that isn't relativity, I don't know what is.

Germany has just on a hundred and fifty various values for its one mark. Marks can be Export Mark, Reisemark, Sperrmark, Auswanderersperrmark, Einwanderermark, Askimark, or what not.

I have given you the German currency as an example, for Germany, as in so many other things, has taken the lead in relativitating its currency. It's part of the Nazi swindle.

To a lesser extent you will find that the principle of this relativity of money applies to every country east of the Rhine, and the reason for that is that these countries are hitched to Nazi land commercially and that they have to have controlled currencies in self-protection.

The underlying idea, of course, is to keep one's currencies under control, to decree the rate at which money will be allowed to come in and go out of one's country.

You will only be allowed to bring into a country a certain amount of the country's currency, bought at the cheaper rate abroad, and will, in theory at least, only be allowed to spend a certain, usually rather small, amount per day. If you want to spend more, you will

have to buy the country's currency, with foreign money, which you will only be able to sell, though, at the very much cheaper rate prevailing in the country itself.

You can bring into the country as much foreign currency as you like, but unless you have it registered at the frontier to prove that you did bring it in, you won't be allowed to take it out again with you.

So the men at the frontiers are quite right in telling you that all the nuisance of registering is for your own protection.

This relativity-of-money business has the most surprising consequences. For instance, you will find a man who is a millionaire in his own country unable to buy himself some cigarettes or a lunch in the next. And you can't lend him or give him any money either. For if he accepts it and doesn't immediately hand it into his national bank, he is a criminal. So there is nothing for him to do but to live on charity as a pauper, until he returns to his own country, where he still is a millionaire.

This is about all you need know to keep out of European jails. Simply get the idea firmly fixed in your head that it is usually criminal to use the currency of the country you live in, for what the country wants is foreign currency and you are there to give her some.



HALLO! OR HOW TO GREET PEOPLE IN EUROPE

YOU'VE GOT TO BE terribly careful how you go about greeting people on the Continent. It would never do if you tried kissing an Englishman; that is, if you are a man. And even if you aren't, he might take it to be a promise.

Don't kiss Englishmen, but never forget to kiss a Frenchman, even if he has got a beard to prick you with. He expects it, and will give you about twice the measure he gets.

An English woman, of course, you never greet at all, but you have got to wait until she greets you. Which is apt to put you into the awkward position of never knowing when to take off your hat.

The French woman is grabbed by the hand, which she will stick at you at eye-level, and which you are supposed to pull down to your lips and to kiss once, lightly. Don't smother it, even if you do like the looks of her.

French girls, the ones without the wedding-ring,

aren't kissed except privately, and then mothers are likely to walk into the room, and the whole thing might lead to either a life sentence or to your being kicked out of the house.

What you do to everybody in Germany is this: You bend your left arm at the elbow, place the left hand on your navel, raise your right arm, as if you were trying to indicate up to where you want your room papered, look convincingly into your opponent's eye, and say firmly but politely, as if you meant it: "Heil Hitler". Though "Heil" in German means "cure!" it also means "hail", and you had better look as if you meant it to mean the latter, otherwise you might be taken for a non-Nazi, and then, what?

After you have gone through this procedure, you will still have to take off your hat and shake hands with the chap, for though it would be unpolitic not to do the physical exercise, it would be impolite if you didn't do the old-fashioned hand-shaking.

In Germany, of course, you can walk up to anybody, male or female, go through your "Heil Hitler" business, and then firmly pronounce your name, which compels the other to tell you his. Whereupon you have entered his circle of acquaintance, and are likely, if you can manage to stick to him for more than half an hour, to become a friend. It's nice if you are the active part, but if you are the one who gets the names thrown at him, you'll get sick of it pretty soon.

Be sure you are in Germany when you are doing it, for you'll probably find yourself in jail before long if you do it in England, for instance.

In Italy you don't say: "Eviva il Duce," but you just

throw back your head to get your jaw sticking out properly, throw up one arm (never both, and never, for goodness' sake, make the mistake of saying "Kamerad"), gaze meditatively across the Mediterranean, if available—for that is where the Empire lies—and then firmly shake your Italian friend's hand.

In Albania you bend your right elbow and place the tip of the middle finger of your right hand on your left tit. But never mind your anatomy, if it means dropping your arm below the horizontal level. It's the level that counts in Albania, not . . . oh well!

[Stop Press: When in Albania do as the Romans do!]

"Nazdar" and "Slava" will get you through practically all the Slav countries of Europe, and there are no physical exercises connected with it except the pronunciation, of course. "Slovja Hitler" is the correct thing for the Czech protectorate.

Roumania has just established a new-fashioned kind of greeting, physical exercises plus some sound which means: "Good health upon all good Roumanians," but I'm not quite sure how it's done, so you had better find out about it from competent sources before you go there, though I am sure the Roumanians aren't very fierce about it.

In most other countries you can still go on behaving like an ordinary human being, and doing exactly what you've been brought up to do when you meet someone.

Though it may seem surprising after a visit to the Continent, Englishmen don't greet each other with "God Save the King", and you as yet don't have to open and shut umbrellas demonstratively before saying "Hallo"

THE FUN OF FEEDING



I KNOW THAT generally food is regarded as a greatly exaggerated form of entertainment and should be looked down upon. But personally I like it. I think it important, and, furthermore, I think it is interesting.

I am sure that a relationship exists between national foods and national temperaments. I am quite sure that that relationship is a very complicated one, and it would be fun if someone or other attacked the problem and wrote a volume or two about it.

I am sure it is much more complicated than we imagine at first sight, for certainly it would be all wrong to state that the Hungarians, for instance, are temperamental because they live on Paprika chicken and goulash, and I don't suppose one could make the Dutch menu responsible for those pictures of nightmare ugliness and beauty which the great Dutch painters executed. Though, I suppose, if one wants to be obvious one can trace the comeliness of the Mevrouvs to Edam cheese.

What influence olive oil should have on civil wars, what quality spaghetti possess to make them good for raising empires on, would be some of the questions those volumes would have to raise.

The connection between fifty smorebrods and a

neutral outlook on life, of course, is fairly obvious.

So is the fact that English food *via* English indigestion led to English sports and, furthermore, to the English conception of fair play.

The author of the volumes would have to get away from the obvious and go into the question whether food in conjunction with the climate drove the English from their habitat and made them swarm to other parts of the world where, on curry, they spoilt their tempers and became Britishers.

It would be a most interesting study, that, a study full of possibilities. Unfortunately, I can't just here and now write it. I must content myself with giving you a rapid survey of the trend of food in Europe and shall have to let you find out for yourself the variety of food that Europe is able to present, and it will be up to you to draw the conclusions from what you eat.

These days you really needn't go beyond London to find out all about the food of every European nation or district, for they all have restaurants there, as, of course, has the Far East.

You've got to be able to command the Italian language, though, if you want to get any food in England; but of late some of the waiters have managed to acquire a smattering of English, so you might, after all, be able to get on with only a smattering of Italian.

London's foreign restaurants, of course, aren't typical for English food. The English food has got the common-sensical job of holding body and soul together, and that it does. And that is all that can kindly be said about it.

Everybody knows, of course, that food in France is

a fine art, and, of course, food fulfils a social function in France too, for it does what nothing else will do to a Frenchman, it keeps him busy. Busy talking about it, busy ordering it, busy thinking about it, and busy, too, for hours on end swallowing it.

In all other parts of Europe food can be two things: either the supply of caloric values or a lubricant. Where it's cold, up north, it seems to be swallowed only for its caloric values, and the more of it you can manage to stuff into yourself, the warmer you will keep and the better you will feel.

Down south, if you ate the amount which they do up north, you would probably burst, and to get anything down you in that heat they have got to oil it down your throat. Food, in fact, in itself becomes a lubricant.

Another general principle about European food is the fact that food gets greasier the farther east you go. But so do the people, so there is nothing really surprising about that.

LOVE IN EUROPE



I REALLY DON'T KNOW why men from God's own country usually believe love on the European continent to be particularly sordid, and why American women are apt to believe that it is something par-

ticularly glamorous.

On the whole, it is neither. Love, the foundations and the technique of it, are the same all over the world, with the exception, maybe, of Hollywood.

The conceptions of what love is good for, of course, vary greatly all the world over, and so they do as you cross from one European country to another.

In some countries the sexes are equal, in some the men, and others the women, are regarded as superior.

On the whole, I should say, women in Europe aren't half as worshipped as they are in the U.S.A., where the glamour of being the colonists' only treasure still hangs around the girl, even if she does do the strip-tease in some slummy little cabaret.

On the whole, men in Europe, compared with the men in the U.S.A., are just beastly, rotten, unfaithful creatures who only in very few cases make any money at all, and never make it for their wives to spend.

Naturally, there is more glamour about an unfaithful husband than there is about a henpecked wage-earner,

and naturally to the onlooker love seems more sordid and less elevating if your object clings to you with submissive eyes, begging you to command her to your service.

But then, this seems to be Arabia we are talking about, and that isn't part of Europe at all.

And what I said before isn't altogether the truth either. I suppose it is just an amplification of statistics.

I suppose it has been proved statistically that:

- (a) America has the largest percentage of henpecked husbands;
- (b) Except for Central Africa, the largest number of submissive wives is to be found in Europe; and
- (c) The shapeliest and longest legs, the only things which conclusively prove woman's superiority over man, are to be found in the beautifying climate of North America.

If those things haven't been proved statistically yet, they should be.

As far as Love goes, Europeans can be classified as (a) Latins, (b) Nordics.

The former are always regarded as the more vicious and dangerous. I don't think that is being fair to the Nordics.

France, of course, has the reputation of being the finishing school in the art of love. I suppose they do know an awful lot about the technique of the thing there, but technique, in this as in every other case, isn't all.

Thinking of France as a love school, Anglo-Saxons

are apt immediately to think of post-cards, night clubs and peeling wall-paper.

That, of course, is unkind. French women aren't like that at all. They are nice, monogamic females who usually stick to one husband and one boy friend at a time.

The education of a Latin girl is strict, and nowhere except in Latin countries will you find fathers of girls who still horse-whip those who worship whoreship.

Of course, the Latins do know all about the technique of the thing, but they seldom come up to expectations when it comes to doing the right thing by a girl.

I would like to utter a word of warning to misguided parents of beautiful girls who for some reason think that the Italians, and all the other Latins, are the most dangerous. They aren't.

For from them one can learn. But we are the real danger, the big brutish blondes who have got souls and sentiments on tap, who are romantic and sound so serious about it all, and who really have nothing to teach except the strength that makes you go shivery all over and forget all about the consequences.

In Germany, of course, love is made because you love the Führer and you've got to give him little soldiers to play with. But it doesn't make any difference, or at least it doesn't seem to detract anything from love's attraction to give it a purpose. On the contrary, it really makes the thing worth while. It isn't a thing for the fleeting moment any longer, but something to remember dearly while the darling grows up, until he becomes quite ripe to die for the beloved Führer, for whom he was begot.

All this talk about love in Europe is apt to make you believe that Europeans are at least as sex-conscious as Americans are. This, of course, is untrue, and Europeans are apt to forget about sex for quarters of an hour on end.

They even don't necessarily think of sex when they dance, and though they may be holding each other tightly, that doesn't seem to put ideas into their heads. Not always, at least.

Whereas the American habit of keeping a lot of air in between the two anatomies which are joined at the cheeks, does.

To finish off with, let me tell you that love in Europe is something very natural, very beautiful, very exhilarating, very sweet, and very sad in the long run.

As it is, of course, everywhere else.



THE BURDEN OF THE BORDERS

IF ONE COMES TO THINK of it, we humans really are the most unoriginal beings, all doing the same things—just a wee bit differently, perhaps—thinking the same thoughts in a heap of different languages, being miserable in very much the same sort of way, and dying the same deaths.

The differences between us are really very, very small, and it is surprising what a tremendous difference those small differences make.

Most Europeans realised a long time ago that nothing but whole-hearted co-operation can and will put Europe right, that only voluntary sacrifices on everyone's part can make the large and final sacrifice of Europe unnecessary.

But, unfortunately, it seems it can't be done. Europe is split up into more than thirty different nations, with different—and how different—governments of their own, different currencies, different laws, different armies snarling at each other, and about thirty-five different languages which make the people unable to

communicate even their simplest thoughts to each other.

There is the hatred and the jealousy, which only traditional nationalism can produce to such an extent. There is the pride of the nations and their prestige. Everyone ought to know by now that prestige is a thing which only those who haven't got it are terrified of losing, but almost everyone seems prepared to go to almost any length to keep it up.

By to-day all European nations, and quite a number of sub-sections of nations too, have become fearfully proud and nationalistic. If you come in contact with any of them you will soon find out that every single one claims to possess the oldest civilisation in Europe, that all European culture derives solely from each one of them, that all the nations, the great nations, the minor nations, and the national minorities, all have got perfectly justified claims, that they are all of them determined to get what they are out for, and that they are all willing to die, and to let the world go to pieces, for the pettiest of their claims.

That's the root of most of the troubles, this wanting to die for a claim. A claim and a grievance have become ever so much more important than anything else, including private, personal lives, and the life of the claimee, or the grievée even.

Everyone will enter into an alliance, with the devil even, will sacrifice his whole philosophy of life, if only it helps to push through his claims.

It will take an age in which nationalism has become ridiculous and unimportant to settle those grievances and to wash out those claims. And though we may be

far from it, we are definitely on the way. For humanity is always on its way.

But meanwhile the borders of Europe still exist, and they have stopped being mere blue, or green, or yellow lines on the map, lines upon which customs barriers and tariff walls are raised and lowered, and where passports have to be stamped with beautiful eagles, lions and vultures.

The borders of Europe, or most of them, have become practically insurmountable obstacles to contact, not only personal, but even spiritual contact between nations.

Europe to-day has completely stopped being a unity of any kind, and crossing one of those many-coloured lines is like going from one completely different world to another. Ideas, conceptions of things, values, truths, no longer reach across them, and when they do manage to, fail to be understood.

And this, after all, is surprising, for Europe, though always a mosaic, at one time was a whole.

I wouldn't go too deeply into the matter why you should have to go through all those exquisite formalities on crossing borders, why you should need a visa, why you should have to declare your money, why you should be subject to your books and newspapers being confiscated. I shouldn't go into the matter too closely, for it is apt to put the idea into your head that there is a war on in Europe.

And that, obviously, is not true. The war was over and done with, as you know, in 1918, and peace has reigned ever since.

THE WAR WE CALL THE GREAT

IT IS RATHER a ghastly thought that that supreme effort which the world thought it was making twenty years ago has by now become nothing more than an episode, and a senseless one at that.

Who knows to-day what that war was really fought for, what ideals and convictions impelled men from Vladivostok to Dublin to lay down their lives for one cause or the other?

When the world slithered into the war, which has come to be known as the great, or "the war to make the world safe for democracy", or alternately "the war to end wars", it did, I hope, believe it knew what it was fighting for.

I wonder whether all wars are fought for materialistic gains, or whether consciously or subconsciously it is always a clash of ideals that provokes the clash of arms?

Obviously the "Great War" to start with was fought for material reasons by all combatants. The Austrian believed that he was fighting for the existence of his monarchy, which he felt was crumbling; the German believed that he was fighting a world conspiracy to deprive him of his newly-gained place in the sun; the Englishman was fighting for his trade routes, the "independence" of the continental channel ports; and the Frenchman believed that he was sacrificing his life for the existence of his threatened nation.

As the war progressed, one side evolved an ideal for

which it was fighting. The sacredness of treaties, the annihilation of militarism, democracy, liberty, and perpetual peace, were the ideals which the Anglo-Saxon democracies eventually came to be fighting for.

The other side had no ideal to evolve. The best it could make its people believe they were fighting for was self-defence, and once the democracies managed to convince a sufficiently great number of the people they were fighting that no aggression was taking place, that it was the rulers and not the people who were being fought, the war was won.

Whatever may have been the real reason for war, whether it was the import duty on pigs and live stock from Serbia into Hungary, whether it was Germany's threat to British commerce, whether it was Pan Slavism, Pangermanism, or Panarmamentism, no longer really matters, and shouldn't have mattered really the moment the war broke out, for it can only be of academic importance to ascertain the reasons for things that have happened; it ought to be the statesman's job to prevent reasons from making things happen, and it is no good statesmen being academic afterwards.

In fact, statesmen shouldn't be academicians, which, of course, they aren't anywhere else but in France.

If after a war is lost and won you set up a commission of the winners to determine who is guilty of the crime of having started it, you are most likely to find out that it is the loser who is the aggressor. And aggressors, of course, should be punished. Academically.

But then it shouldn't be a competent statesman's job to punish anybody or anything for what he or it might have done in the past. He may safely leave that to God

Almighty. A statesman ought to be able to look to the future, to try to put the world into working order as best he can, and to try to prevent, if possible, a repetition of mistakes which he realises have just been made.

Unfortunately, this isn't at all what anyone did at Versailles. Unfortunately, this isn't at all what anyone could do after the Great War was ended. There are quite a few reasons for it.

1919 AND ALL THAT

THE TROUBLE WITH THE GREAT WAR, the real trouble, was that it happened to be a war of coalition. And with these the danger always lies in the peace-making.

For when it is over, everyone will find that he has promised something to almost everybody else, and to disentangle all these conflicting promises will always be a terribly difficult job, even if one does not have to try to include an abstract thing like "justice to all" into the making of a peace.

As long as one goes on fighting one isn't particularly careful about what one promises the other chap to make him come in on one's side, and to keep him sticking to one's cause.

How, for instance, were the Allies to know when they signed the London protocols of 1916 that they were going to be supposed to make peace upon fourteen points which an idealistic American President had by then not even thought of drawing up in his study yet?

The allied governments had promised each other so many things that peace, when it did come, of necessity became a peace that ended a war of conquest.

Another trouble with the great war was that, apart from being fought by coalitions, it was largely won by propaganda.

For the first time in history the world war made it necessary to move the masses of the people who were

engaged in it. Sense of duty alone was not enough to win the war. The people had to be given an aim, an ideal, for which they were fighting. For the first time in history propaganda was set to work.

Lord Northcliffe's propaganda did, to a very large extent, help to win the war for the Allies. It was a very efficient piece of work and it did all it set out to do. According to it the war was being fought to punish Germany for being imperialistic and militaristic, for being guilty of a breach of peace, and for upsetting a peaceful and democratic world. Lord Northcliffe's propaganda, by incessantly repeating the same things over and over again until they were believed, was a tremendous success and, to a much greater extent than most people yet realise, did help to win the war, or at least to shorten it, for the outcome from 1915 onwards was not, I suppose, doubtful at all.

The unfortunate part about Lord Northcliffe's propaganda, as of every propaganda of course, was that it could not be switched off from one day to the other, and that it was impossible to tell the world when the time came that things weren't exactly as they had continually been presented to it for the last years.

But apart from promising the English people the hanging of the Kaiser and all his generals, promising the French people complete retribution for all the moral and material wrongs which it had suffered, the Czechs, the Poles, the Italians, the Yugoslavians and Roumanians and what not, the fulfilment of all their national desires, the Northcliffe propaganda had kept on telling the people of Germany and Austria that the war was not being fought against them, but against

their imperialistic governments, and that they would be assured of just treatment the moment they kicked out their Kaisers, and that a new, safe and democratic world for all, with no top dogs or underdogs in it, would be the outcome of the peace, which was to end this "war to end all wars."

As the war progressed, the ideals which it was being fought for drew ahead and left the material aims so far behind that by the time America entered the war, Wilson, in the quiet of his Washington study, could put down his fourteen points, upon which a new and very nearly perfect world was to be built.

When eventually the war was over, and the time came for making peace, the promises of the various governments to each other, the promises of propaganda to all the people of Europe, friends and enemies alike, and the fourteen points of Mr. Wilson, had to be combined in the attempt to build up a just, satisfied, peaceful and democratic new world.

And that just couldn't be done.

No one could possibly reconcile the French demands for retribution, for instance, with the establishment of a financially sound Germany, which was recognised as a European necessity even in the days of Versailles.

No one could reconcile the principle of self-determination of nations with the aspirations of Italy, Poland, Roumania, etc., aspirations which had somehow or other to be satisfied.

The trouble with Versailles was that it was a queer mixture of punishment, vengeance, and theoretical ideals, and that it lacked the one all-important thing which every peace should contain: common sense.

It was not exactly tactful of the Americans to run about after that famous 11th of November of so many years ago, shouting that they had won the war. It wasn't tactful, but then, America hasn't invented tact to start with, and since the days of Washington, Americans have been brought up to tell the truth. And as being tactful and telling the truth aren't things that go awfully well together, the only thing anyone can do is to decide upon one or the other and stick to it. No one in his senses can blame the Americans for choosing the latter. They are perfectly right, for as long as one is very young it is ever so much more important to be truthful than to be tactful.

And obviously the "we won the war" was true. Much more true than they could possibly have known themselves at the time. For what they then meant was probably that their money, their tanks, their dough-boys, their Pershing, had won it, which, of course, is disputable, and which no one will ever be able to prove one way or the other.

But what can be proved, and what certainly was true, is that the United States were the only country that did not lose the peace, for they were the only ones who, though they made Versailles, never even signed it.

One is very apt to forget what America's position in 1914 really was, and that it was only in the five years between 1914 and 1919 that the weight of the whole civilised world shifted America's way, and that only after the war was over did America take the lead in almost every sphere of life.

Those days, which have by to-day become dimmed

by history, when one of Germany's most promising young diplomats went about dropping secret service codes all over every underground station of the States, those days when the *Lusitania* was just a ship like every other, those wonderful days of long ago, I mean, when peace still reigned in the States and all the armament firms were making no end of money, those days when all Europe started becoming indebted to America, those days laid the foundation of America's greatness of to-day.

I know the Americans don't particularly care for Wilson, but why they don't is beyond me. For though he probably didn't mean to, he did all he could to put Europe in its present mess, and thereby gave America a start which no one ever again will catch up with.

The same as history-makers, politicians, too, should not be judged by what they do or mean to do, but by what, what they did, turned out to be.

America got its own back on Europe for discovering it by that set of treaties which is to-day known under the heading of Versailles.

America itself is tremendously bewildered at the mess it made of Europe. Maybe it has by now discovered that Europe is a china shop, and that it is no good being elephanty about it. The first time America walked in it smashed up no end of cups and saucers, so please, America, whenever you do it again—and you'll have to sooner or later—be careful, or else you'll smash up every dish there is in the place.

For America the war stopped being a war in 1919. America was clever enough not even to ratify those peace-treaties, and to settle down immediately to try to

forget that there had been such a thing as a war, and the only thing that keeps on reminding it of it is the default of the various countries that owe it money for saving them.

Europe has gone on having a war ever since, though only one part of Europe, I am afraid, has realised it. Still, I wonder how one can help noticing it if one opens one's eyes, or more particularly still, if one tries to open one's mouth.

By being established not only on the fourteen points of Wilson, but on the points of millions of bayonets, Versailles managed to get nationalism as firmly entrenched in Europe as it never was before, it managed to treble Europe's frontier lines, it managed to break up Europe as a spiritual and economic unity, and it managed to smash up tradition in by far the greater part of the continent.

Having done all that, it started crumpling up.

To-day, of course, Versailles has completely disappeared. Not one paragraph of its 453 pages still holds good. It took that huge and mighty system only twenty years to disappear. The bad conscience of the victor States in making an illogical peace which, as they well knew, did not mean peace at all, but the perpetuation of war, led to the collapse of the Versailles Treaty. So quickly did the bad conscience make itself felt that the last of the treaties, which was to be signed two years after the last shot had been fired, the treaty with Turkey, was never even signed at all. It would have been comparatively easy to compel Turkey to sign it, but by that time the force had gone out of the argument of punishing nations for having fought a war.

And the fact that that system collapsed, and collapsed as easily as it did, is, I think, one of the most reassuring occurrences in our lifetime, which future generations will be good enough to call history, for I think that it proves that right does go before might in the long run, that theories are no good unless they are backed up by common sense, that punishments should not be administered by men, be they Lloyd George or Adolf Hitler or whoever, but should be left to the unfailing vengeance which is one of the few justifications for the existence of divinity.

Though Versailles has collapsed, it would be a mistake to believe that one can make treaties, try to put them into operation, then tear them up, and not leave some ineradicable marks on the face of that part of the earth to which those treaties apply.



A CHAPTER ON PEACE-MAKING IN GENERAL

GERMANS ARE APT TO FEEL that Versailles wasn't quite the sort of peace that they imagined it would be, after what they'd been promised, and they can't see that that sort of peace was going to put a stop to all European disputes for ever, as they had been told it would.

As a matter of fact, they thought it, and to my mind rightly thought it, unfair that a peace should be imposed upon them the like of which they believed themselves to hold the monopoly of. If the Germans had won the war, and made a pax Germanica, the mess couldn't have been worse than the one which the others made at Versailles.

If the Germans had won the war, they would have become the foremost military power in Europe, they would have annexed Austria and Czechoslovakia, they would have pushed their way into the Ukraine, they would have dictated the foreign policy of all the Balkan

States, they would have had the air swarming with aeroplanes ready to swoop down on anyone who didn't do as they said, they would have robbed France of the thing dearest to her heart, security, they would have made her look ridiculous (and France is one of the few countries left where ridicule still kills) they would have even bid for world supremacy, and would have made England and the British Empire fight for its life.

But Germany didn't win the war.

But those who did win it differed from the conquering German only by way of their passports, not by their spirit. It may be an excuse, but it's not a very good excuse, to be stupid because the other fellow would, if he had had a chance, have been stupid too.

There are only two ways of making peace after you've won a war. The one is, to do what Rome did to Carthage, wipe out the enemy for good and all, and the other is to shake hands over it, to make it up, and to try to be as good friends as you possibly can.

It's no good whatsoever to knock your opponent out, kick him in the ribs a few times, tie him hand and foot, and then go to sleep in the next arm-chair. As likely as not you'll have the shock of your life when you wake up, for you will find that the fellow has got himself untied, eaten that world-famed tin of spinach, grabbed a gun and is now prepared to take you on again.

Of course, there needn't be a row if you don't want to have one. You can, if you feel like it, just stand and deliver, but when it comes to delivering your shirt, and you realise that he'll probably kick you out into the snow once he's got it, where you will either catch

double or simple pneumonia, or die of cold feet, you will try at last to put up a fight, only to discover that it isn't so easy now that he has managed to get that spinach inside himself, for



But, of course, no one would be fool enough to behave like that really. He'd be laughed at by every child if he did. We have digressed into talking improbabilities, and we'd better get back to the only two possible ways of finishing a war once you've won it.

To behave as the Romans did, when after three puny wars they got fed up with the Carthaginians, isn't so easy as it sounds. The world has progressed during the last two thousand years, though the casual observer may not have noticed it, and wholesale slaughter and selling people off into slavery aren't really done these days, or at least they weren't considered done until a few years ago. It certainly couldn't have been done in 1918. The world wasn't quite ready for that sort of thing then.

People didn't like the sound of it when grumpy old George the Tiger muttered: "Il y a vingt millions de Boches de trop." The non-valuation of lives which since then has become the natural thing, when Germany has decided that: "Il y a un million de juifs de trop," and furthermore that: "Tous les millions de non-Nazis sont de trop", would at that time have seemed quite repugnant to most civilised beings.

Maybe when the next war is over and done with, whoever does win it will wipe out the rest of the world

to have his place in the sun, and to keep it, but if he does no one should call him a gentleman, for no real gentleman would do it. Not even an idealistic gentleman.

But in 1919 peace could not be made that way.

The only other way to behave when making peace is to sit oneself down after having knocked sense into the other chap, to talk things over with him, and you will usually find that the thing works. It's quite safe for the winning chap to err on the side of generosity, and it is usually better business to foot the loser's doctor's bill, and walk away with him arm in arm, than to take away his wallet, make him pawn his furniture to pay his doctor and yours, and to ask him never to show up again within a ten-mile radius.

Good-will and confidence count for more to-day than I suppose they ever did before, in our days when Paris is just over an hour from Croydon, and you could telephone from Moscow to Rome just as easily as you can from Valencia to Berlin if the police would only let you. And unless you manage to set up good-will amongst nations and confidence between their leaders, the Führers included, the ones that are "heiled" upon and the ones that are rained upon, you haven't got an earthly chance of ever pacifying Europe.

And the more individual pacifists you get in it, the more difficult the job will become, as long as there is still but one individual amongst all the four hundred millions who isn't a Pacifist.

The last war seems to have proved fairly conclusively that no one comes out a winner any longer, and the only thing that can be done about it once a war has

been lost and won is for the winning and the losing sides to get together, make it up, and create a new and lasting understanding.

A new, united, and de-nationalised Europe will come out of the next war, or Europe won't come out of it at all.

A CHAPTER TRYING TO GIVE YOU A NOTION OF NATIONS

I KNOW IT IS WRONG to generalise: I know it is a beastly thing to do, and bound to be fatal, for it must make you draw wrong conclusions. But unless one talks about what Mrs. Brown spends on hats and how on earth she can afford it, and why Freddy Smith no longer goes about with Patricia Jones, in fact, unless one talks personalities and scandal it is terribly difficult not to generalise.

I know it is wrong, for instance, to say that Prussians are fat, wear eye-glasses, swagger, are brutes and bullies,



drink beer, eat sausages and have meek blonde wives. The next thing you know you will probably run into some poor henpecked, spectacled gentleman, drinking

water, eating mashed potatoes, and being bullied by his overpowering wife who sports a crop of pitch-black hair. And if on enquiry he tells you he is a Prussian, where are you then? You will have to believe him when he says he is, for no one who isn't a Prussian will ever pretend to be, and there you are, left high and dry with your generalisation.

But, unfortunately, one can't help generalising. We are continually doing it; we continually use general terms, and don't quite know ourselves what we mean by them, and we certainly never know whether the chap we talk to means the same thing we do.

We talk about war and peace, about races and nations, about liberty and democracy, about dictatorships and states, and no two of us mean exactly the same thing when we use the same words.

Take the case of nations, for instance. We talk about them, we know they exist, we use the term nation in arguments and to inflate ourselves with, but I wonder if any one of us knows what they really are: nations?

All right, let's have it, what is a nation?

Is it a community of people united under the same government?

Is it a community of people who speak the same language?

Is it a community of people who come of the same stock?

Is it a community of people who find themselves in the same economic boat?

Is it a community of people who hold the same philosophy of life?

Is it a community people get hammered into by

common history, tradition, common experience and common effort?

Or is it just a community which, maybe only temporarily, finds itself to be in the same state of mind, adhering to the same creed?

Let us be quite frank about it, we don't know.

If you asked a Frenchman what the French nation is, he will only be able to smile. Language, tradition, government, philosophy of life, luckily for him, all more or less coincide. But I wonder what the answer from an Englishman, from an American, or a German, would be?

It seems to me the term nation is becoming somewhat outworn.

Adolf the Grater, for instance, the leader of the German "nation", immediately he started thinking about it, had to substitute the word "race" for nation.

He had to start a completely new theory, and he had to get it generally accepted before he could do anything about it. Of course, his racial theory is absurd and without the slightest logical or scientific foundation, but is it, I wonder, more absurd than any national theory?

Baulked by the absurdity of the racial theory which makes it impossible to keep that theory up for any length of time, Totalitarianism has evolved a new theory, the theory of the unity of the creeds. The theory of national unity was dropped for the theory of racial unity, and is now quite logically slowly being supplanted by the theory that only creeds, that only the faith in the same idea, can unite.

Communist Totalitarianism was the first to discriminate between the Communist citizen and the non-

Communist outcasts. Under Communist rule the party, if not in name then in fact, becomes the state. And the adoption of the Communist faith becomes the only means of acquiring the right of citizenship.

Fascist Totalitarianism, by setting up the party as the highest authority in the state, by making party membership a *sine qua non* to the admission to the ruling classes, is doing exactly the same thing and must logically end up by eventually depriving non-Fascists of the right of citizenship.

Totalitarianism of whatever colour by leaps and bounds is leading Nationalism *ad absurdum*.

And here we are, in the midst of a world intensely national, going totalitarian more and more every day, because the nations believe that they can use Totalitarianism to satisfy their various small national grievances, whereas they find out twenty-four hours too late that their national grievances made them nothing but the tools of Totalitarianism.

In our days of crossword puzzles and intelligence tests it might be fun to work out the answers to some of the following questions:

Can one change one's nationality?

Can one change one's race?

Can one change one's creed?

Can one learn a foreign language?

Has a citizen a right to oppose his government?

(a) if democratic?

(b) if totalitarian?

If yes, under what circumstances?

What is more important:

one's government,

one's creed,
one's nation,
one's race?

Is a nation
a limited liability company,
a holding company,
an insurance company,
just bad company,
or no company at all?

Take your time about answering all or any of these questions, but answer them within fifty years, otherwise it might be too late. Don't mind if you can't answer a single one, for it doesn't mean that you are a fool; it is probably the other way round.

And still we don't know what a nation is. Let's give it up. Let's just go on generalising; let's talk about nations as if we knew what they are.

Let's, in fact, get on with the book!

ENGLAND

ENGLAND, OF COURSE, is on the map of Europe and, as Southampton will probably be the place where you first set foot on European soil, you might be led to conclude that England is part of Europe.

But I shall have to disillusion you: England really has nothing to do with Europe at all. It is but the head office of an Americasiafricaustrian Empire which by sheer accident happens to be geographically situated next to Europe. The centre of that Empire, though, lies somewhere near Aden, which is a very far-away place for anything to lie, and certainly nowhere near Europe.

Europe, as seen from England, is just as much of a nuisance as it is seen from the other side of the Atlantic. The only difference is that the Americans have already realised that some day they will have to do something about it, whereas the English are still trying to persuade themselves that they needn't.

The English know even less about Europe than Americans, but that isn't surprising if one comes to think of it, for most Americans were Europeans only one, two, or three generations ago. Whereas the English, of course, never were.

There is very little which must be known about English history if one is interested in Europe. There are one or two things, though, to remember which might help one, not to understand the English, for

that is impossible, but to bear with fortitude that impossibility.

- (a) England is an island, which means that the English are water-bound.
- (b) England was relieved of all European troubles when it lost the Hundred Years' War, and has since been able to concentrate upon living away from Europe.
- (c) There never was the necessity for an Englishman



to become a nuisance at home. For whenever he wanted to be a nuisance he could sail forth and make a nuisance of himself in some remote corner of the world. As that occasionally led to the adding of another bit of Empire to the bulk, it was even encouraged. Venting their surplus energy abroad, the English could concentrate on being peaceful, democratic and orderly at home.

If you stay in England for any length of time you are likely to find out that the American idea, that all Englishmen are peers, wear eye-glasses and a top hat, is just as wrong as the continental one, that the English are stock-brokers, smoke pipes, and are all somehow connected with the secret service.

In fact, you will find out that there are an awful lot

of people about who are majors and captains, quite a few who do some work, some even who exercise professions, and an awful lot who have an income.

I'm afraid you will look in vain for the English people you know so well from your hairdresser's, where they lie about in *Tatlers* and *Bystanders*, for those are retiring people, shy and fearful.

P. G. Wodehouse is the only person who might be able to direct you, and he, I'm afraid, is much too proud of the species to lead you up to it for you to laugh at. After all, Algy is one of the corner-stones of the Empire, and you may do anything to a corner-stone except laugh at it.

America, when colonising Europe, would do well to leave England alone, for apart from not being Europeans, the English are fairly good at the job themselves, and by about five hundred years of experience have learned a good deal about absorbing people and not becoming absorbed themselves.

And, anyway, one can't colonise one's next-of-kin. When it comes to colonising, the English are still the most likely ones to do the active part.

It is funny the way immediately one gets to England one will start trying to understand the English. Why one should is one of the secrets of some sinister influence, like the local climate or the local food or something.

On the Continent one may find that people will try to understand one, and I suppose, in a way, one will endeavour to try and understand the people there too, though in most cases one won't take very great pains about it.

With England the thing is different. The English think it below their dignity to understand foreigners, and it will seem vitally important to you that you should understand the workings of the Englishman's mind, and his feelings, if any, about yourself, the stability of the Empire, and the future of professional football.

As I said before, it is probably some sinister influence, like the climate they have or the food they give you, which makes you so desperately want to understand.

But, believe me, it's no good wanting, for you can't.

Nobody understands the English, they themselves least of all, probably.

For Englishmen, with rare exceptions, don't understand, they just know.

When the English think, they only do rational, never any abstract thinking, but they seldom think at all; they rely mostly upon instinct, a quality which other people, through an excess of logical exercise, have lost in centuries gone by.

The English go to the Continent to get rid of their body-urge. But one shouldn't judge them by what one sees of them there. Or else one might begin wondering how on earth they manage to escape extinction, running about so quaintly paired.

It would be a mistake, too, to imagine that they are a frivolous, pleasure-loving and over-sexed race. Far from it. To be exact, about a hundred miles far from it, which is about the distance from London to Le Touquet.

But the English are not a sexless people either, as they appear to be when studied in their own, damp habitat. I

can't offer any proof of that statement to the general public. The only thing I can do is to point out that Piccadilly Circus, that noisy centre of a famously quiet Empire, is built round the statue of Eros. That ought to be proof enough, but if it isn't good enough for you, you will have to put my statement to the test privately. But please don't blame me for the consequences.

The fact of the matter is that the English, as a whole, are neither so over-, nor so under-, nor so quaintly-, sexed as they are reputed to be.

They are just normal, which, of course, is the last thing one expects the English to be.

The English speak a language which is very simple and has no grammar. Its most important word is spelt simply "i-f." This word gets them out of everything and makes life for the English terribly easy. They even frame poems about it, which they hang in their bathrooms and what-nots.

The English believe in character as the one determining factor in private, public, and political life. That alone is enough to make them seem different from any other known species of humanity.

Though the English will laugh at any traditions they come across on the Continent, and will comment gaily on the quaint little ways of those European natives, they are sure, if not to take their hat off to, at least silently to revere and to stick to even the funniest, absurdest and most unimportant traditions which they themselves have hoarded in such great numbers.

English life, as everyone knows, is a ritual, and every foreigner is expected to fall in with it, even if he doesn't know the first thing about it. In England you will have

to accept all the "dones" and "not dones", for the simple reason that if you don't the English will think of you as a savage, though no Englishman will be impolite enough to draw your attention to any breach of ritual which you might commit. The only way you can realise whether he thinks you are all right or all wrong is to watch his behaviour towards you. If an Englishman is at pains to be polite, you can be sure that there is something fundamentally wrong with you somewhere. And you can't help noticing when he is at pains to be polite. For though through generations the English have been brought up never to show their feelings, no Englishman can disguise the excruciating pain which it causes him to be polite.

In a different way the English are the most naturally polite people one can imagine. They will say "Sorry" whenever they can't possibly mean it—when they hole out in one, for instance—and they will say "Thank you" when they do anything for you. This causes the foreigner to gape, gives him the look of an imbecile, and creates the impression that foreigners are fools. It's just the way of the English to turn everything to their own advantage like that, even their own politeness.

The English wear a beautiful national costume of venerable old age and deliciously quaint creases. It consists of three parts called: the blazer, the flannel bags, and the mackintosh. Beneath that costume they sometimes wear shirts, but most of the time they have those on some horse or other.

I don't think it helps the horses really to keep them warm, but then the English will do anything for man or beast, for they are of a kindly disposition. For dumb

creatures they will do anything, but the main stipulation they make is that the creature be really and truly dumb. Nothing will prevent them from preventing cruelty to animals, but dumb they must be. A fox, for instance, is not dumb, but cunning, and must, therefore, be hunted.

The English are very fond of children, but so is the Grater, so I don't suppose this is really an English trait.



But the English won't ever forgive you if you harm a child that trustingly puts its faith into your hands. That is the reason why they are so angry with Adolf, about what he did after Munich.

Of late the English have extended their kindness to creatures that are neither dumb nor under age. They go so far as to talk about wanting to desist from flogging criminals and sailors, which, of course, is a big step in the right direction.

Why they should go on whipping their M.P.'s to make them vote against their conscience is one of the secrets of the English character.

The English are even kind to foreigners, and will ask them to parties, where they will refuse to talk to them,

won't introduce them to anyone, and will be shocked if they get drunk because there is nothing else for them to do.

The nicest thing about the English is that they know that they stand for something. Stand for a lot of things, as a matter of fact. They hate standing for things though, for they know that that is bound to land them in a lot of trouble, but they would never think of not standing for them for that reason.

The Englishman to-day stands for personal liberty to exactly the same extent as the present-day American, who only some years ago stopped being English because it interfered with his personal liberty.

The Englishman stands for humanity, not because he is particularly fond of the damned thing, but, I suppose, because his common sense tells him that it is a jolly good thing to stand for. And, so far, standing for humanity has carried its own reward.

The Englishman stands for tradition, which is difficult in our day, but all the nicer of him.

The English are terribly patriotic in a quiet, dignified, subconscious sort of way, which really is the only way patriotism of any kind is bearable for any length of time to him who bears it, and the only way it's bearable at all to the onlooker.

The English are democratic, and are divided into upper and lower classes. Their bars are divided into saloon and public bars, and the upper and lower classes don't mix. When-



ever they do, the lower classes resent it, which argues the right sort of pride.

The foundation of English Democracy is personal responsibility, and not personal liberty. This is probably



the reason why English Democracy still functions so nicely.

England is the only country in the world which has any "ruling classes" left.

England has public schools with lawns around them, which one may walk upon, and even play games on. The latter is encouraged, for that way the English somehow win battles and do away with dictators.

England has tradition, an unbroken social system which only the upper classes sometimes rebel against, never the h-dropping ones, and an awful lot of time.

To the English, time has no meaning. That everything in England takes an eternity is what makes England, the English, and English institutions appear eternal.

The fact that tradition is still very much a living force in England to-day, that the old order of things

has neither been supplanted by disorder or a new one, makes the English, though they still aren't Europeans, representatives of the old European civilisation.

Somehow the English sense that, for their instinct will make them sense many things which their intellect doesn't trouble to grasp, and they don't quite understand what it is that has put them in that damned awkward and bewildering position. They feel extremely uncomfortable about standing for something that really isn't theirs, but which they seem bound to stand for, unless they want to go radical and change the existing order in their country, which they don't.

But they can't see what can be done about it. Neither do I.

The Englishman carries most of the white man's burden, and he believes in carrying it too, which is surprising, but he is able to smile at himself for believing in it, which is nice.

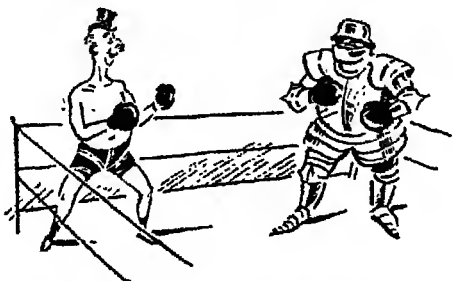
The English are Pacifists, for they have nothing left to fight for except the things they have already got. And man seems built that way, that he is ever so much more likely to prefer sitting back and enjoying the comfort which life has to offer, instead of sacrificing some comforts, at least temporarily, to assure life's necessities.

The English are apt to forget that pacifism is, or at least should be, not a policy, but a goal.

The English have the British lion. Foreigners sometimes think that they keep him in corner houses and feed him on coffee and buns. This is erroneous. For an English Prime Minister has informed the world that the lion is at the dentist's. For all the world knows, he might be there still. From time to time bulletins are

sent out saying: The British Lion regrets he is unable to fight to-day.

The Englishman loves fair play. He will not fight anyone, for instance, who isn't as strong as he is. This, I suppose, is the reason why England is allowing the



Nazis to get the Czech steel, the Ukrainian wheat, and the Roumanian oil. Once they have got that, the Nazis will be very strong, and England will be able to fight them with a clear conscience.

To European civilisation the English have contributed John Locke, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Sir Isaac Newton. And, of course, the greatest playwright of all time—and it wasn't G.B.S.

To German civilisation they have contributed Houston Stewart Chamberlain, but most of their contributions have been to themselves.

England is foggy at times, and often the fog closes down on the Channel, when, of course, the poor continent becomes isolated. This the English think splendid, and Europe usually fails to notice it at all.

The English have common sense, instinct, and a sense of humour. The latter they store in Ireland and get it when they need it.

The English live in clubs, not because they like musty furniture, but because they must have some place where they can get away from English spinsters.



England is the wonderfulest country to go away from and to come back to. Life in England is dreary and full of draughts. There is the cabbage, the bread-sauce, the Yorkshire pudding, the licensing law, the sinfulness of sex, the English Sunday and the country week-end.

I wonder why England is such a wonderful country to come back to. All I know, though, is: it is.

The English aren't proud. They are insular, and that is worse.



FRANCE

TO GO TO FRANCE you will have to cross the English Channel. Even if it makes you feel you want to die, there will be the Chanel of Paris to revive you when you get there.

Immediately upon landing the continental atmosphere will smite you in the face. Gone will be the smoothness, the quietness and the woolliness with which England has enveloped you, for here life again is life, wild, intense, and governed by passions instead of ritual.

It is unfortunate that the first impression you are certain to get on the Continent is that of a French porter knocking down everybody else, trying to snatch your bag from you, which will put the idea into your head that you have come to a continent of bag-snatchers. And it is so difficult to get rid of one's wrong ideas! But eventually you will be able to live that one down too, until just when you very nearly have, one of your bags will definitely get lost or stolen somewhere in Italy, or maybe Roumania, and then you'll have to start living things down all over again.

The moment you set your foot on French soil you find yourself right in the middle of Europe, which sounds a bit of a paradox, but is true. For France is Europe, stands for it, and is more or less the last surviving representative.

France is the only one of the great Powers of Europe where the thinkers and shapers of thought, and even

one or two statesmen, have identified themselves with the idea of European co-operation, notwithstanding the fact that this co-operation was actually made impossible by France's behaviour as a victor state.

To-day, when the obstacle to pan-European co-operation lies in the fact that France is no longer a victor state, you will again find her standing for that unity which definitely and without alternative is the only salvation of Europe.

France was the first continental country to become a political unity. It was the first, too, to become a nation and conscious of it.

Which, of course, for a long time was a great advantage and gave France the leading role in Europe, but has of late proved to be rather a drawback, since younger nations with less wisdom and more energy have come rushing along challenging her position.

It was partly good luck, partly the geographical unity which she represents, partly the fact that France was continually fighting for something or other against foreigners, partly the wisdom of her early statesmen, that enabled France to become united long before anybody else did.

With French unity established, France, as a matter of course, took over the lead in split-up and quarrelsome Europe.

As long as European unity wasn't fought for, it existed and France was its leader. The moment it was, that unity collapsed and disappeared.

That is the real tragedy of France. France to-day is the pre-eminently tragic country of Europe.

From the days of the fourteenth Louis, right up to

the time when Europe stopped being a spiritual unity, France led.



She was the first to create from nothing a mode of living, the first mode of living within our civilisation which deserves the name of culture, and which blended happily with the wit, the intelligence, and the ability of its artists, philosophers and statesmen. The whole of Europe adopted that culture, accepted French thought, aped French wit, copied French art, in fact, went French.

Even in times when France stopped being creative in thought, she managed to retain her lead by sublimating European thought from whatever source it came into comprehensible formulas, a faculty which apparently all other nations lack. French was the language, and French the mind wherein European thought found its last and everlasting definition.

Thought had to be filtered through French brains to become capable of being understood and of making any

impression at all. France, in effect, was Europe's interpreter, not only to the world, but to Europe itself as well. You know the stuff: presenting the world to the world.

With the great French revolution France lost the lead which for so long she had retained.

When the French nation upset the order that had become unbearably distasteful to it, it robbed itself of the conductor's seat, which for so long it had held at the "concert of European nations."

It seemed logical, I suppose, to Napoleon, that he should step into the shoes of the Bourbons, and once and for all establish French supremacy in Europe.

Trying to impose political predominance in Europe by force of arms, Napoleon forgot that France's supremacy rested with the spirit alone.

By applying force, by trying to impose political supremacy, he roused the political forces which lay dormant within the people of Europe, forced the sovereigns of Europe to choose between the alternative of losing every shred of power or falling in with the revolutionary spirit of nationalism which then, and then for the first time, swept over the whole of Europe.

Against Napoleon's national army the nations of Europe had to be roused. Nations were armed, nations became a power, nations were revolutionised to fight the revolution.

Europe ceased being a unity, and became a jumble of viciously quarrelling national spirits.

From that day dates the French feeling of insecurity which to-day predominates every French mind.

From that day dates the feeling that every Frenchman

has, that France has got to be saved from something or other, though what from nobody really seems to know.

On top of that there is the fact that at heart France is terribly conservative. Even revolutions in France—and she has had quite a few in her day—had to make use of the forces of French conservatism to succeed.

France at heart is so hopelessly conservative that the slightest change which time may bring on—and our present time seems to be a master of that art—appears to her like a catastrophe.

For a century and a half France has been losing her grip on Europe, and to-day she finds herself threatened through no fault of her own, and she is completely bewildered, and incapable of doing anything about it. For Europe is definitely slipping away from her; Europe is undergoing tremendous changes, and France has become the last island of that old civilisation which it once sublimated and interpreted, a lonely island with nothing left to sublimate or interpret any longer.

These are the real reasons for all of France's hysterics, and for France's continuous appeals to the world to save her.

Whenever there is a real crisis to be faced, a tangible enemy to be encountered, France can rely upon herself to stand up and do her own bit of saving. But in a world continually changing, conservative France feels lost.

France probably missed one chance of regaining her position. Had she, after she had won the war, concentrated on creating a new understanding in Europe, worked unreservedly for collaboration, Europe might

once again have become united, and France's spirit predominant.

But France opted for power. She stuck to the letter of Versailles and the spirit of revenge. She dug herself in behind a system of alliances and defences, for she felt herself to be in mortal danger, immediately after a victorious war.

And so she was. With all her power, her tanks, her defence lines, her alliances, France could not hold her position.

For her position depended on the stagnation of Europe. Every breeze that danced over European waters cracked some of her defences. Every wind that came blowing along shook the foundations of her position, and when storm broke, it tore the fabric of France's political predominance.

For France stood for the *status quo*, a Latin thing, which, whenever it comes into existence, is dead.

I have not the slightest doubt that one day—it might prove to be a very far off day—France will again take the lead in Europe. Though it won't be either the political, the military, or the economic lead, but the spiritual, which is not only at least as satisfying, but also ever so much more important in the long run.

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The French are polite.

They have perfect manners, except that they use toothpicks.

They will kiss anything within kissing range on the cheeks, except, of course, if you are pretty, and then

they will kiss you elsewhere. (Don't mind, even if he has a beard and it stings, for the French are expert kissers.)



The French have no cordiality, and the most difficult thing to get into is a Frenchman's home.

The French have a cold heart, black beards, very witty wit, a fast language, and a habit of committing crimes passionately, which invariably melts the jury and gets them off.

To encourage Anglo-Saxons to live up to their conception of France, the French have a place called Paris, which the Anglo-Saxons call gay Paree. It consists of Montmartre, Montparnasse, some cafés on the boulevards, and of the "Sphinx." There Anglo-Saxons go to teach their wives.

The French intensely dislike foreigners, and make them pay for it.

The French once won a victory at Samothrace. To commemorate it they have erected a statue in the

Louvre, but, unfortunately, it hasn't got head or arms.

The Louvre, of course, is an expensive warehouse. So is Printemps, but not Yvonne.

The French have Manet and Monet. A Manet is very costly and nearly as beautiful, and Monet is French for small change.

The French are democratic, adore royalty, and are terribly sorry that with them those two things don't seem able to go together.

The French democracy is based upon liberty, equality and fraternity. But it does not seem to matter, for France is a woman's country.

The French are provincial, and even Parisians are seldom Parisians, but inhabitants of some *faubourg*, which is their home town.

The French have taxis, a telephone service and the Air France. If you want to ring up someone in Paris from Paris, don't. Take the next Air France to London, ring up from there, and fly back. It isn't cheap, but it works. Another way of communicating with anyone in Paris is to get a taxi and drive to see the chap you want. It's much cheaper, but much more dangerous too.

The French are intensely individualistic. Which just shows you what comes of being intelligent.

The French, though it may surprise you, are puritans. It's the foreigners who buy all the post-cards.

The French are parsimonious and know how to make money. They even made their allies pay for the trenches they dug in French soil to defend France during the war.

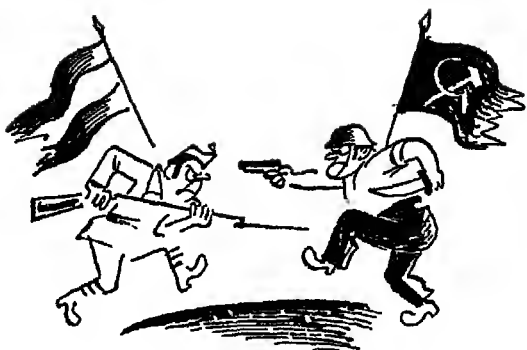
The French have a lovely language which they spit at you. Anglo-Saxons think it's a beefsteak and chew it.

French women are lovely, charming, experienced and utterly unspoilt. Anglo-Saxons are apt to spoil them by giving them too much.

The French have contributed Voltaire, Pasteur, Sacha Guitry, Curie, many grand paintings and heaps of belle letters to European civilisation.

Of this they are justly proud.





SPAIN

FROM EUROPE SPAIN is cut off by the steep and practically unnegotiable Pyrenees. Only the Straits of Gibraltar separate it from Africa and you can sail across them comfortably in a few hours. So naturally there is something very African about the Iberian peninsula.

Like their friends, the Moors, Spaniards are very cruel people. There is nothing beastly about it though, for they don't intend to be, but just naturally are.

From seven hundred and something onwards the Arabs ruled over Spain and only slowly got kicked out in the eleventh century, but hung on as long as 1492, the year in which their last stronghold at Granada fell, which incidentally was the year in which Columbus sailed westward.

The Arabs are the only ones who for any length of time have succeeded in subjugating the Spanish. Many attempts have since been made, but none of them have ever succeeded.

The Spanish have bull-fights, which make them look despicable in the eyes of the Anglo-Saxons.

The Spaniards have a thing called *mañana*, which means the day on which they do most of their work.

Now and then the Spaniards have a civil war, though, of course, as everybody knows, they are but the tools in the hands of others trying out their war material.

They don't like the English, the French, the Italians and the Germans, they hardly like Franco, or even themselves.

The Spaniards are wild, have charm, and are unsafe people to leave girls with, particularly if the girl is a blonde, which goes to prove that Spaniards are gentlemen.

The Spaniards have contributed more than their fair share to European civilisation. Amongst others are Don Quichote, Goya, Murillo, Velasquez, and lately Ortega y Gasset, and of course, Franco. Don Juan must not be classified as a contribution. For nobody seems to want to learn anything from him; everybody seems set on getting his own experiences!

Civilisation of late has progressed greatly in Spain, which is illustrated by the fact that though everybody who had sufficient cash could buy a Goya or a Velasquez, a Franco cannot be bought. Or so they say.

Spain has mercury, onions and Rio Tinto, which explains to a large extent what the civil war is, or by the time this book is out, probably was, all about.

The Spaniards have grace. Everything is permissible in Spain if gracefully done, and nothing is permissible if it lacks grace. That is the reason why the Spaniards



so adore the German officers who swagger down their streets.

The Spaniards are either very rich or very poor, but Franco, no doubt, will even things out, and they will all pretty soon be very poor, or the other way about.

Spaniards hate interference, and though they are flattered by the thought of being a vital interest of the Touchy and the Blessed one, they still don't like Italians and Germans.

For many long years now the world has used Spain as a battle-ground. And when this book is published Franco will, in all probability, have won—which everyone knew he would eventually. Rebels will have become government and government rebels.

But nothing is ever over in Spain. Behind Franco are the Phalangists, the Spanish Fascists, the Carlists, and the Catholic Royalists, and they hate each other like poison. When they have stopped killing off "the reds" they will be able to concentrate upon each other.

As the totalitarian states are backing the Phalangists,

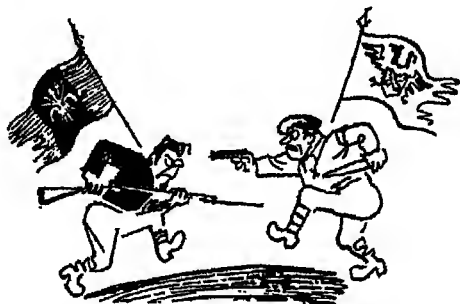
the Democracies will back the Carlists probably, which is just the thing they would do, for they love the underdog and the Carlists are sure to be that before long.

I wonder what Juan March is going to do? He wouldn't be the first of his race to go Fascist if he does.

The Spaniards dance the fandango, which is lively, and they marry every girl they see, which is preposterous. But as girls are not allowed to be seen, it is not as bad as it sounds.

The Spaniard loves etiquette, as long as he has got a place in it.

The Spaniards are proud.



PORTUGAL

PORTUGAL IS A BRITISH COLONY and therefore not really part of Europe at all, except geographically. The Portuguese aren't Spaniards, nor Englishmen, but Portuguese. Their name is always Pereira. And their address Lisbon. Most of them live in the colonies and are Goanese. They grow the port, which is probably the reason why the English took them under their wing.

Portugal is a base, but of course the Portuguese aren't.

The Portuguese have a dictator who runs everything for them. Sometimes they demonstrate, but mostly it is too hot.

The Portuguese at one time had an empire and made history themselves. But that was a long time ago and no one remembers it to-day.

Still, the Portuguese are proud.



THE NEUTRALS

STREWN OVER THE VARIOUS PARTS of Europe are states who have but one thing in common, namely, that they are Neutrals.

Have been, are, and go on trying to be.

The Neutrals are the people whom the experience of the world war has passed over, who were lucky enough not to have to join in any effort. The Neutrals are the people who still live in an age which the rest of Europe left behind twenty-five years ago.

To-day they strike one as being nothing but pre-historic relics, just images of Europe, the easy going, effortless Europe of 1913.

There was no need for them to take sides when the nations clashed, for theirs was a tradition of absolute neutrality, their whole existence depended on tolerating and being tolerated.

Neutrality in those days meant to possess the freedom of one's own convictions without having to fear being trampled upon.

Meanwhile, the meaning of the word neutrality has undergone a complete change. Neutrality, as Europe interprets it to-day, means the duty of keeping one's mouth shut, of doing as one is told, unless one wants to be trampled upon.

There is no more "not-taking-sides" in Europe of to-day. The very existence of freedom, liberty and neutrality depends upon taking sides.

But that, of course, the Neutrals will be the last to see.

SWITZERLAND

THE MOST PROMINENT NEUTRALS, of course, are the Swiss.

The Swiss inhabit that part of the Alps which is not covered by glaciers and rocks, and they live on milking cows and foreigners, and of punching holes into cheeses.

The Swiss are divided into three parts, which they resent having called German, French, and Italian.

The German-speaking Swiss don't speak German, but Schwyzer Dötsch, which is a language all of its own.

So, of course, is the French the Swiss talk, though they don't know it.

Of all the Swiss, the Italian Swiss are by far the nicest. Though most of them keep hotels too, they manage to be polite all the same.

The Swiss are peasants, gained their liberty at a terribly early age, and are fearfully proud of both.

The Swiss are democratic, and continually rub it under one's nose that they are as good as one is. Personally, I wouldn't ever doubt it for a second, and when it comes to milking a cow, or wrestling, or even jodling, I am sure that they are ever so much better than I am.

No one ever tries to step on their toes, so why they should continually ask one to step off them is beyond me.

The confederate citizen seems to be continually terrified that one might feel superior and as he hasn't got an awful lot of sense of humour to spare he will

wrap himself up in what might appear to others to be quite uncalled-for rudeness.

But it isn't. It's just rusticality. And one has to get used to it. The Swiss need a lot of getting used to but when one does they are awfully nice really.

The Swiss are a shining example. The Swiss confederacy is a miniature League of Nations and of course the Swiss don't see why things that work with them shouldn't work with others. But there they are apt to forget that the Germans for instance or the Poles or all other Europeans aren't Swiss.

The Swiss have the League of Nations, or at least the Palace of the League, which is about all that is left of it.

The Swiss have a thing which they call the spirit of Switzerland, and it isn't Kirsch either. It is a mysterious spirit which it takes generations to acquire, and no person can possibly hope to become Swiss in their lifetime, not mentally, that is, and I wouldn't advise anybody to try.

The Swiss have the only country in Europe which in all its history never produced any big and lasting personality whatsoever, and this is all the more surprising, for Switzerland should be the ideal breeding-ground for personalities, lying as it does within three different cultural spheres. But then it isn't Switzerland's job to produce but to conserve.

The Swiss have fresh mountain air, though they don't seem to profit by it and prefer to remain stuffy people.

The Swiss are proud.

THE COUNTRIES REFERRED TO AS LOW

OF THE LOW COUNTRIES there are three: Luxembourg, Belgium, and Holland. The lowest of them is Holland, and the least low Luxembourg.

Holland, in fact, is so low, that most of it lies below sea level. It is mostly on that part that the Dutch feed their checkered cows and grow their lovely red cheeses. They do that wearing wooden shoes and starched dresses and head-wear which can't be comfortable, but is excellent for the tourist trade.

The Dutch have windmills, canals, and bicycles, and, of course, quite a number of colonies.

The Dutch have got an extensive Queen, a gay Crown Princess with a consort to her, Bernhard the Biesterfeld. Bernhard is fast, particularly in a car.

The Dutch have a lot of history behind them, and at one time were a world power. They got there by going Protestant, kicking off the Spanish Roman Catholic yoke, smashing up all the works of art they could lay hands on, and by concentrating on making money.

All that is left to them of having been a world power are the colonies, and every Dutchman still makes at least fifteen per cent out of sugar. Of course, it can be rubber, coffee, or tea, as well. Alternately, he makes it out of oil, but then it is more.

The Dutch are rich, and self-satisfied; both of which are qualities which make the Dutch particularly nice people to associate with. They are gross, and every

second child is a half-cast, which levels things out again.

The Dutch can eat any amount of food, for they bicycle it off the same day.

The Dutch have bulbs which blossom into tulips, and one day in spring, which is a Sunday, those thousands of tulips look particularly beautiful. On that Sunday all the Dutch go mad, and really resemble gay and happy human beings, instead of Netherlanders.

The Dutch have contributed the Dutch painters to European civilisation, who succeeded in making the gross and vulgar look beautiful. The Dutch painters were really the true expression of the Dutch soul.

"God made the world, but the Netherlanders made the Netherlands." Considering that God had nothing to do with it, the Netherlanders have made quite a good job of it.

The Dutch are neutral, and therefore don't count. Except, of course, in so far as England—once the British Lion comes from the dentist—won't let anybody take possession of the Dutch coast line.

The Dutch have their Nazi organisation too, and will always be glad to welcome Adolf, if they must. Particularly as an exile.

The Dutch are proud.

BELGIUM WHICH, AS EVERYBODY KNOWS, is gallant and little, up to 1830 was part of the kingdom of the Netherlands. But the Belgians, who thought themselves ever so much more cultivated, pleasant, and

genial than the Dutch, and who knew that they were Catholics and strongly disliked Dutch puritanism, rose in revolt, and by the grace of Palmerston got a kingdom of their own.

A German with a French wife became their first king, and was terribly efficient at his job.

They have still got a king, whose misfortune is that he is a grandson of his grandfather, but who otherwise is wise, popular and good looking.

The Belgians have the Congo, the Rexist Nazi party, and a sense of humour, which they need for both.

The Belgian contribution to Europe's civilisation consists of P. P. Rubens, who represents the highest peak which the art of Flanders ever reached, which is pretty near the highest peak art ever reached at all.

The Belgians were neutral, are neutral, and will be neutral, until they have got to fight, and then they will.

When Belgium came into existence it lost Luxembourg and the province of Limburg, which is lucky for the Grand-duchess, but which the Belgians are still sorry about.

The Belgians are proud.

SCANDINAVIA

SCANDINAVIANS ARE TALL, silent and handsome. All their temperament goes into their handshake. And they haven't got very much left for anything else.

There are three kinds of Scandinavians: the Swedes, the Norwegians, and the Danes.

None of them like it if you mix them up with each other, but Norwegians are apt to strangle you if you call them Swedes, although for unobservant people it is hard to tell the difference.

Scandinavian women are on the whole the most attractive of this continent; but then probably I am prejudiced. My girl friend tells me that Scandinavian men are on the whole the most attractive of this continent, and I'm sure I haven't prejudiced her. She must have got it from somewhere else. Or maybe she was comparing.

Scandinavians are most adorably democratic, a fact which doesn't clash with the other, that they have tremendously long kings. If it did, they wouldn't be half as adorable.

Scandinavians go bathing in nothing at all, and they are so nice about it they don't even think of looking. But then, with their figures they can afford it.

Scandinavians were neutrals during the last war, which accounts for a lot.

The Scandinavian contribution to European civilisation consists of Aquavit, Ibsen, the Nobel prize, Selma Lagerlöf, and dynamite amongst other things. It should do.

The Scandinavians eat an awful lot, and drink more. But it is the climate that makes them, for it is cold, and



you have got to stuff yourself with calories if you live up in their part of Europe.

Scandinavians have timber, and Sweden even has steel. So even the Germans like them.

The Scandinavians are full of fun, and their idea of fun are practical jokes. The tendency increases the farther north you go. They are very practically minded people.

When Scandinavians have had a drink or two they will pretend that they are drunk, will call you *thou*, or *alskling*, according to your sex, but you will have to get introduced to them again next morning, because they will have forgotten all about you when they pretend to have sobered up.

The Scandinavians have the loveliest country of any people in Europe, and unless you burst from over-eating, die of Aquavit, or commit suicide because you can't stand it, you will love Scandinavia.

The Scandinavians are proud.



THE BALTICS

TUCKED AWAY IN A CORNER, where hardly ever anybody gets to, are the Baltic states, the last remnants which the Russian empire dropped on the beach of Europe before receding into Asia.

The Bolshies were beaten off that bit of the world by the Germans, and the Germans in turn were beaten off it when they definitely lost the war.

So there was nothing left for the people up there to do but to become separate nationalities and start being independent. Setting up those states of course suited everybody, for they were to be buffer states against that communistic doctrine which people were then

afraid might walk into Europe. Now, of course, they're between the devil and the deep sea. The spirit in this case being Bolshy Russia, and to them there really is but one alternative left, to go Nazi or to go Bolshy. But so far they have managed to stay where they want to stay: Balts! (I wasn't swearing!)

Though they all talk different languages and are all proud of different things, at bottom the whole lot of them belong together and are united by the fact that they are Baltic states, which doesn't mean anything to anybody except apparently to themselves.

Should you really desire to go there, express trains will take you, quite fast ones really, although they get slower the nearer they come, but that is after all only natural. There is a lot of comfort to be found in the thought that those trains will be able to take you away again at a moment's notice, gathering speed the farther they get.

If you get there you'll have to start off with Lithuania, for that is the first country you get to.

Lithuania is terribly proud of the fact that it has 2,000 lakes and two million inhabitants, or the other way round, I don't know which.

Furthermore, of the fact that they speak some kind of sanskrit, which you probably thought was an old-fashioned way of writing things, but there they talk it.

Another thing which they are proud of is that they are intensely Aryan, which in that part of the world means that one isn't a Slav. They are even proud of the fact that they are believed to be the only remnants of the original Prussians, and that's a fine thing to be proud of!

As you can't be a nation without having some grievance, the Lithuanians have two. One that Wilna has been taken away from them by the Poles, and the other that they weren't allowed to keep Memel. I can't quite see the importance of them, for the less inhabitants Lithuania has, the more lakes there are to go round, and that should compensate for a lot. And having too many grievances leads to being gobbled up, anyway.

Now, shall we move a bit farther north to Latvia and the Letts? Let's! Letts bathe in mud, go to Riga



when they demonstrate, make their own whisky, not because they like it, but because they can't afford Scotch, and are governed in an authoritarian way by Mr. Ulmanis, and I suppose, though I'm not quite sure, raise their elbows to each other and say: "Hail Ulmanis," for a greeting.

A few miles farther north yet, ESTONIANS have established themselves, a people which is proud of being closely related to the Hungarians and talking, or so at

least they say, the old original language of Attila, the Hun. Well, well, well, I suppose everybody has got to be proud of something! In their language Reval, their capital, is pronounced Tallin, and that's about as much as you need know about them.

THE FINNS, who live still farther north and are by far the nicest of the whole lot, are most dignified, quiet and Quakerish people, are proud of sixty thousand lakes, and have sublimated steam-bathing into a fine art, having girls to rub them down after them. If men do it they blush.

They have the midnight sun, which is a great advantage if you wake up at night and want to know the time, and I suppose they have their troubles too, though nobody but themselves knows about them, for no Finn will ever tell if anything weighs upon his heart.

The Balts are proud.

POLAND

POLAND HAS AN AWFUL HABIT of being divided. It has hardly been going again now for twenty years and rigged itself out with colonels, a sejm, alliances and everything a decent state should rig itself out with, when Adolf gets that idea about the Ukraine.

It isn't easy to be a Pole, and to go on singing about "Poland not being lost, so far," when you don't know what's going to happen next. It really is like being between the devil and the deep sea, sitting there between Nazi-Germany and Bolshy-Russia and trying to be a Pole with all the Polish polish you can muster.

The idea that every Pole has a little corridor all of his own is wrong. Most Poles have hardly got a roof over their heads, much less a corridor. The thing one always hears about is Poland's outlet to the sea and has nothing to do with housing conditions. As a matter of fact, I don't think they will even have that for very long, not with the Grater going on as he does. Treaty or no treaty, visits by Ciano or no visits, defence pacts or deference pacts and all.

You've probably heard of North poles and South poles, but the only real ones live somewhere round about Warsaw and are colonels.

At one time they were musicians, but that was before they became a nation of their own, at the time when they were only an opposition to either the Austrian, German or Russian governments. The musical tradition carried them away at first when Paderewski, on the

strength of being able to play the piano, became the first President when the slabs were put together again.

But in the meantime they have become very much of a nation and will have colonels. Even for Presidents.

The Poles have advanced tremendously. So far, in fact, that they feel superior to even their own brand of Jew, as is only natural when one realises that every nation must have something to look down upon to keep it going, and whom should a Pole look down upon except a Polish Jew?

The Poles have fur coats which are beautifully cut to the waist, are very handsome, extremely polite and hospitable, and never mean a single word they say.

The Poles have alliances with everybody, even with their enemies, which is quite natural, for if a Pole isn't fastened to something on all sides of him, he is likely to fall over, unless, of course, he is firmly stuck in the ground. Which those Poles aren't.

All the Poles wear haloes round their heads, for they have risen from their own graves. Poland was dead as a door-nail for a few hundred years, until suddenly it rose again into existence, owing mainly to the fact that the Poles would go on singing about "Poland not being lost, so far." And what with the Ukrainian question, the Corridor, its totalitarian neighbours, its colonels and its alliance system, Poles go on singing that favourite tune of theirs and maybe, after all, they are right, so far.

Polish hospitality is one of the most elaborate things you can ever hope to run into. Long drives in sledges across beautifully-timbered woods, wolves howling in the distance, peasants lining the roads for miles holding torches, huge logs burning in the fireplaces of the

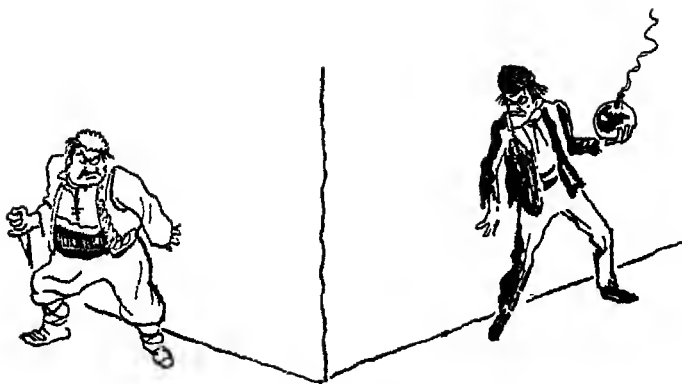
castles which you visit, Kontuszovka parties lasting for three days and nights or more, and, if your host likes you at all, he is as likely as not to lay fire to his house or to his neighbour's, just to give you an idea how beautiful it looks throwing up sparks in the middle of the night.

A Pole will pull himself to bits if anybody appeals to the noble side of his nature. And he will cry sentimentally about the beauty of his own magnanimity. When he wakes out of his dream of being a Pelican, he feels sorry. But then it's too late.

In fact, it's always too late when a Pole is sorry.

The Poles are proud.





THE BALKANS

UP TO THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES the Balkans used to be tucked away in the south-eastern corner of Europe, but since then they have spread right up to the German borders which, as you will see later on, is probably as much of an advantage as it obviously is a disadvantage.

Kings cluster densely down there, and there are on the average two live ones to every state. They are all somehow or other related to each other via Marie the Queen, who, being an Englishwoman, managed to combine a throne with business ability and grace and beauty with being a mother.

The Balkans, with the exception of Poland, are the only undeveloped region of Europe and still full of possibilities.

On the whole they have got a very bad reputation in Europe for being unreasonable, full of vermin and a danger spot.

I am sure, though, that they are a necessity, for they constitute Europe's safety-valve. Just think of the mess if every one of the great powers, immediately it had a difference of opinion with another great power, had to fly into war over it. So the habit—and this is one of the few sensible habits in Europe—developed to get the Balkanese to fight out those differences of opinion amongst themselves, while the powers could go on being on perfectly amiable terms.

This is how the poor Balkans came to get their bad reputation of being a powder-magazine, when really they are only the cocks whom their owners set to fight.

Why Europe should be blown up if one Macedonian sticks a knife into another Macedonian, on the face of it, is beyond me. But, of course, if one great power is behind the Macedonian that sticks, and another behind the one that gets stuck, things are likely to get hot for Europe once the sticking begins. And when the real row starts, the powder-magazine is blamed for it. Which is unfair.

Of late, Spain has taken on the part of the Balkans, though why this should be so I can't make out, unless it could be for the reason that Spain is more easily accessible for troops, ships and war material. But that is neither here nor there, in fact, it should be in the chapter on Spain.

So let's get on with the Balkans.

The Nazis have invented the term of "subgermanische Trümmerzone" for the Balkans, the best translation of which, at least the literal one, is "sub-German splinter-zone." Meaning, of course, that it is a zone full of splinter states which—and that is another Nazi theory—

can have no right of independent existence, but must lean upon the great power under whose "sphere of influence" they come.

In this case, as in all other cases, the great power is Germany; hence: "the sub-German splinterzone."

Though they won't like it, I'm afraid I shall have to include Czechoslovakia and Hungary when talking about the Balkans, for though they may not belong to them, they certainly belong to the "splinterzone," and as regards powder magazines—well, just take your mind back a few months!

CZECHOSLOVAKIA—THAT WAS!

[I apologise for including this chapter as written before Czechoslovakia became protected by Germany in March, 1939.]

IT HAS BEEN SAID that he who holds Bohemia holds the fate of Europe in his hands. Nothing will ever convince me that, however bad things may be, the fate of Europe could be held in the hands of a man called Hacha, or Chvalkovsky for that matter.

And, being conscientious, I have gone into the matter and found out that these names are nothing but pseudonyms which Adolf, the Touchy, uses to escape some of the publicity which necessarily attaches to the man who does hold Europe in his hands.

Why I should talk about Bohemia when what I'm supposed to be writing about is Czechoslovakia, you will no doubt be wondering by now, for your ideas about



Czechoslovakia are probably just as hazy as the ones Shakespeare had about Bohemia when he attributed a seashore to that country. Czechoslovakia at one time, you know, used to be Bohemia and nothing but a landscape.

Now I want you, please, not to make the mistake of believing that the Bohemians are filthy people with large hats and red beards, if they can manage to grow them, people who drink raw spirits and live in sin with girls whom they use as models when they are not differently occupied. Those kind of Bohemians have got nothing to do with Czechoslovakia.

The Bohemians, or as in time they came to call themselves, the Czechs, were patient and hard-working people of Slav origin, who had failed to become teutonised, when all the Prussians and Wendes and quite a number of Poles succumbed to the eastward colonisation drive which Germany started at the beginning of modern times. They had just had a hard knock over their head, which I am going to talk about a bit later, so of course they didn't put up any fight, but just went on working for their Germanic landlords who couldn't do without them, for they were so patient and hard-working and awfully good cooks and men-servants, so they escaped extinction right up to our present day.

In time they even quite forgot that they were Czechs—there was nothing there to remind them of it, except a rather mutilated language which they used for communication amongst each other. Their landlords communicated with them in a sort of pigeon-Czech, which is probably as far as anyone can get who hasn't been born into that language.

All through the last hundred years of the Austro-Hungarian Empire the Czechs fought a hard uphill fight against German nationalism, which itself was fighting the state to gain supremacy in that funny mixed empire which called itself Austria-Hungary. There is a lot to be said after all—though one shouldn't say it, for it's unpopular just now—for that central-European empire, which through centuries held together all those different bits of nations which peopled that south-eastern part of our continent. With nationalism becoming rampant, of course, it had to go out of business. But it's a pity it did, as all the nations, one by one, are now beginning to find out that the Austrian "oppression" wasn't so bad an oppression after all, as oppressions go these days.

In the days of the "ramshackle" empire all those questions which keep Europe hovering on the brink of war were simply solved by members of the Austrian parliament throwing inkpots at each other. That was just as efficient a method of solving these problems and a cheaper one than having a world war. So maybe Austria wasn't such a bad thing after all!

The Bohemia of old was that part of the Habsburg monarchy where they brewed beer, grew sugar-beet, occasionally swore at the Germans, and employed a great number of people at the arms factory at Pilsen.

As to its history, which is important: After having been independent for some time, when the ages had only just started being middle, it came under the Habsburg sway, when Rudolph, the first of the Habsburg emperors, whacked the Bohemian King Przemisl Ottokar (don't pronounce it, just read it) over the head in a battle and pocketed all that was his in 1278.

I don't suppose the English know how responsible they really are for everything that since those far-away days has happened in Czechoslovakia. It was the teachings of an Englishman that started the Hussite wars going, and it was the teachings of Wycliffe, interpreted by John Hus, that somehow or other managed to keep alive the Czech national spirit, until it got a chance to come blossoming forth again in 1918.

To make you understand the Czechoslovakia of to-day, and particularly of yesterday, I shall have to take your mind right back to five centuries ago, when the dark ages began brightening up a bit, and Reformation started going wherever there was the least little thing to reform.

Wycliffe was a Balliol man, but was sent down from Oxford for trying to do some reforming of the Roman Catholic Church in England from there. Being one of the first reformers he, of course, didn't succeed, but his teachings managed to spread and eventually even got as far as Prague.

The Czechs had, to start with, received Christianity from their Slavonic brethren in the east, who had got it via Byzantium in a slightly different hue than the Germans had acquired it via Rome. Of course, when they came under the Germanic sway they had to switch over to the Roman kind, though it didn't quite seem to suit their national character.

When they got wind of Wycliffe's teachings they lapped them up as a cat does the cream, and John Hus immediately became one of the reformers of the Christian church. You have probably never heard of a man called John Hus. His name was Jan, really, and

I'd try and get it right if I were you, for Jan is ever so much more Czech than John. He was a religious fanatic, and I suppose there were quite a lot of things to be fanatical about them. Apart from that he had a lot of political ideas too, and started getting rid of all the Germans at Prague, who had flocked there from all over Germany, for Prague had the oldest and best university within the holy Roman empire.

Hus started criticising things very severely, and when he was called upon to think up remedies, he started talking about national churches, and the Czechs being a nation, and things like that, which, of course, made him a nuisance, but were very clever all the same, for he was one of the earliest people to think of them. Too early, in fact, as he only found out too late, when he was being burnt for heresy and for being a general nuisance.

While still alive he gathered around himself a lot of followers who called themselves not hussies, as you



might expect, but Hussites, which of course was a much more stern and bellicose thing to be. For a time the Holy Roman Emperors looked on, but eventually they decided that something would have to be done about that Hussite business, so they started the Hussite wars, which kept the whole of the Holy Empire busy for fourteen years, which is quite a good record for peace-loving citizens who condemn games and dancing, music and drunkenness.

Why is it that those in power always will make the mistake of trying to keep down new ideas with brute force, with the only consequence of strengthening and keeping alive the idea, though they may kill off all its followers?

Whatever the answer to that, they did make this fatal mistake about Hus then and about that general of his with the one eye, Zizka, and ended by bashing in all the Hussites' heads, but at the same time succeeded in making the Czechs conscious of being a separate community, being, in fact, the Czech nation.

It's an interesting fact, which you will find confirmed all through the ages, that nations are only created under pressure. Those so-called nations that come into existence somehow or other without being put to fight for it, and in that fight get hammered into one solid block, usually aren't able to carry on for any length of time.

In Czechoslovakia the national tradition in many a disguise lived on, though it lay dormant for so long that everyone thought it had gone dead, until it blossomed forth again as the tradition of the Czechoslovakian Republic of Thomas G. Masaryk.

Czechoslovakia's pedigree as a state isn't exactly very old and venerable. It was bred by Masaryk out of propaganda, and the American nation had the honour to be midwife when propaganda's hour came. Good old dad Masaryk stroked his white beard and benevolently took charge of the infant.



Unfortunately, the infant looked rather like a sausage, stretching away from Germany to some distant point in the Carpathians, where Czechoslovakia is no longer inhabited by either Czechs, Slovaks or Germans, but purely by bears and wolves, magnificent stags, and a few people who live in holes, which they dig into the earth, and who have been called Ruthenians for many, many years, though they have now been re-christened Carpatho-Ukrainians, or Russians, for purely political reasons, by the Grater.

Czechoslovakia lasted for exactly twenty years, and then it was forced to insert a hyphen into its name, and has never been the same since.

The trouble with Czechoslovakia was, that it was practically encircled by Germany; the trouble with Czecho-Slovakia is practically the same.

Germans felt rather sore about Czechoslovakia, for during the war that we are accustomed to call the "great," Czech regiments went over to the enemy, flags flying and the regimental bands playing, and joined in

with the other side enthusiastically. Of course, it was treason, though the Czechs didn't regard it in that light, for to them it would have been treason to their nation if they had gone on fighting on the side of what to them were their oppressors.

Treason may leave rather a bad taste in one's mouth, but then the German palate ought to be hardened by now, after Nazidom has officially included treason into the high qualities of Nazi-heroism.

Anyway, it was quite clear from the start at St. Germain that, though Czechoslovakia and Germany were going to be interdependent economically, there wasn't going to be an awful lot of friendship lost between the two. So Czechoslovakia set out to look for friends elsewhere, and it was natural that it chose them from amongst those nations which had set it up.

An alliance with France, and England in the background, was to hold off a German attack, and the little Entente was to keep Hungary in its place, and as a third safeguard an alliance with the Russia of the Soviets was to guarantee Czechoslovakia's independence for ever. It didn't quite work out that way, as practically everybody knows by now, but why and how it didn't belongs to another chapter. A chapter not quite as light-hearted as this one, and a chapter which I don't care to put just here, after all those remarks I have made about treason.

• Czechs are proud.

HUNGARY

NEXT DOOR TO GERMANY, now that Czechoslovakia and Austria are gone, live the Hungarians. They are what Attila, the hun, dropped in Europe when his attempt to hunnise the continent paradoxically failed at the borders of Germany.

And the Hungarians are very proud of the fact. Not of having failed, but of having been dropped.

Attila had ridden all the way from Tibet on those nice little ponies which still to-day are to be found in that part of Asia, and ever since Hungarians have loved horses more than anything else.



The Huns on their travels used to eat raw meat, for as they rode all day and all night, they had no time to cook it. To soften it they put it under the saddle and rode on it. And goulash since that day has remained the Hungarian national dish.

Though most of Hungary was taken away from it in 1918 and has become something else, it has still got Budapest left, which, though it may sound nice, isn't an advantage. For though Budapest is beautiful and gay, and foreigners enjoy themselves there for at least a week, it is much too big a city for such a small country.

Hungary is divided into three classes. The aristocracy who own the land and are rich, the intelligentsia who

do the thinking and are Jews, and the peasants who do the work and are uneducated. Now Hungary is getting rid of the Jews, and very soon there will be only two kinds of Hungarians left.

The Hungarians have a language all their own, which no one who isn't a Hungarian can ever hope to learn.

The Hungarian is chivalrous and patriotic and loves his "lost provinces," even though those provinces may love being lost. He wants them back and will go on saying "Nem, nem soha," which means that he is one day going to get them.

Hungary, for such a small country, has considerably more boundaries than it deserves. In fact, it has two complete sets of them. The real ones and the historic ones. The former the Hungarian despises and the latter he is likely to explain to you at the slightest provocation. All you need know about them though is that they include everything which Hungary at various times ruled over during the last thousand years.

Hungarians train Gipsies they call Tziganes to play music to them when they want to be made unhappy and to run away with their wives when they want to be made happy. You can never tell with a Hungarian, though, whether he is happy or not, for if he is happy he will cry, and if he is unhappy he will commit suicide, and after that it's too late to take any notice.

The Hungarians have contributed Petöfi to European culture, and they say he is awfully good. But as his verses are untranslatable, or at least don't mean very much when they are translated, one will have to take the Hungarians' word for it, and as most of them start crying when they quote him, it is certainly nice to feel

that poets sometimes really do make people happy.

The Hungarians are charming, and if they like you they will promise you almost everything. But they will genuinely forget all about you the moment you turn your back and won't even recognise you next time they see you—unless, of course, you are a horse or they suspect you of being some good for getting them their historical frontiers.

Their social system is a delightful relic of the past, and they have the only "ruling classes" left on the Continent. The trouble is that in Hungary the non-ruling classes definitely don't like it.

Hungary is a kingdom, and the king lives at Stenokerzeel in Belgium, and the loyal Hungarians won't



allow him to go near his country. The ruling is done by a regent who is an admiral of a fleet which doesn't exist. But as Hungary itself will probably stop existing very soon and become a Nazi protectorate, the whole show is purely symbolic.

Hungarians wear beautiful clothes and look like Cochran's idea of fairy princes. And quite a few of them are. Princes, of course, I mean, and counts. The



intelligentsia are Barons. The humbler Hungarians wear subas and herd sheep on the plains.

Hungarians resemble Prussians, for they are never satisfied; but there is one great difference: one of the two is a people of gentlemen.

Though the Hungarians don't like Germans, they adore Lord Rothermere and the Italians, and for one of these three reasons have joined up with the Axis. The real reason, of course, being that it was their only chance of ever exchanging their present set of boundaries with the historic ones.

When dealing with Hungarians don't forget that just after the war they underwent some very ghastly months of Bolshevism of the worst type, and really had an awful time. They haven't forgotten that yet, in fact, they will probably never get over it.

Hungarians always seem to be causing a lot of trouble, for they are extremely nationalistic, very selfishly and most obstinately so, and that makes them

very short-sighted. Though they are charming people to dine and get drunk with, they are impossible people to get on with politically.

There is a hope that now that they are on the axis they will turn out to be the grit on it.

Hungarians are proud.

JUGOSLAVIA

UNLIKE CZECHOSLOVAKIA, which after all is honestly inhabited by Czechs and Slovaks, Jugoslavia is not inhabited by Jugs and Slavs, but by Serbs, Croatsians, and Slovenes, which is, of course, very illogical and doesn't exactly show a helpful spirit. But there it is.

Jugoslavia is Serbia plus all it got out of the war. And like many of those states which have recently cropped up, it has bitten off more than it can chew.

In 1918 the Bosnians, another of those people who live there, the Croatsians and the Slovenes were so eager to get away from the losing side of the war that they didn't take any time to look where they were going, and before they knew where they were they had become subjects of the King of Serbia.

They didn't very much like that either, and the Croatsians have been clamouring for autonomy ever since.

Though they haven't got it so far, the spirit of Munich is beginning to descend upon them, and one day we'll have a new cosy little republic, Croatsians, President Matchek, flags and all. And one more German protectorate.

But that is prophecy, and I shall willingly leave all the prophesying that is to be done to Madame Tabouis, who might be able to give you the exact date too. So let's get on with the Jugoslavia of to-day.

It's an extraordinarily interesting country, this kingdom that reaches right down into the Mohammedan

world, though at the north end it is still extremely Christian.

Forty-nine per cent of the population belong to the Greek orthodox church, eleven per cent are Moham-medan, and thirty-seven per cent are Catholic. Yes, you're right! The remaining three per cent are Jews and Protestants.

Till right up to the beginning of our century a large proportion of Yugoslavia belonged to Turkey, and has only in the last forty years, with the help of all the great Powers of Europe, won the privilege of being ruled by its own autocratic ruler instead of taking orders from the Sultan.

Bosnia, of course, and Herzegovina were the two countries which our fathers got so frightfully excited about in 1908 when Austria annexed them.

Croatians have been under Austrian rule and within the orbit of western civilisation so much longer than all the others that to-day they look upon the Serbs, who still constitute the ruling class in Yugoslavia, as being hardly civilised, and they don't see why they should take orders from them.

Together with the slovenly Slovenes they constitute about thirty per cent of Yugoslavia's population and have always been an extremely politically minded people. Though they have been ruled long enough by Hungary to have learnt to appreciate being ruled by almost anybody else, they are much more ambitious than that; and if they can't rule the whole of Yugoslavia which, as the most progressive part of its people, they still hope to be able to do some day, they want at least to be allowed to rule them-

selves. But the Serbs, of course, won't let them do that.

Serbs always go about being organised in secret societies and killing people off. Like the Nazis, they erect statues and monuments to the murderers and worship them as national heroes. Though, of course, they start crying if other people, Macedonians, for instance, come along and do some shooting themselves.

When Yugoslavia was created it was put there especially to keep the Italians off the Dalmatian coast, which, if they hadn't been kept off, would have given them a superiority in the Adriatic, and that would have suited neither England nor France. The Italians have resented that ever since. It took D'Annunzio to rescue Fiume, the most important port of that stretch for Italy, but all over the rest of Dalmatia the Yugoslavian flag flies.

Albania will be a thorn in Yugoslavia's side, and though Ciano may go shooting as many pheasants as he wants in Yugoslavia, those two states will never stop snarling at each other across the Adriatic.

Politically, right up to Munich, Yugoslavia has been one of the main pillars of the little Entente, which then collapsed. Of course, it had always given Germany the glad eye, for Germany was Yugoslavia's largest customer, even if it did pay for its purchases mainly with wireless sets and gramophones, and aspirins, which nobody in Yugoslavia knew what to do with except cure the headaches which the Axis gives them.

And, further, it had always been terrified of a Habsburg restoration in Austria and Hungary, which might have given the Croats, who rather fancied the Habsburgs, the idea of breaking away from the newly cemented kingdom. The opposition to the Habsburgs

was a further link between Berlin and Belgrade, and Yugoslavia was the first to welcome the Nazi occupation of Austria, though it brought Germany right down to its own borders.

Yugoslavia is full of itches, and the only thing you can do about that when you get there is to see that you don't start one yourself. The largest itch, of course, is the Karageorgevitch, though the present one is only a boy, Peter, and Uncle Paul does all the ruling that is to be done. The Stojadinovitch was a very important one, of course, and he rather favoured the axis, though not because he liked it, but because he didn't see anything else which he could possibly favour. But the Yugoslavians as a whole, like most comparatively primitive people, are quite brave, and didn't see why they should be intimidated into liking the Axis when really they don't. Their only possible ally, if they don't fall in with Hit and Mus, is Roumania, and though they don't say so, they don't quite seem to see that Roumania could ever be of any assistance to them worth having. But they will probably, or at least they hope so, be able to hold out until all this axis business has blown over, and then start living a quiet life where they needn't be afraid of any outside enemy and can again happily begin sticking daggers into each other, as has been their quaint little custom for years.

The Jugs and the Slavs are proud.



ALBANIA

Sorry! Another Stop Press: Albania off map—Albanians never existed! Always really were Italians. And the whole thing was but a mistake!

BEING PART OF THE BALKANS, Albania has a king. It is situated on the wrong side of the Adriatic, and is inhabited by people who don't know themselves where they come from. The place is run by the Italians, and is nothing but a colony really—which makes the Yugoslavians feel uncomfortable.

Zog is a king who got there because the Yugoslavians thought he was going to do what they told him, and who stayed there because he double-crossed them and does what the Italians tell him. As long as he does they will keep him there. He is married to an Hungarian countess, which is decidedly audessus de sa gare! (Sorry, Rattigan!)

Albania is a paradise for migrating birds, who stop there on their way to and from Africa. The only way for humans to get there is by ship, though it isn't an island, but its hinterland is quite impossible.

Albanians are the original knife-stickers, and still follow that tradition. They are picturesque.

They are proud.



Historic Picture of a Family Group.

ROUMANIA

A COUNTRY FULL of the romance of musical comedy, the land of pleasant peasants, corsetted officers, alluring women, and a king that reminds one of Christmas: Roumania.

Like Australia, it started as a punitive colony of an empire, but that is as far as the similarity goes, for the Romans who were sent there degenerated into Roumanians, whereas, as of course everybody knows, the English who were sent to Australia rose to become Australians.

Of course, the Australians never came under the rule of Turkey, and that, and living on the border of the Black Sea, I suppose makes all the difference.

How the Latin element in that part of the world was able to survive at all, why it wasn't completely swallowed up by the Slavs who sat all around it, I suppose only Roumanian historians know. In a degenerate form it did, and by the grace of Bismarck and Disraeli Roumania, in 1878, blossomed into being an independent kingdom. A nice old Hohenzollern with a white beard had been reigning over it since 1866 and now became king. Since then Roumania has "won" two Balkan wars and one world one, and in consequence has acquired a lot of territory and that perpetual curse of new territory, national minorities.

Roumania, more so than any other country, dislikes its neighbours and is on bad terms with Russia, Hungary and Bulgaria, all of whom want to get slices back which

Roumania at one time or other bit off them. I am sure that most Roumanians are thankful for that bit of Black Sea which they border on, for the Black Sea is the only neighbour who hasn't a grouse against them.

All Roumanians love their king, Carol by name, and he in turn loves . . . but that's nothing to do with it! All the Roumanians love him very much. Except the



ones that don't, of course; but then they are the opposition, and in Balkan countries oppositions only count when they come into power. For which they rely upon Adolf.

When the Little Entente broke up, Roumania was left highest and driest of the whole of the Little Entente states. For the German eastward drive threatens her the most directly. If the Ukraine comes into being, as Adolf is decided it shall, a large chunk of Roumania will go into the making of it. Hungary is waiting hungrily to bite off her bit too, and then Roumania may not be nearly as well off as she is to-day.

Hitler has his own private army in Roumania to-day already, and though the "iron guard" is continually being dissolved, nobody seems to have the knack of

making them stop doing what they are doing.

Roumania is one of the next trouble centres, and will probably, even more than Czechoslovakia, be made to rely upon its own self whenever the time comes not to put up a fight and quietly to do what she is told by Adolf. Promises or no promises!

Roumania has oil and wheat and one million "Germans" who are organised in a thing called the "Karpathen-Vereien", a tourist club officially, but a Nazi Storm Troop, in fact.

The stage is quite well set!

Meanwhile Roumania is one of the pleasantest countries to enjoy oneself in. Bukarest, as everyone knows, is the Paris of the Balkans, and unless you happen to get into the way of a bomb or make eyes at Madame Lupescu, you will love the time you have in the kingdom of Roumania.

Though, if I were you, I'd have it soon, for it may not be there any longer if you take a long time to make up your mind whether to go there or not.

Roumanians are proud.



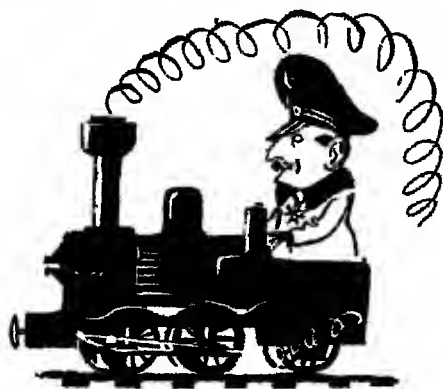
BULGARIA

BULGARIA IS ONE of the nations that has a grievance. In fact, it has got four: one against Roumania, one against Jugoslavia, one against Greece, and one against Turkey. All those countries got some of its territory during the war, and have since formed the Balkan Entente so as not to have to give it up.

The Bulgarians still hope to be lucky enough to get some of their territories back, but they are not at all fierce about it, like the Hungarians, for instance. All they do about it is hope.

Really the Bulgarians are very good people, hard-working and patient, and probably the best of the whole Balkan lot. Why they are a nation by themselves no one but they themselves know. They are poor, till the soil, and are humble.

Bulgarians have got a very charming king, who drives



engines and whom they really and genuinely love. He is the only Balkan King who is not terrified of his subjects. He will go out and talk to them in the streets and behave as if he was just an ordinary Bulgarian. Which is extraordinary. He is the son of a fox.

The Bulgarians have Nazis, too, and Hitler's pseudonym there is Tzankov.

Furthermore, they have the Macedonians, but want still more. Macedonians are for ever trying to murder somebody—mainly Yugoslavians.

Bulgarians are proud.

GREECE

GREECE, AS EVERYONE KNOWS, is, or was, the cradle of Europe. Being a cradle is something very nice as long as the baby is still in it, but it becomes quite useless and is usually stored away in the attic when the child grows up.

So the poor Greeks pretend that it hasn't, and go on as if they were still the foremost nation of Europe, which to them is rather tragic, though they don't quite see it that way; to others it's funny for a while, but terribly boring forever after.

Greeks, like Scotsmen and Tyrolese, pride themselves on the beautiful sweep of their knees and flaunt them in the face of the public.

The Greeks continually fluctuate from being under the influence of Great Britain to being under the influence of the Blessed One's empire. At present they are on the English side, but any little revolution can change that in no time.

They have the Acropolis, which is something, and they made Lord Byron die for them, which is another.

The Greeks are hospitable and keep goats, and to them the last 2,000 years haven't happened.

Their names are still Demosthenes and Alcibiades.

The Greeks which you have in mind aren't Greeks, but Levantines.

If ever the principle of self-determination as it was applied in Munich should be applied to the Mediter-

anean, the Greeks will have a lot to say about that, what with the Dodecanese and a few other odd spots being inhabited, though not ruled, by Greeks.

The Greeks are proud.



ITALY

TO "DO" ITALY is of prime importance, not only to honeymooners, but to all those who want to pretend that they really know something about Europe.

It would be an awful mistake to believe that Mussolini is responsible for all the ruins which one sees lying about. He's responsible for quite a few—I mean, he's had them dug up, but most of them were there when nobody ever thought of the event which he says he is.

Italy, of course, as you know, is the hotbed of European civilisation. From here the eagles of Rome went forth to Britain, Belgium, and the Danube, and the Italians, two thousand years later, are still weeping about having had to go back.

Don't bring up the subject, it's a sore point with most of them, and if I were you I wouldn't talk war or conquest with any Italian, for they have entirely different ideas about that sort of thing from almost everyone else.

Italians, for instance, still believe that they've won all the wars they fought, just because they always got the best of all the peace-treaties which they made. We, of course, may believe that the Italians lost every war and were just lucky enough to win every peace, but then, of course, we'd be completely wrong, as they will soon convince us.

Walking about amongst the ruins of two thousand years of European civilisation, one is apt to forget that Italy is one of the recentest national states in Europe,

which in a way is rather a relief to realise, for Mussolini then may just only be Italy's measles, instead of its cancer, which quite a lot of us have been afraid of.

Italy, as it stands to-day, came into being only as late as 1866, without measles, of course, or pimples of any kind, when Garibaldi tied a red scarf round his neck and with the help of Cavour, who really was a statesman, started uniting Italy right from the tip of the toe up to where the boot ends.

The boot didn't cover up so much of the thigh till 1918, but the trimmings on top were added after Italy had been thoroughly beaten during the world war. And it would neither have got these things, nor would it ever have seen the advent of Fascism, if it hadn't been for the English troops who spilt their blood on the Italian plains, and the "traitor" Orlando, who won another peace for Italy.

Those funny chaps, the freemasons, were the first ones to think of setting up an Italian Kingdom, and they were the ones, too, who did all the work to get it done.

The Blessed One, immediately he got into power, of course put a ban on freemasonry, and poured castor oil into all those he could get hold of. For the one reason, probably, that he wouldn't have people going about saying that anyone had done anything for Italy before he turned up himself.

The Italians, maybe because they aren't quite sure of themselves, are just about the touchiest people that one is ever likely to come across. If you start talking politics, or football, or anything that has two sides to it, ever so politely, unless you topple over yourself trying to tell

them over and over again that you think that their football is the finest and their politics by far the best, you are more than likely to have a dagger stuck into you before long.

So don't talk football, and just raise your arm (to raise them both is an insult!) and see that it's the right one, to every Italian, and, if you want to be on the right side, to every flag you meet.

Don't make eyes at Italian women, and don't even talk birth control to Italian men, for they are just as touchy on that subject as they are on the last war.

In fact, you may find, after having been in Italy for a while, that apart from being a dictator's, it certainly is a mother's country. Nowhere do families cluster about so much and hang around that one central female until they seem to be bulging out of all the windows and doors of every house, as they do in Italy.

The Italians are a most gregarious people, and are never happy unless there are millions of them around. They don't ever seem to need being alone, and I don't think that you will ever find an Italian who for once wants to be left alone.

Though it seems contradictory to that family spirit which I have just mentioned, home life doesn't mean anything in Italy. Life is lived in the street and on the markets, and home is the place to sleep in, usually in day-time, for the nights are cool and a nice time to be out of doors.

They are a superstitious race, those Italians, and if you're lucky enough to be born with a hunchback, you can make a fortune out of it there.

On the streets and market squares of Italian towns,

which are usually paved with beautiful stones, you will often see people executing the queerest jumps and antics, side-stepping, then taking a long step and two short ones forward, and generally behaving as if they had the St. Vitus dance. Well, they haven't. They are only trying not to step on the cracks between the stones, which, after all, is a very natural thing for any superstitious person to do, and nobody pays any attention to it in Italy.

If you squint, don't go to Italy. Everybody will point two fingers at you and rush down side streets screaming "Malocchio" as they flee.



Italy is full of uniforms, and all the chaps in black you see about aren't mourning for anything, but are just being Fascisti, and swaggering about in herds.

The chaps you see walking about in twos, ever so much more gaudiously dressed, who look as if they had stepped out of a musical comedy, are the carabinieri, and if ever you get arrested in Italy you should pray to God that it's they who do the arresting, for they have got a much sweeter temper than the black variety.

I suppose Italy, in the course of the centuries, has produced more famous men to the square yard than others have managed to beget to the square mile. I don't quite know why it is, but then one country raises bigger cabbages than the other, and nobody quite knows why, so I suppose, in a way, it's the same with men.

And it isn't as if the great Italians were only con-

fined to the world of art. Though the artistic temperament does go into the making of a really great man, I suppose.

If you can't think of at least twenty great Italians off-hand, it seems to me that your general education is sadly lacking. Though I challenge you offhand to name twenty great Germans, Frenchmen, Serbs or Roumanians of international importance. And you'll see that it can't be done.

On the whole, I think, Italy has contributed such an awful lot to European civilisation in the years gone by that it might be a good thing if it stopped contributing for a while, until Europe is ready to absorb great men again. It's rather sick of them just now.

Most of the intelligent Italians live on the Liparian islands.

The Italians are musical, and sing *O Sole Mio* all day and night. When they get excited about a victory they sing *Giovenezza*. This happens every day.

The Italians have an axis and hate the Germans. That is their only link with the rest of the world at present. The Italians are proud.



VATICAN CITY

NEXT DOOR TO MUSSO, the Blessed One, there is another sovereignty, a sovereign state with an army, and a mighty crowned ruler amidst glorious surroundings. There is the Pope and his Vatican State, which consist mainly of pillars and Michelangelo paintings.

If you are at all ambitious you will go and try and get yourself an audience of the Pope. If you are a Roman Catholic it's comparatively easy. But to get a private audience if you aren't, you've got to make out at least that you are somehow of very great importance. Swiss guards will present their halberds in front of you and gorgeously dressed, very worldly-looking gentlemen will usher you into the presence of His Holiness. I'm afraid you'll have to wear tails, even if it is eleven o'clock in the morning on a hot Roman day. That's the etiquette. If you're a lady, of course, you don't, but then it's even worse for you, for you've got to be all in black with no flesh showing whatsoever. Except in the face, of course, which you needn't veil, but that, as I know you, will all be covered with rouge and powder, so there won't be much flesh showing there either, anyway.

On the whole, I think you should rather desist from getting an audience, for on top of that tailcoat-wearing there comes the going down on your knees and kissing the ring which the Pope wears, all things which you will probably find extremely embarrassing, and then there is always the question of the conversation. It's

very difficult to know what one says to a Pope. You can't talk Scripture all the time, and he may not be as interested as you are in gardening, so the best thing for you to do is to ask him to give you his blessing and to get out into the open air quick.

It's not exactly a very big state, the state of the Vatican City, but it's got the advantage of being one of the recentest you can find. It was only re-created by Mussolini after it had been abolished by Napoleon about a hundred years ago. During all those hundred years the Pope never left the Vatican City, but it wasn't quite as bad as it sounds, for it wasn't the same one all the time, but quite a number of different ones who voluntarily confined themselves to the Palace and its garden as a protest against the violation of the Popes' rights as worldly sovereigns.

Once you get out of the audience chamber you will probably start kicking yourself for not having asked the kind gentleman how his wife and the kiddies were getting on, but it's just as well you didn't really, for you wouldn't be doing the kicking now if you had.

Have a look inside the cathedral—Renaissance, you know—try and locate the Sistine Chapel, and stay in there for a while, for it'll take you some minutes to get used to the darkness, and slowly only will the works of all the Renaissance artists become clear to your eye. They are practically all there, the big chaps of the rejuvenation days, Perugino, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo and, towering above them all, the great Michelangelo. Let that soak in for a while and then work yourself round to Raphael's Stanze. It's a far cry from the spirit of those works of art to our primitive days, but we are

slowly, I believe, working our way round back to them, so they might conceivably mean more to you these days than they would have some time ago.

Though the population of the Vatican City is only 1,000 souls, it has by far the densest population of any European state (dense and soul are applied, the one in the literal, the other in the metaphorical sense), for its size is only 0.4 square kilometres, and that works out at 2,373 inhabitants per square kilometre as compared with 272 of Belgium, which follows next. If you work out all Roman Catholics the world over as being subjects of this sovereign state, you will arrive at quite staggering figures per square inch, in fact you'll probably find out that it can't be done. The Vatican is one of the few states which are quite convinced that it can never become self-supporting, which every other state has yet to prove to its own dissatisfaction.

As I am trying to impress you with the fact that tradition is the backbone of Europe, I had better, I suppose, point out to you that here you stand on ground every inch of which exudes tradition, that you are in a state which keeps on going with no other motive force behind it but tradition.

For nearly twenty centuries now mighty figures and mediocre ones, good men and bad, saints and scoundrels, have occupied this throne which, in unbroken succession, they have handed down to each other through the years, even if at times they had to go to Avignon to do it.

The days when the whole of Europe humbly took its orders from the hill on which you now stand are gone. Interdicts no longer flash out from here to break

emperors' necks; Christianity is no longer swept off its feet and told to go conquering things.

All that flashes out nowadays is an occasional mild speech asking people to please stop bashing each other's heads in. Still, there is a lot of power hidden behind those walls of the Vatican City. But very soon the day may come when that last moral power will be gone too, if the shepherds of the flock aren't a bit more careful what they do and how they do it. The strength of the Roman Catholic church lay in its totalitarianism. And it is surprising that in these totalitarian days its only possible weapon—or call it defence, if you want—should be compromise, compromise that doesn't even stop at dogmas.



GERMANY

OF ALL COUNTRIES which you visit in Europe you will probably like Germany best.

The Germans are wonderful people, wonderful for their efficiency, for their thoroughness, their ability to work and to organise. I am sure these are things which you will appreciate. They are friendly, sentimental and clean, drink a lot of beer, have beautiful roads and an awful lot of landscape, they take a lot of pains with foreigners, and I am sure that, unless you marry one, or unless you go and live there permanently, you are bound to think the German people the most delightful in Europe.

One part of Germany is called Prussia. In days gone by one used to recognise Prussians by their helmets, their bumptious manners, and the way they had their hair cut. Those days, unfortunately, are over now, for Germany of late has become so efficiently Prussianised that you might take almost every German to be a Prussian nowadays.

The first thing to do if you're trying to become a Prussian (which I don't suppose you will, but I'm just telling you in case), is to get yourself a categorical imperative, to nurse it while small and weedy, rear it on shouted orders and a lot of "Schweinehund", which it particularly thrives on, until it manages to become your second self.

Once it has become that you are about ready for the hair-cut, which makes you look like a convict from

behind, and as brutal as anything from in front.

If you've got hold of the right kind of categorical imperative you needn't trouble about the bumptious manner, for it will just naturally crop up.

All you've got to do now is to try hard to develop that heavenly feeling of falling into line, of washing out your personality, and of wallowing in the pleasure of being permitted to obey. If your imperative is any good at all it will be no end of help to you there.

Having accomplished all this, you have become a useful member, not of Prussian society, but of the much more important Prussian state machinery.

Some decadent countries have evolved the absurd idea that the state is an invention for the benefit of the citizens. Having been trained in logic, an idea of that kind never occurred to the average Prussian, and much less, of course, to the leaders of Prussian thought.

The only reason why the Prussian is allowed to live is the benefit of the state. For the state itself, of course, is much more important than all the individuals which it comprises put together. Exactly the same as a watch is ever so much more important than every single one of the wheels it consists of. The only difference being that a good watch tells you the exact time whereas the Prussian state is always years behind. By now it's quite medieval in fact.

At one time there used to be other Germans besides Prussians. And I have heard rumours that there are some about still. Though, of course, they are shy, retiring creatures which have become difficult to trace. And often, for reasons of mimicry, they adopt Prussian

disguises. The trouble with mimicry is that if you wear it long enough, it sticks.

At one time those other Germans were quite numerous. As a matter of fact, up till about five years ago they outnumbered the Prussians by about ten to one.

It's rather puzzling how they all managed to disappear. I'm afraid it will need another lecture on history to give you even the remotest idea of how that vanishing trick was performed.

The whole trouble started when, about five hundred years back, the Habsburg Emperor conferred the Duchy of Brandenburg on one Frederic von Hohenzollern, Count of Nürnberg. Brandenburg at that time was one of the outposts of the Holy Roman Empire against the Poles, the Wendes, the Prussians and other Slav people, whom Brandenburg was supposed to colonise for the Emperor.

Germany had gone all through the cultural development of the Middle Ages when the whole of Prussia was still nothing but a sandy waste, inhabited by wild, roaming hordes of Slavs. And now the Prussians are teaching us how to be Germans! That's efficiency, if it isn't damned cheek, that is!

The Hohenzollerns very efficiently did their colonising job, germanised the country, drove the Poles back, and managed to set themselves up as independent rulers of Prussia, thereby escaping the sovereignty of their lord, the Emperor. For that part of Prussia which they became rulers of lay outside the jurisdiction of the German Emperor.

Slowly and effectively they built up their position,

became kings of Prussia, until they felt strong enough to challenge the power of the Habsburgs and to make war on them round about 1750.

Winning the war, Prussia got Silesia and, what was much more important, established itself as a rival power to the Habsburg within Germany.

Frederic, whom the Prussians call "the Great", also swallowed his bit of Poland when the latter was being dished out, thereby considerably strengthening his position.

In his day a man by the name of Kant cropped up, who moulded his philosophy on the Prussian spirit of the day he lived in.

While most of Europe started thinking the Rousseau way, one part of Germany fell for Kant, the man who invented that categorical imperative we were talking about, and whose philosophy became the mother of the totalitarian state.

That philosophy got Prussia to where it is to-day. And one can't blame a Prussian for believing that a thing that gets you that far must be a very good thing, indeed, an excellent thing.

The French Revolution happened; Napoleon swept all over Europe and was swept out of it again, and when it was all over, the Holy Roman Empire had ceased to exist, even in name, and Germany consisted of the Austrian Empire, the Kingdom of Prussia, and a loosely-knit union of more than a hundred small and pigmy German states.

In 1866 Bismarck, with the bushy eyebrows, kicked the Habsburgs out of the German Union, established Prussia's supremacy in it, and four years later, after

having hammered the German states into one block "through blood and iron", he erected the first Reich.

A Hohenzollern became Emperor of Germany.

But the Prussian spirit hadn't yet won. All of Southern Germany, even within the first Reich, remained strongly opposed to the Prussian mentality, which a few years later William the Second so ably came to represent.

It took the world war, which called for a supreme effort on the part of the German people, to carry the Prussian spirit of self-sacrifice for the benefit of the state to even the smallest village of the Reich.

The second Reich, the German Republic established after the war had been lost, tried not to make the old mistake of establishing a government for government's sake.

The fifty-odd revolutions which swept over Germany, dethroning every ruler from the Emperor down to the Dukes of Schaumburg-Lippe, broke up a lot of traditions which had so far been main bulwarks against the influx of Prussianism.

When Austrian Adolf started out on his campaign towards the erection of the third Reich, it was the spirit of Kant, of Frederic and of Bismarck which he had to fall back upon.

There is a straight line down all through the years from Frederic through Bismarck to Adolf. National-Socialism fulfilled their mission in prussianising Germany.

To be Prussian means, more than anything else, to be in a certain state of mind, even as being an Austrian at one time meant the same and, I firmly believe, still does.

Adolfine propaganda is continually telling Germany that it is in a state of emergency, and that it will have but one chance to emerge from that emergency, the one chance being the acceptance of Kantian philosophy, the acceptance of the Prussian spirit.

So that is the reason why all the Germans are having their hair cut the same way, and why you can hardly find a German to-day who hasn't somehow somewhere acquired that bumptious Prussian manner.

Still, there are quite a number of other Germans about, particularly amongst those who are still uneducated enough to think for themselves. The semi-educated, of course, have all become Prussified, and are Nazis. And the really educated are in the concentration camps.

History may be all right as an explanation, or as an excuse, but what really is interesting to-day, I suppose, is what Germany looks like to-day.

The Germans are sentimental and would never think of disguising it; on the contrary, they are rather apt to put it on. It is difficult to see how sentiment can go with ruthlessness. Maybe it's the wrong kind of sentiment, the skimming-the-surface, sloppy kind.

The Germans are idealists, and most of them will remain idealists as long as idealism pays. If not—not.

The Germans will always mind terribly what foreigners think about their country, for they are full of inferiority complexes. Lately they have learnt to get rid of many of them by marching, singing, and imagining that other people are afraid.

The Germans believe that they are God's chosen

people. So do the Jews. And may God help the weaker when two of His chosen people meet.

The Germans are ruthless. But whereas the mentality of the nineteenth century thought ruthlessness something rather despicable, the mentality of the twentieth century inclines to think ruthlessness grand. The Germans, always tempted to draw conclusions from any two given premises, therefore think that their being ruthless proves that they are grand. But they are wrong.

The Germans get their strength through joy. As they enjoy goose-stepping and being ordered about, that is where they get their strength from.

The Nazis believe that only a good Nazi is a good German. Other Germans believe that if you are a Nazi you don't even deserve to be called a German.

Germans are afraid of the "Gestapo". Nobody knows

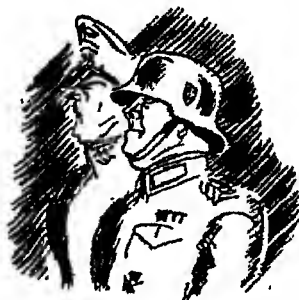


who is in it. So every German doesn't know whom to be afraid of, and in consequence prefers to be afraid of everybody.

The German believes in force. And one can't, if one comes to think of it, wonder at his belief. For whatever

he got was got by force, and wherever patience and persuasion failed him, force, the moment he applied it, won. He hasn't forgotten the war either, but he by now firmly believes that he was persuaded, and not forced, out of it.

The German loves uniforms, and will put one on



whenever he can. He will do almost anything to acquire the right to wear one. If he can't, he will at least wear badges on his coat which show that he belongs to something or other.

The Germans are the only really logical nation. And they will stick to their logic too. Once a German has found two premises to be right, he will go on and on and on on the strength of them, and follow things through to their bitter end. For he believes that if something is true in the first place it must be true in the second and twenty-fifth. He won't even notice if truth has gone dead on him in any of the in-between places. He will just go on being logical.

The Germans believe that the world needs recuperat-

ing, and the best recuperative, they think and say, is the German spirit. Just imagine what a categorical imperative could do if the whole world had it. What a jolly place the world would be to live in!

But man, as everyone knows, wasn't created to be jolly, but to die.

The Germans are heroic, and their conception of heroism is to do things against your better judgment, and, if possible, to get killed while doing them. Very few people manage to become heroes while they are alive!

Dulce et decorum est pro Adolfo mori!—As it can't make much difference which way one does it, I wish to God that all those who feel like that would go and hang themselves! Now!

The Germans are romantic, and have produced Richard Wagner to prove it. His "Ring" contains all anyone need know about Germany's foreign policy. It is easier to understand and more truthful than Hitler's famous novel.

The Nazis have found out that the Germans aren't a nation, but a race. And as the Germans are logical, as I mentioned before, they will go on living up to being a race, which is bound to lead to a lot of trouble. But then, trouble gives one the chance of being heroic. See same.

Germans are brutal. There is a bit of a brute in all of us, though we usually try to hide it, and we quite often succeed in preventing it from getting the better of us. And if we don't we are rather ashamed of ourselves. Unfortunately, this bit of a brute is the foundation-stone of Nazidom.

The Germans have an "Idea". That is what they call the Nazi Movement. Every crime is a good deed if it benefits the "Idea". That mentality is awkward at present to those who have other ideas, but may become awkward one day, too, for those who have the "Idea". For that mentality can work both ways.

The Germans have contributed Dürer, Beethoven, Goethe, Luther, Guttenberg, Mozart, and Karl Marx, amongst many others, to European civilisation, and, of course, Einstein to the century, though both Einstein and the Nazis deny it. Frederic "the Great", Kant, Bismarck, Wagner, Nietzsche, Adolf, Streicher and the concentration camp are contributions of the Nazis.

The Germans have a wonderful language, which, apart from being wonderful, is terribly original. It is so original that many of its expressions are not translatable into any known language.

The Germans have a word called "Schadenfreude", which, translated into English, which has the reputation of being rather a precise language, takes the long form of "the pleasure to see some other chap come to grief".

In fact, no other language has got a word for Schadenfreude. Maybe the feeling isn't as common in any other country as it is in Germany.

The German language knows another untranslatable word called "Weltanschauung", which denotes a thing which every German is born with and tries to stick to as long as he comfortably can.

Apart from being a terribly original language, it has also become a very live one these days, when the Nazis have rescued it from the stagnation into which it had

fallen under Thomas Mann and other degenerates of the kind. They have invented so many new and nail-on-the-head-hitting expressions that those Germans who died ten years ago would have to go back to school to catch up with their mother tongue if they came back to-day.

"To steal," for instance, is such an ugly word and so common. Still, Germans went on using it right up to the day when the Nazis arrived. Those creators of thought immediately substituted "to aryanise", which is far more elegant and means exactly the same, with only the difference that you can only aryanise from a Jew. You can aryanise anything, from the contents of a Jew's pockets to his factories. In fact, to aryanise is one of the nicest and thrillingest words ever invented.

I'm afraid, though, it is losing a lot of its "dynamics". Pretty soon there won't be a thing left to aryanise, and it will be an infernal job to find a new verb meaning "to steal property belonging to aryan non-Nazis."

"To Nazi-ise" is no good, "to Nationalise" means something else, "to National-Socialise" is much too long to use continually, so I'm afraid it won't be quite an easy job. But, after all, why should I try to invent their verbs for them? They have solved many much more difficult problems by those brain-waves of theirs, so I'd better leave the creation of this verb to them too.

They have ruined the German language already, anyhow, with all their short cuts through intellect, so I don't suppose one new verb or other can make very much difference.

But it is dangerous, this inventing of new verbs, for others might come along and invent new verbs too. I

don't know who will step into Adolf's shoes, once National-Socialism gets kicked out, but I shouldn't wonder if he invented some funny verb for "expropriating all Nazi property" on the grounds that "the Nazis' wealth has not been come to by honest means."

That's what's so nice about the German language, that it is so alive and new verbs keep on cropping up.

The Germans are really terribly brave. And the Nazis, of course, are the bravest of them all. When a brawny Storm Trooper tells an old Jew to step off the pavement, makes him lick his boots and kicks him about, he is not just being a contemptible little bully, he is, in reality, being frightfully brave: he is fighting the great international Jewish combine. He is fighting the dragon, saving German maidenhood from its snare.

He is just being young Siegfried all over again.

The Germans are wonderful organisers. All the strength of the German nation depends upon its organisation. Not upon its initiative, for it would be dreadful if everyone did what he thought was right. No, it's the proper function of every cog and every wheel which the whole system hinges on. The disadvantage of it is that the whole system immediately becomes just as efficient as its most inefficient wheel. And if one wheel goes wrong, the whole machine may go to pieces.

Of course, it's wonderful to organise things months ahead, but it's awkward if some Nazi wheel starts hanging Roumanian placards in Czech towns, just because some other wheel sent a package of them there by mistake. As it happened the other day.

Every German has a soul, which he will pester you with if you give him the slightest provocation. That soul

is lovely, and the best thing you can do is to tell a German that you know how lovely it is, and that he can only spoil your impression by talking about it. Then he might not.

In Germany you can be imprisoned for anything you do, for anything you fail to do, or for anything you haven't done at all. That is the law. You can even be jailed for life for your own protection. This is called "Schutzhaft", and you will have the privilege of being allowed to pay for your own keep, though it won't be better than if you had murdered somebody.

The Germans are terribly efficient, so efficient that they can even combine being very intelligent with being terribly stupid. Which is more than any other nation has so far achieved.

The Germans are terribly honest. The Germans of the Nazi hue have invented the "honest lie." Which enables them to be terribly sincere when they do lie, and terribly shocked when you accuse them of it. They call it nordic cunning, and the idea is to keep the other chap guessing. The trouble is that the other chap usually stops guessing after he has guessed wrongly once or twice and simply refuses to believe anything you say.

The Germans are curious. I don't mean they are funny—though quite a few of them are, of course—but inquisitive. They open letters, listen to you in restaurants and trams, and cut in on your telephone calls.

A long time ago I had an awful row with a girl friend of mine because I opened one of her letters by mistake. When I started walking out with her her parents had told me that she really was awfully well brought up and that sort of thing, but the things she said when she found

out that I had opened her letter, my God! We weren't on sleeping terms for weeks after that. She's an Austrian, that girl, and has got a sweet temper, really. I shudder to think what she calls the Nazis when she gets most of her letters marked: "Officially opened by the Devisenstelle," which means that the Gestapo have been poking their noses into her private affairs, which aren't their business, aren't anybody's business, in fact, aren't business at all, or at least not what we'd call business.

Probably though, for she's a sensible little kid, she will have stopped minding by now. She will have got used to it.

It's only reasonable when you start dictating people's private lives, listening in to their telephone conversations, having friends, servants, and strangers spying upon them, that you've got to read their letters too.

I'm sure she will see the point. You can't have people writing to each other what they really think. Even if 99.75 per cent are pro-Hitler. Just imagine if the 0.25 per cent got together and corresponded freely! No, I know my darling will feel happy doing her bit in freeing the German people.

And after all is said and done, it was kind of Gestapo to mark the letters, for they often don't. They just steam them open, swallow the contents, and close them up again. The only way of knowing whether they have been opened is to look at the postmark, and if they're two days late, they have. For even though the Gestapo have big steam boilers at their disposal at most of the post offices, reading other people's letters takes time.

It doesn't take half as long though as writing them,

for letter writing in Germany has become a weary job these days. You've got to call everything by different names, so that the letters become just as incomprehensible to the recipient as to the Gestapo, unless you have a definite code to go by.

In that case letters stop being letters and become conspiracies, and the only dignified answer to that is the concentration camp, and, if you're unlucky, the shooting while trying to escape.

The Germans are proud.

MEN AND MASTERS

OF LATE THE WORLD has got into the habit of trying to explain everything that happens in European politics by some psychological kink or other in the men who seem to be doing the ruling of this world of ours.

Sex may be the secret of Hitler, and Mussolini may be suffering from an Œdipus complex, but that doesn't really get at the root of either National-Socialism, or Fascism.

I'm sure the public likes reading about that sort of thing, likes peeping through the keyholes to see something which other, non-peeping people, are not likely to see. But fun though it may be, it doesn't get one anywhere.

For it isn't the man that matters, it is the wave he is riding and which makes him bob up and silhouettes him against the sky, and the only thing remarkable about the man is his ability to ride the wave.

Some ride beautifully, some just sit the crest by accident, and others—thousands of others—never get their foot in the wave's stirrup, so to speak, at all, for all they try.

Of course, that's the worst about politics, that they are made by intelligent man, though he sometimes turns out not to be quite intelligent enough.

In our days individual man seems to have lost a lot of that importance which we have been accustomed to attribute to him. The limits to his actions are more closely drawn than they ever were, and to-day the

anonymous current is the thing that leads the world, or rushes it along.

They are not to be kept under control, those currents. One man or the other may be able to stem them for a time, a short time only, and it's usually the "strong" man who uses all his energy in the effort to stay in with them, and who doesn't waste it trying to hold them up.

Some of my readers, those with good long memories, as memories go these days, will remember how Hitler with his own hands in 1934 stopped the "second revolution" which then threatened Germany. It hadn't quite come to a head yet, in fact, it was nipped in the bud.

It's five years later now, and Germany is having her second revolution, but it's not Röhm who is riding the crest of the wave, but Hitler himself, that wonderful horseman.

If you compare the Germany of 1934 with the Germany of to-day, if you look at the forces that control and decontrol her, the shoving masses with their blind, subconscious mind, that seems to have so much determination and no goal, if you study the decomposition of the German state machinery, and of German morals, you may realise that only now, in 1939, is Germany having her real upheaval, an upheaval that won't do what one is led to expect upheavals to do: overthrow governments, put up barricades and make machine-guns stutter.

The upheaval of the masses with the government living down to their ideals doesn't produce these sort of consequences. And those sorts of upheavals have even changed their names with their symptoms, they've dropped the r, and the revolution has turned into an

evolution, and the rose goes on smelling just as sweet.

If one wants to be obvious one can even go back as far as 1914 and show up how, though nobody, no Kaiser, no Czar, no Poilu, and no Junker, wanted the war, or even considered what eventually happened as a remote possibility, it did happen, not because the war itself was necessary but because destiny apparently deemed war necessary to put the world, or let's say European civilisation, into the proper state of disintegration, into the state of mind to accept the fluidity of all values, to make the world delirious in the demand to tear up its own foundation.

The war seems to have been necessary to make the civilisation of the masses come possible, and it looks as if that one world war has not been quite sufficient to do the job.

No single man has conceived that civilisation of the masses which first was America's and will be Europe's to-morrow, but thousands, big minds and small, have for years been working away at making it possible, scientists, philosophers, engineers, politicians, and social reformers. They none of them conceived that hideous possibility (they probably wouldn't have gone on working if they had), but all of them individually have been working away to make it possible, no, inevitable.

Destruction seems to be the necessary preliminary to the creation of anything new. Though, of course, no destruction ever thinks that far, and seems to carry its own reward.

I am quite sure that the man has already been born, for instance, who will introduce compulsory service in England. Whoever it may be—perhaps it will be a

creative mind of the first magnitude—he will be but the arm of destruction raised to smash an existing order. An order which through no fault of its own has lost its solid foundation.

Values are changing. The most costly possessions of yesterday seem to be becoming worthless, and new values are slow in coming up, for they only grow out of the decomposition of the old.

But this has hardly anything to do with the men who are, or who think they are, masters of this, our Europe. Except to show you that I, for one, don't think they really matter.

If you really want that key-hole peep at any of them you had better not look for it here, for I can't show you anything new, anything that you can't find in dozens of interesting and amusing, and quite often accurate, books. Read Gunther's *Inside Europe*, and *Sawdust Caesar*, read the books that Heiden wrote, and you'll know more about the men and masters than I can tell you. All I can do for you in this chapter is to give you a rough and very personal view of some of the men and masters as I see them.

And please, remember: God created them all after His own image—King Carol, Sam Hoare, the Blessed Mussolini, Touchy Adolf, yes, even Mosley, and all the rest of them!

Talking about men and masters, it's difficult to know where to start.

Let's get Neville over and done with first. He comes from Birmingham, and has travelled extensively. He's been to Berchtesgaden, Godesberg, Munich, and Rome, and with the exception of Godesberg these are mighty

interesting places to see. I believe he was a bit disappointed at Godesberg, though, of course, Munich did more than just compensate that.

To do him justice one ought to remember that he is fond of birds, mainly wagtails, and fishing, doesn't really care for politics, and, I am told by politicians, is an exceptionally good business man. I've been told by business men though, that he is an exceptionally good politician, but, of course, when business men start talking politics, one shouldn't listen. I know that. I believe my Führer does too. Anyway, he doesn't.

Neville's most famous saying is: "It bears HIS



signature and mine." Which in itself is a convincing proof of his honesty, and shows what a good fellow at heart he is. Though it might send cold shivers down some people's spines.

People, not only the Duchess of Atholl, are apt to

misjudge him. For he really means well. I have it from most authoritative sources—authoritative, I said, not authoritarian—that he does mean well. So I can be quite firm about that point.

I hear that he walks about with an umbrella which he occasionally talks to, and which he has lost four times already. This, of course, shows:

- (a) That he's a sceptic, for he never knows what might come raining down upon him next, and that he is cautious, and puts security before many other things. You can't go lending your umbrella to other people, or else you'd get wet yourself. If you want to keep the rain off others you've got to get a tarpaulin. And I can't imagine Neville travelling about to see dictators with a tarpaulin under his arm.
- (b) It shows that, having four times lost it, he is very careless about his own property. And one can't blame him for going about the place losing Czechoslovakia, if he even loses his umbrella. That is what makes him so popular in Germany.

Talking about umbrellas, I think it worth mentioning that long before Chamberlain was thought of, walking about with an umbrella under one's arm was always considered on the continent as marking a certain frame of mind. Carrying an umbrella meant being a gentleman of peaceful disposition; one who would always see the other chap's point of view. And not putting up the umbrella when it poured, but keeping it sheathed in silk, meant that you thought yourself a hell of a gentleman.

In those days, of course, an umbrella was called an umbrella, a war was called a war, and Chamberlains were called Austin or Houston Stewart.

The continent often has funny ideas about things. Long before Baldwin happened, or even Hore Belisha, the continent had a vague idea that smoking a pipe stood for laziness and unconcern. Not only has that idea now lost its vagueness, but it has completely disappeared, since the untiring efforts of these statesmen have proved that smoking a pipe can be combined with antlike activity.

Then, of course, though he is no master just now, and, if Touchy Adolf has anything to say in English politics, he never will be, there is Anthony Eden, who once upon a time was the private secretary of that other Chamberlain, the one who knew the Prussians and wore an eyeglass.

He is the pride of his tailor and of all those who have always stood for collective security. Now that England is beginning to hitch itself back again to the collective-security cart, after having so unsuccessfully tried the bilateral appeasement stunt, he might one day become the pride of the whole English nation yet.

The difficulty with him is that he knows the Nazis and has got no illusions about what they are after, so, of course, the Touchy would be deeply wounded if Anthony was given a job. And, as everyone knows, one can't wound dictators, for wounded dictators might charge. England will have to wait a while yet before the days of Eden descend upon it once again.

England swarms with personalities and is the only place where personalities still seem to matter. So I sup-

pose one ought to know quite a lot about them, though on second thoughts it hardly seems worth while, for it is only the fact that the currents we have been talking about earlier don't rush along, but just easily flow in England, which makes personalities seem as if they mattered.

The Democracy which governs England is so nicely adjusted that until they enter the doors of the House, the elected representatives of the people are nothing but representatives, whereas the moment they are inside it nothing counts but their own bit of personality, their own conviction, their own conscience, and, of course, occasionally the whip.

And that is as it should be. For you can only get Democracy working smoothly if it is based upon personal, conscientious conviction.

Public opinion, that most distressing and almost universal complaint, is a force in England, and can be a very great one at that, but unless Lord Cecil takes it in hand—which he does from time to time—it remains anonymous. And in any case it can only shove and push; it can never decide policies. It is not quick enough for that, and there are the doors of the House and the whips standing between public opinion and the world where policies are shaped.

This again is as it should be. For if one put political decisions in the hands of public opinion it would be nearly as bad as putting them into the hands of dictators.

England loves amateurs. The English look down upon professionals in every walk of life, be they tennis or bridge players, footballers or politicians. A professional politician is something which the English

instinctively distrust. They would much rather have an honest-to-God amateur, even if he does make a mess of the job.

The English have always been content with having two parties: one governs, and the other opposes. This is done on principle and is not based on logic. At one time the parties used to be so evenly balanced that the opposition was only just a little bit weaker than the governing party. At that time the opposition ruled, though the others governed. Then the opposition had the job of at least helping to frame the policy of the government, and the opposition influence upon what was to be done and what was to be left undone often turned out to be much stronger than the governmental one itself.

But the days of the Tories and the Whigs are over. To-day the opposition is but small, and as it has no policy except opposing it has lost all influence on government policy.

England has a national government, which means that it isn't ruled by any one party. In fact, it is ruled to-day by the Conservatives and by Liberals who stopped being Liberals and went Conservative. The Conservative Party consists of crowds of personalities, though one can only, talking about men and masters, mention a few.

There is, of course, Winston Churchill, who barks at the Government whenever the Government thinks it might be a good thing if it was barked at a bit. There are Sam and Simon, the cautious brothers, there is Hore-Belisha, the man who presented those lovely beacons to the nation and whom his officers say such incredibly

rude things about, and then, of course, there are hundreds of others.

The Labour Party is the opposition. They oppose. They oppose armaments and dictators. They oppose international entanglements and bilateral pacts. They oppose even their own people and kick each other out of the party.

If one has a magnifying-glass and looks closely, there is a Liberal Party. They are the only ones who have the right policy, but it is easy for Liberals to have that, for they are of no account and can therefore even afford to be right.

Occasionally, there is still Lloyd George, a brilliant journalist and a writer of wonderful articles. The only thing that's wrong with the articles is that he insists upon signing them.

The dictators never get tired of accusing England of being full of Communism. Personally, I wouldn't call Communism in England very powerful, and the dictators' idea that Duff-Cooper, Churchill, Beaverbrook, Attlee, in fact all those who dislike dictators, are Communists, I still hold not to be quite correct.

Still, there is Communism about, not the base bolshy kind, of course, but the Low kind, which is witty, has ideals, and is always to the point. But then, that isn't Communism at all, but just playfulness.

Some believe that England is ruled by the City, but the City feels different about it.

Quite a few believe that it is not personalities, nor parties; who rule the country, but sets. If ever two politicians meet at a country house, that constitutes a set. And whatever one of those two politicians does for

the next year or so is the "doings of the set." Sets "rope" in people and hatch out conspiracies.

Every politician who is at all careful about his reputation belongs to at least one set. As not all of them can belong to the Londonderry set, some have to be content to belong to the Cliveden set, or Lady Cunard's set, or to an even inferior one yet.

There is a lot of guesswork going on the whole time as to who the men and masters of England really are. The most obvious conclusion, that England is governed by its government, does not seem to occur to anybody.

And maybe it's wrong.

Sayings of Englishmen:

It bears HIS signature and mine.

I have been taken in.

I can only bitterly regret.

I still think I was right. —*Neville Chamberlain.*

England's frontier lies on the Rhine.

The British lion is at the dentist's.—*Earl Baldwin.*

The League of Nations is the corner stone of British foreign policy.

—*Royal Message to Parliament, 1938.*

Out of this nettle danger I pluck the flower safety.

—*Shakespeare.*

The old boy's all right!—*Anonymous Englishman.*

No, he ain't!

—*Anonymous Englishman.*

It may be doubtful who governs England, but it is obvious to everyone that nobody knows who does the governing of France.

About her men and masters there is nothing to say at all, at all.

The masters of France certainly aren't the men who appear and disappear with kaleidoscopic quickness, who make headlines one day and scapegoats the next, but the system of its democracy, and what one has got to say about that shouldn't really go into this chapter on Men and Masters at all.

Crowds of people have vainly tried to find out who it is who really governs France. They have come to many very different conclusions and have hailed every one of their discoveries as a revelation. There are the twenty families, the regents of the Banque de France, the freemasons, the Chamber, the political parties, the permanent government officials, the French army, Schneider-Creuzot, and the Roman Catholic Church, who have on and off been accused of governing the Republic.



Who really does I don't know. I suppose it is some anonymous force which keeps the wheels turning round.

It can't be public opinion either, otherwise France would have disintegrated a long time ago.

The present nom-de-plume of that anonymous governing force is Daladier, a man of powerful speech and a Bonnet upon which he relies for his wit. How many, if any, powerful deeds lie behind those thundering speeches of his has yet to be seen, and whether his Bonnet will not eventually make him opt for wit rather than for power as far as international relations are concerned is as yet unknown.



But it doesn't really matter, for to-morrow probably that anonymous force will adopt some other nom-de-plume and everything will go on being exactly the same. Whereas, in English democracy, character and personality still count, at least to some extent, French democracy knows neither masters nor men, at least it doesn't know men who are ever allowed to become masters.

To be a French politician, therefore, is an awful job, heart-breaking and dangerous, but it quite often turns out to be very remunerative. There is absolutely nothing amateurish about it.

It would be a fatal mistake to believe that men count for more in totalitarian countries than they do in democracies. Men may pretend to be the masters there, but wherever totalitarianism reigns individual man is nothing and the Idea is all.

That is the reason why one can put any nincompoop into responsible positions without producing any apparent ill effects. That is the reason why Ribbentrop, Funk and those others can hold an office which they don't know the first thing about.

The idea upon which the whole system rests takes care of itself. In dictator states the personality of man counts for nothing, for in dictator states it is the Idea that carries the state, and the qualifications which are demanded of men who are supposed to be masters are not character, personality or ability, but just blind faith in their idea and the inner glow which it gives to its possessor.

The real guys, of course, have no doubt got to where they are now partially by force of their personality, but equally too by their ability to throw themselves into the stream and to let themselves be carried along by the rising flood.

Touchy Adolf, for instance, got there because of his fanaticism, because of his mystic faith in himself, and in the idea which he created and represented.

He got there because of his idealism, because of his materialism, because of his hatred for intellect, and probably because he feeds on vegetables, and even more probably because he has never been known to go near a woman.

Adolf has managed to build himself up into a mystic being, the kind which those romantically-minded, ideal-seeking Germans love.

To-day, wherever National Socialist party member Number Seven appears he is enthusiastically greeted by thousands of suspended human rights. Wherever he

turns up people throw up their arms in enthusiasm and despair.



Symbolic actions have always meant more to the romantic Germans than they ever did to anybody else. In the good old unimperialistic days of the first German Empire, Willy the Would-be-Conqueror attended the performances of the *Flying Dutchman* clad as a German Admiral of the High Seas. To-day, Goering changes into any one of his two hundred and thirty-five uniforms at the slightest provocation. There is a lot of sense of the occasion embedded in the German people.

Whenever Adolf goes to listen to Richard Wagner he doesn't wear the costume which G. B. S. puts him into, but goes there garbed in that romantic Wagnerian mentality which is so dear to him and so near to his heart. There he sits watching the filthy dragon guarding the treasure which really ought to be fair Siegfried the superman's, watching Siegfried forging his sword, cutting up dwarfs, butchering dragons, bathing in their

blood, gaining the treasure and squandering it, only to be stabbed in the back eventually by black non-Aryan Hagen.

All the ingredients of Nazi foreign policy are contained therein. The missing living-space, the treasures which the world denies to Germany, the Nordic cunning, the ruthlessness, the victory, and the heroic and futile death. In fact there is a lot to be learned from Wagner about Nazi mentality.

The Touchy One has often been accused of being a lunatic. I wonder whether he is. I am neither a doctor, nor, unfortunately, am I H. G. Wells, so I can't talk either from experience or with authority. The only thing I know, and which seems obvious, is that he's no fool. If he is mad, there certainly is, as Shakespeare has already so beautifully put it, method in the Touchy One's madness.

But maybe he's just a fanatic, a man obsessed by his idea, by his conception of what the world is or should be.

Fanatics like him crop up from time to time, when for some reason or other this world of ours seems to need them. I wonder what the world needs the Touchy One just now for.

Whatever he is, he's certainly not the man who stands with both feet on the ground, as does his bald-headed understudy. Adolf arrived on top with a theory, with a programme, with a faith. The Blessed One had nothing of the kind when he stepped from his train, having thus warily marched upon Rome.

Adolf's policy was all set out and shaped right from the beginning, and, as his mind was not made to allow for any deviation, he stuck to the Weltanschauung he

had set himself and that Weltanschauung very soon started living a life of its own, rushing along by itself, and all Adolf could do was to hang on to it for dear life.

It may be proof of a man's sterling character to hang on to a conviction once formed, to follow it up and to live it down at no matter what cost, but it is hardly a proof that one is a statesman.

Hitler has got Unity on the brain, the unity of the German people, the unity of Europe, the unity of the whole world under Nazidom's leadership, and quite a few other unities yet. It is the unity of the German people, though, which is the one dearest to his heart, as, not being a female, that unity never gets an enraptured, dreamy, rather imbecile look on the face when it runs up against the Führer, and I believe he appreciates that.

Some Germans believe that it was Adolf who said "L'état c'est moi," and "Après moi le deluge." They were quite wrong, for he is much too long winded to say snappy things like that, even if he does believe them, and, anyway, he doesn't speak French.

Over-estimation of the value of personality in dictatorial states has led the world into watching the development and the acts of the various personalities which are so much in the foreground, rather than watching the development of the Idea, which is the only thing that really matters.

For all the Führers, the big or the small, are nothing but prisoners of the Idea, occupants of the wheelbarrow which it pushes along. Some, like Goebbels, may try to hurry its progress, others, like Goering, may try to retard it, but whatever little successes the one or the

other may have, they do not deflect or alter the march of the Idea, which in Germany has become the only power hurtling along its creator, its supposed leaders, and the masses, to final victory or final destruction.

To anyone who has grasped that, it seems absurdly funny the way people still go about believing that they can compromise and negotiate with Nazidom. You can't compromise with a flood, with an earthquake, or an elemental disaster.

Goering, Nazidom's A1 soldier, with the complexion of a two-year old baby and the mind of a hundred-year



old profiteer, is regarded by all those who cannot give up wish-thinking as the man who might yet lead Nazidom back to normal.

There is nothing more absurd than that belief, for even if he or the army should be fools enough to try, the Idea will doubtless mow them down.

Goering's upbringing, his bourgeois mentality—for he is the only real bourgeois among the Nazi big shots—and his job make him use a moderating influence whenever he can, but step by step he has been giving way, as he had to if he wanted to stay in with Nazidom at all.

It would be a great mistake to believe that his conception of the eventual aim which Nazidom must achieve could be any different from, say, Goebbels's conception of it. The only difference between them lies in the method which they think ought to be applied. Goebbels, the glamour boy with a limp, a physical limp as well as a mental one, is the wittiest brain which Nazidom has so far produced—and what a wit the chap is too. His wit consists of sarcasm, boasts, and derision of those who are unable to talk back, and the Nazis adore it. In addition to his limp he has of late, of course, acquired a black eye, which comes of taking his job of supervising the film industry too seriously.

Poor boy, he's one of the best hated Nazis in Germany, and if it wasn't for his ability as a Northcliffe scholar they would have put him behind bars a long time ago.

Without exception, by far the most important man in Germany to-day is Heinrich Himmler, of whom Goethe a hundred and fifty years ago had already said: "Heinrich, I shudder to think of you."

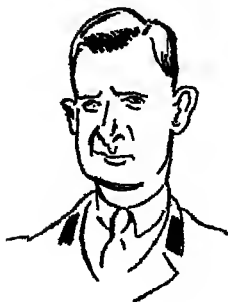
Pasty-faced, spectacled and meek-looking, he is the ruthless leader of that dreaded gang, the Gestapo.

He holds the Grater in the palm of his hand too, for whenever he can't get him to do something which he wants him to do, he tells him of some plot which has

been discovered against his precious life, whereupon the Grater starts foaming at the mouth and does anything dear Henry wants him to.



The Gestapo doesn't only supervise the private lives and political opinions of every German, but they also have their fingers and their spies in every office, in every business, not only in Germany, but all over the world where Nazi interests are concerned—and where are they not?



As far as the world Nazi organisations are concerned, it is Herr Bohle who is responsible for the job of organising and running efficiently the underground activities of the German Gestapo system.

He is the head of that innocent-sounding Bund der Auslandsdeutschen, meaning the Union of all Germans living abroad, whose

official aim is to keep Germans from becoming de-Germanised, and to offer them once weekly the Bierabende and the national songs, which seem to be so dear to every German's heart. The unofficial aim of the Bund, of course, the real aim, is to carry Nazi mentality to every corner of the globe, and to ensure that no activity takes place anywhere without the knowledge of the Bund's headquarters at Stuttgart.

Whenever it is needed, all the members of the Bund can be set to work starting rumours, creating unrest, making people jitter in their shoes, undermining whatever authority the Nazis wish to undermine.

There are "Gauleiters," or Nazi district leaders, in every part of the world. There are brown houses disguised as innocent social clubs, wherever Stuttgart thinks it worth while having them.

London has its "Gauleiters," as well as Paris, New York, and, of course, Santiago.

Herr Karlowa, the London "Gauleiter," of course, has nothing to do with the I.R.A. bombsters, except that it probably pleases him to be able to report to Berlin that whenever Adolf sets out to astonish democracy with another of his coups, the I.R.A. bombing sets in and helps to remind the British Government of England's decadence and the disunity of the British Empire. Now Karlowa has gone someone else will do the reporting and the being pleased.

The real genius of Nazidom up to a short time ago was Dr. Schacht, thanks to whose juggling Nazidom has so far been able to keep out of the international bankruptcy court. To-day he has left the Nazi boat and is touring the world inside his own private little lifebelt.

With him the last shred of reason in Germany went overboard.



Funk, his successor, is not a clever man, but then, as I said before, there is no need to have clever men in key positions in dictator countries.

About the Führers of Germany one could go on talking indefinitely, if one wanted to include them all, right down to Streicher, the Jew-baiter—who boasts of visiting the prisons and horse-whipping the prisoners within an inch of their lives—right down to people like Seyss-Inquart, who boast of being traitors and of having perjured themselves over and over again. Of them all one could talk on indefinitely, but as far as European politics are concerned they are of no importance whatsoever, for though you may not believe it, and they certainly don't, it isn't they who rule Germany, but the Idea, the all-powerful Idea, of which they are but more or less shabby representatives.

Sayings of Germans:

In times when one side armed to the teeth with the weapons of a philosophy of life—let that philosophy be criminal a thousand times over—gets ready to assault the existing order, the latter can only offer resistance if it clothes itself in the garments of a new political faith, and if it exchanges its parole of weak-kneed and cowardly defence for the war-cry of brave and brutal assault.

—*Adolf Hitler* (not Winston Churchill).

The sole earthly criterion of whether an enterprise is right or wrong is its success.

The German people does not comprehend how a people must be misled if you seek the adherence of the masses.

We shall attack opponents with brutal ruthlessness and shall not hesitate to adapt them to the interests of the nation by the means of the concentration camps.

Germany's economic policy is based on the principle of "Help Yourself."

My rule is not based on bayonets, but springs from the love of my people.

I think I am the only statesman of the world who has not got a bank account.

I am the Supreme Court of the German people.

I am the greatest son of a great nation.

—*Adolf Hitler.*

Germany's law and the will of Adolf Hitler are one.

—*Goering.*

Heil Hitler!

—*Anonymous German.*

Drei Liter!

—*Anonymous German.*



As dictators go, Mussolini, whom his father christened the Blessed One, is one of the most tragic. Like all great comedians, his life off-stage is really a tragedy all of its own.

Who remembers to-day that he, the great Mussolini, is really the inventor of this dictator business in Europe, the inventor of all those thousands of twists and tricks which make Totalitarianism such a blessing to those who use it, and such a curse to those to whom it is applied?

It can't all have been forgotten, can it? But people do seem nowadays to think of him as just a funny little rubicund moon, revolving round that moustachy fellow whom he himself knows to be vastly his inferior.

But such is life! And such is the world, that within ten years it will forget almost anything. Of course, it has its advantages too, this forgetfulness. For who to-day remembers, thank God, that the Blessed One

once upon a time used to be a Socialist leader, waging a war on capitalism and Nationalism, those fearful scourges of mankind?

Who remembers to-day that it was French francs—such a nasty lowdown currency too—and such a paltry sum, that bought him off it and started him from one day to the other vigorously demanding Italy's entry into the world war, and making himself the leader of the national wing of the Italian Socialists?

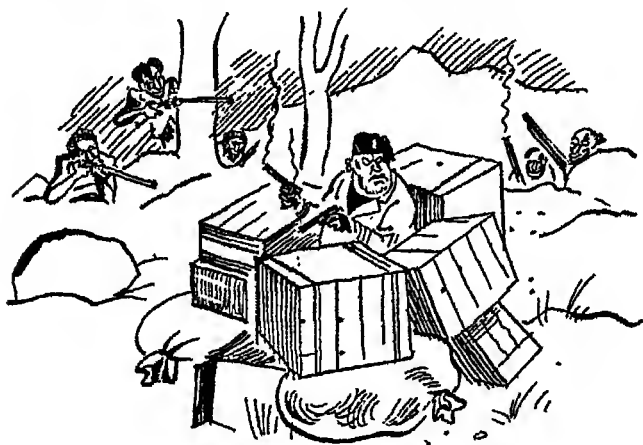
But then, of course, it's a pity the world should so easily forget that it really was he who marched on Rome (quite ordinary marching it was then, no Roman step, for he hadn't met Hitler yet, in fact, he went there by train), and by that simple fact of marching on Rome saved all Europe from going Bolshy. That Adolf should have borrowed that claim is just too bad, but it's even worse not being able to tell him so.

Has the world really already forgotten all that he has done for them? The Italians haven't, I'm sure. And they'll pay him back for it yet some time. They can't have forgotten that he created an empire, conquered Spain, made Italian trains run on time, borrowed the



goose-step from Hitler, defied sanctions, made Italian trains run on time, squashed Bolshevism, saved the peace, made Italian trains run on time, saved the Monarchy, forged the thin end of the axis, re-christened the Mediterranean Mare Nostrum, and made Italian trains run on time.

Surely all that can't have been forgotten! And those stupid critics who say that one can save peace much easier by not threatening to start a war to start with, that an empire isn't conquered as long as you must post



a soldier on every square yard of it to keep it conquered, that the goose-step may be all right as a slimming exercise but that most Italians, thanks to self-sufficiency, don't need slimming, that if one forges an axis one should at least try to hang on to the fat end of it, that Bolshevism didn't need squashing—those critics can always be quieted by the retort, that unquestionably Italian trains do run on time. And wasn't the invention

of castor oil as a political cure anything at all? Of course, it's been overshadowed by other Adolfine methods, but where is the justice in this world if the inventor no longer gets any credit at all, and all the credit goes to him who commercialises the method?

It is tragic, the whole thing.

I don't suppose you have ever run across an old actor who once used to play all the leads in wonderful plays, and whom now no agent will even look at because there is someone else who does his parts even better than he used to, an old actor who repeats his old lines over and over again in the hope that he may, after all, find somebody to listen to him.

If, on top of that, the poor chap is bald too, and small of stature, his tragedy must simply be hell for him. And it isn't his own fault either, it's just his bad luck that someone turned up who learned to do his own stuff better, his own stuff, which he himself taught the pupil how to do.

People like that may run amuck from desperation. So I wish to God someone would give him a job of work to do. If anyone could be found to be self-denying enough to give him a part—of a lover, for instance—what a blessing it might turn out to be for Europe. The heroic parts are difficult to hold, but lovers will always find a sympathetic audience! So please someone do! Someone has? Not really! Well, well!

To-day the Blessed One is Italy. For all that Italy which is not him either inhabits the Liparian islands or is drinking aperitives and writing books in Paris.

Since the Germans climbed the Brenner Pass they

have taken over a lot of the Italian administrative work, and what with Gestapo people running the anti-semitic campaign, walking in and out of the Italian home-office and regulating the traffic-lights inside the Palazzo Venezia, Italy no longer seems to be entirely his. In fact, he is quite unable to discharge or to engage a new bus conductor without first asking the permission of the third secretary of Ribbentrop.

For his sake, I hope that the Blessed One still believes he is using them for his own sake. The Italians, or quite a few of them at least, by now believe that they have been sold out to Germany for his own vanity's sake.

Still, the axis is there, and will always be there, and work nicely and smoothly till it comes to the real show-down. But as things are, it will probably never come to that, so the axis is there for good, whether the Italians and Musso like it in the long run or not.

The Blessed Little One is a wonderful example of what happens to anyone who starts stopping to be rude to National-Socialism. But then, people won't believe those sort of things, so I won't go on stressing my point.

The understudy of Musso the Understudy is Ciano, the Empire's Foreign Secretary, the heir to a dictatorship and the husband of an intelligent woman. Edda, his wife, has inherited her father's energy, and is running Italian foreign affairs.

It was Musso's habit to get rid of his underlings after having sucked them dry and whenever they became at all important. But even he finds it difficult to get rid of the man who married his Edda, and firmly hinged the Italian apple-cart to the Nazi tractor.

Apart from Musso, there seem to be very few men,

and certainly no masters, left in Italy these days. All ministers are allowed to do is to listen to what the Blessed One says, and to jump over bayonets, which he thinks is great fun to watch.

The only function the King has these days seems to be to prove to the world that there are still people who are smaller in stature than the Blessed One.

Of late there is again Faranacci, that bad boy of Cremona, who a long time ago used to be secretary of the Fascist Party, then got too wild, was kicked out, and fell into obscurity, from where he has been washed up again by the anti-semitic wave which at Germany's command swept Italy. Faranacci has got the whole backing of the Nazis, and has already successfully told Musso occasionally what to do.

Triumvirates have always worked quite well in Italy, or at least Rome has always managed to live them down, so I suppose it will be able to live down the Himmler-Musso-Faranacci one too.

Some sayings of Italians:

The sword and the book are the two arms of knowledge.

I am not a man, but an event.

Though words are beautiful things, muskets, machine-guns, ships, airplanes, and cannons are much more beautiful still.

War is to man what maternity is to woman.

All my thoughts are bent on preventing war.

—Musso.

Sayings of Italians (*continued*):

Eviva il Duce!

—*Anonymous.*

Blast Mussolini!

—*Anonymous.*

I think of Mussolini as a god.

—*Balbo.*

I make war, Mussolini invents it.

—*Badoglio.*

I suppose the rest of Europe is ruled by men, too, but as far as one can see, there is not a master-mind amongst them.

There are, of course, the Polish colonels trying to enter into alliances with friends and enemies alike, hoping to save Poland from becoming divided again within the next few years or so; there are pine-like Nordic kings and dissipated Balkan ones, there are regents and prime ministers and minority leaders, conspirators and daring knights, but they all are naught but puppets, dancing about in the maelstrom of Ideas which is tearing Europe asunder. There is Horthy, who doesn't know what it is he wants, unless it be those historical frontiers and no Habsburgs, there is Matschek, who leads the Croats and keeps looking for hands to grasp which might lend themselves to a liberation of Croatia, there is Metaxas, who dictates to Greece and tremblingly believes in English promises, there is Skoropadsky, the wild Ukrainian who sits in Berlin and tries to organise all the Russian emigrants into a

body that will be able to set up an independent Ukrainian nation under the protectorate of Adolf Hitler.

There are those, and hundreds more, but they don't count, they are nothing, for it is definitely ideas and not men who are the masters of Europe to-day.

A CHAPTER CONTAINING SOME IDEAS ON IDEAS

IDEAS ARE REALLY QUITE dreadful things. Someone, without meaning any harm, lets the cat out of the bag and puts down in writing what he thinks is a very clever idea. And it usually is, as long as it is original. But, then, along comes someone in an entirely different state of mind, picks up the idea, chews it about a bit, and when he has done with it that same good old idea looks quite different. And after that has happened several times, and the idea is all munched up already, the man of action comes along and moulds the munched up idea into a form to suit his actions and to bolster up his convictions.

I wonder what old Hegel would say if he woke up to-day and found out where his ideas have got to after being moulded into Totalitarianism by Adolf and the Blessed One. Nietzsche probably wouldn't mind so much, for he had what is generally known as a sense of humour, and he would have roared with sarcastic laughter at the present-day interpretation of his super-man.

But that does not absolve either him nor any other philosopher of the crime of having given birth to ideas which, when they get into wrong hands, immediately start playing havoc with everything they get into touch with. Old Professor Kant wouldn't recognise his categorical imperative if he saw it threatening and exhorting the masses in either the moustachy form or the bald-headed variety.

In the Middle Ages they knew why they put down their theories in illegible cyphers, which only the initiated could read. They realised that an idea loves nothing more than really coming to life and showing the world that nothing will ever stop it until it has run its course. Then it will quietly disappear and try to pop up at the next possible chance in a new disguise. Ideas are really quite dreadful things, and I rather think folk ought not to be allowed to play about with them.

But that, of course, is all ideas are there for, and as they are the only way of getting anywhere near to that much-over-rated treasure, truth, I suppose ideas will for ever go on rushing about madly, making mischief wherever they go.

The main trouble to-day is that in so many countries ideas have become ideologies, that so many people are led to believe that the ideas themselves are the truth, and not only the means of getting as near to truth as possible. Thus ideas are apt to become dogmas, stop being ideas, and are accepted as realities.

But truth isn't a reality, far from it. If it were, it would have been discovered long ago, and would have been trampled to death immediately by a most enthusiastic reception committee. That truth is still alive to-day it owes purely to the fact that it is a relativity, undiscoverable, undefinable and apparent to very few for seconds only at a time.

Ideas really are most dangerous things and ought to be handled most carefully. They should not, if one can possibly help it, be thrown to the semi-educated masses in the form of catchwords and slogans, for in that case

they not only become fearfully dangerous but completely meaningless too.

For the catchword and the slogan are dead matter with no meaning, and every meaning can be read into them.

Unfortunately this is what is continually happening in our enlightened days.

The days when the masses arrived on the scene as a political factor were the days of Democracy, and Democracy tended to look upon those rising giants as a mass of individualities. And what the democratic form of government does, at least tries to do, is to pluck apart the masses, atomise them into individualities and de-proletarianise them, at least mentally.

This way, of course, the masses become rather unwieldy things for the benefit of the individual and to the detriment of the driving power of the democratic state.

Since the war a new doctrine has cropped up in various disguises, the doctrine of Totalitarianism, which has done away with quite a few things, but principally with Democracy's respect for individuality.

Whereas the one thing which Democracy does try to do is not to handle the masses, Totalitarianism deliberately neglects the individuals which the masses are composed of, regards the masses as one whole, leads it, handles it, and uses it unscrupulously for its one supreme idea, be it the idea of Communism, Fascism or Nazi-ism.

Whereas in Democratic countries reason is still allowed to come in contact with ideas, Totalitarianism

sets up the Idea on a pedestal and subordinates to it life in its entirety.

Democracy's aim is to give the masses, or the individuals they are composed of, a chance of taking their destiny into their own hands.

Totalitarianism uses the masses, makes puppets of them, keeps them moving, sets them their aims instead of having the aims set by them, and handles them "for their own ultimate good".

The psychology of the masses is a most interesting study, and a mass-meeting subject to one idea the most fantastic thing, be it a meeting of Aimee Macpherson, Hitler or Musso.

Masses cannot be governed by reason, masses are only governed by emotion, which makes them comparatively easy to handle, but terribly dangerous things once they get out of hand.

But not even the Totalitarian masters of the game have yet completely mastered all its rules and the infinite possibilities which are invested in that brainless, many-headed monster which is the mass.

Though it may be funny, it certainly isn't more than a half-truth, if that, to say that the only difference between Russia and Germany is that it's colder in Russia. It would be absurd to deny that differences exist between Fascism, Nazi-ism and Communism, particularly the differences of the roots which they spring from.

But their methods, their aims, as well as the principles they stand for, are much too alike for this likeness to be overlooked. And as the totalitarian doctrines grow, become more aged and develop, they draw closer and closer to each other, and the day will surely come

when they will have become so alike as to be indistinguishable.

Democracy's enemy is neither Nazi-ism, Fascism or Communism, but Totalitarianism.

And whatever totalitarian leaders may say, they are nowhere fighting each other, but in whatever they do they are striking at the roots of Democracy.

If you look at Europe casually, if you look at its newspapers, if you listen to its responsible and often most irresponsible statesmen, you get the impression that it is a battlefield between Communism and Fascism, those two doctrines which march about armed to the teeth, slapping their comrades on the back and their opponents in the face.

Maybe even some of the leaders of those movements, and certainly most of the followers—for they will believe whatever they are told—earnestly believe that this is the real issue at stake.

What is really happening, though, is that they are using each other as bogeys to threaten Democracy with, and to coerce it into accepting Totalitarianism in some form or other.

Nazidom said "Communism" when it struck at Austria, Czechoslovakia and Spain. What it hit, and intended to hit, was Democracy.

Fascism and National-Socialism, though they scream about it continually, don't care a hoot about Communism, they know where their enemy stands, they know that their enemy, their only enemy, and apparently not a deadly one at that, is Democracy.

And it is unfortunate that Democracy doesn't know it.



TOTALI-
TARIANISM
DOES ITS
JOB



IF YOU HAPPEN TO LOOK at Europe a little bit closer, you will find out that there really are comparatively few Fascists or Communists about, and that Europe is mainly populated by people who just want to go on being human, who hate the idea of being totalitarianised under whatever flag it may be.

And it isn't only their own unrest that won't let them, nor the pressure of the totalitarian doctrines, but apparently the fact that their way of living, their outlook on life, is no longer suited to the requirements of the age, or whatever you may call it.

This human wreckage of Democracy is strewn about the whole of Europe. They are people with sound judgment and sound sense, people who don't like undergoing strenuous exercises with their extremities when they meet friends, people who don't like marching down the street four abreast, people who hate being slapped, and who would never even think of slapping. Just people full of the spirit of give and take.

But it's funny: those people don't count. For one thing because they are too intelligent and are always likely to see the other man's point of view, for another because they feel out of their depth in a country which is governed by ideas which are entirely alien to

them, and thirdly because they haven't got the energy to fight for truth as they see it, for they know that in the long run truth is unconquerable, so why should they exert themselves, and, after all, the other chap may be right, in a way.

Europe is full of those people trying "to make the best of it", pretending to fall in with ideas which they detest, just because there seems nothing else for them to do.

For in totalitarian countries the only alternative to Totalitarianism of the governing variety seems to be Totalitarianism of the opposing one, and people know that there is so very little to choose between them. Too little to fight for one to be relieved of the other.

It is the doctrine of Totalitarianism that is the enemy of Democracy and freedom, no matter what form or shape it takes.

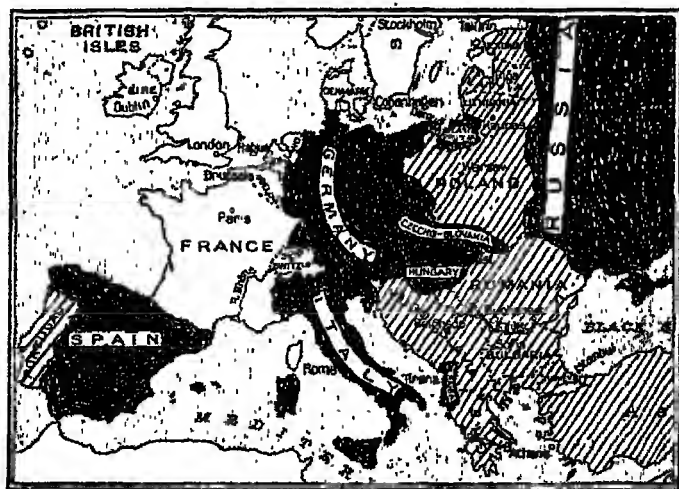
Nazi-ism to-day is the only dangerous form of Totalitarianism, though, for Bolshevism for many reasons was never any real danger to the civilisation of Europe, and Fascism has become Nazi-ism's sweet little boy to do and to desist from doing as he is told.

Bolshevism never was a threat to Europe, and even the attempts of twenty years ago to set up Bolshy states in Hungary, Poland and Bavaria were never anything else but an insane reaction to four years of misery and hardship which people had undergone. None of the attempts succeeded. None of these Bolshy states lasted, and all of them broke up from within. Bolshevism had spent its strength in Europe years before either the Touchy or the Blessed One had even been thought of.

Nevertheless, they both saw the wonderful oppor-

tunity of painting the bogey of Bolshevism to the people who, they hoped, would get them into power. That it was but a bogey was fairly obvious in Italy, and it was blatantly so in Germany, where the Nazis had to set fire to the Reichstag themselves to get their people and the world to believe that Bolshevism was still powerful enough to think of engineering a Putsch.

The pretence of fighting Bolshevism served its purpose beautifully as far as the bourgeois of Germany and



TOTALITARINISM SO FAR—

AND NO FURTHER?

Totalitarian States (black), Democracies (white), Semi-totalitarian (hatched)

Italy were concerned, and it still serves its purpose beautifully as far as the bourgeois of Europe—the Democracies—are concerned. For they are ever so much more afraid of the red variety of Totalitarianism than they are of the black, or even the brown.

Bolshevism only becomes a danger if and where people come in contact with Fascist Totalitarianism. Wherever people are trying to put up a fight against Fascism or Nazi-ism, the obvious ally that seems to offer itself is Bolshevism.

An ally, though, whose hands very few people are prepared to grip. Nazi-ism deliberately offers the sole choice of going Totalitarian the Fascist or the Bolshy way. For it knows perfectly well that to most people, and to most states, going Bolshy is an impossibility, and the only alternative to that, it pretends, is falling in with Nazi-ism, which may be an evil, but after all still might be a possibility.

To-day, falling back upon Democracy to defend oneself against Totalitarianism has actually become impossible, in the outposts at least, for Democracy is on the run, refuses to protect its outposts, doesn't mind being hit where it is merely vulnerable, and concentrates purely on defending what it believes to be its really vital parts.

So far, I'm afraid, it has not found out yet what its really vital parts are, but no doubt a commission will sooner or later be set up to determine what are and what are not the really vital parts of Democracy.

In this fight of ideologies and of causes Democracy fails to put up a fight, fails to see that Democracy itself is a cause, and not a jumble of private interests.

And this, no doubt, will be Democracy's downfall.

Totalitarianism is doing its job in Europe. For in the light of the theory which we set out from at the beginning of this book, it is obviously the historical job of Totalitarianism to destroy down to the roots anything

even faintly reminiscent of European civilisation and culture. That Totalitarianism most efficiently does.

Totalitarianism is clearing the way for the new machine-age civilisation which some day or other might spring from the debris.

In fact, Totalitarianism is getting Europe ready to become Americanised.

Fundamentally, Fascism and Communism are doing exactly the same, fulfilling exactly the same mission—namely, the destruction of existing values, moral, spiritual and logical. Both have so far failed to set up anything constructively new, and both are ruthlessly pulling down what stands in their way. And, unfortunately, it happens to be European civilisation that stands there.

Americans should really admire those people, for both of them know, or at least they think they know, that energy is the one thing in life that matters, and “getting there” the only thing worth while.

Europe believes, or used to believe until only a short while ago, in other standard values. It used to know that energy and force gets one quite a long way, but that the trouble is that the long way it gets one lies right off the right road, and that sooner or later forcible and energetic people in Europe always find out that the long way really doesn't get one anywhere.

But Europe has grown so old and wise that by now it has got the right, I suppose, to grow childish again, and for a time to return to those stupid ideals of childhood, the ideals of muscle and brawn.

The most unfortunate part about it is that Europe is

sure to break its neck if it goes romping about like this, for its bones have become dry and brittle.

Watching European developments, one is bound to be struck by the fact that Communism, which has always boasted its internationality, has to-day become an almost entirely national doctrine, whereas National-Socialism, which always wore its accent on the National, has become the truly international doctrine of the age.

Musso, in his early days, is reported to have said that Fascism could never be an article for exportation. Lately he has denied that he could have ever said such a fool thing, and has stated: "I affirm that the idea, the doctrine and the spirit of Fascism, are universal. It may be Italian in its particular institutions, but it is universal in spirit. I foresee a Fascist Europe, which will solve in a Fascist way the problems of the modern state."

For once Musso has put into words what the Grater puts into deeds. Fascism and National-Socialism are international doctrines, bound to fight tooth and nail every other doctrine in the world, and Fascism and National-Socialism are leading Nationalism *ad absurdum*, and here again Totalitarianism is probably doing one of the jobs which history has set it.

The world war and Versailles had got the absurd doctrine of Nationalism so firmly entrenched in Europe that it seemed that nothing would be able to uproot it again. It has taken the absurd doctrines of Totalitarianism to shake up the national ideologies of Europe, and we, or at least our offspring, may find that when Totalitarianism has blown over, Nationalism may quite conceivably have become a thing of the past, and

Europe may once again have become a whole. All we can do about it is to pray that it doesn't happen the Musso way, and that the Whole isn't going to be totalitarian.

Or, alternatively, we might even fight for it.

THE RISE OF NAZIDOM



IT HAS BEEN REPEATED ad nauseam that Versailles and the allied after-war-policy are responsible for Hitler's rise to power. Even though the repetition may be nauseating, it still remains true that Hitler was given every opportunity of offering his National-Socialist faith as the only means by which the German people could throw off the yoke of Versailles. And to whatever accusation a German can make against him to-day he is able to reply: "I rid you of Versailles, didn't I? Well then, shut up."

But even the post-war policy of the Allies, the stupidity of Versailles, all the misery, the unrest, the desperation which had gripped the German nation, never succeeded in making the majority of the German people vote for Adolf Hitler and his Nazi-ism.

The greatest number of votes Adolf's party ever got in a free election was 43%. And even that election was held while Hitler was chancellor, while Nazi-ism controlled the police, while storm troops stood guard over the voting-booths.

Still, it was a free election in a sense, for at that election it wasn't yet considered high treason to vote against the National-Socialist Party. And 57% of Germany voted against it.

But against the will of 57% of the German people

Hitler stepped into power. Smashing up his enemies one by one, doing away with the Communist, the Socialist, the Democratic, the Catholic, and last with his friends, the German National Party, one by one, until he was able to pronounce that the National-Socialist Party was the state.

Had they all stood together they might conceivably have prevented Hitler's dictatorship, but no one in his senses can expect a German Democrat to fight for the existence of the Communist Party. Of course no one can, probably even less than one could have expected Democracy to fight for Czechoslovakia.

The story of Hitler's rise to power is one of the most fascinating, most instructive and most gruesome chapters in the story-book of present-day politics, a story of baseness, treachery, but equally one of cowardice, egotism and short-sightedness, a story which may well go down in history as a shining example of what unscrupulousness can do, and what a beautiful character-building thing politics can be.

Some may still remember the way National-Socialism put the axe to the roots of one after the other of its enemies, while the surviving ones went on patting themselves on their backs, imagining that nothing like that could ever happen to them, that their case was different, and that they would be able to stand up against National-Socialism if ever it attempted to do something against them, which, of course, it would never dare to do.

The story of the Grater's rise is a story without precedent in its stupidity, though I am afraid it looks like being a precedent itself.

I can't here go into details of how Nazi-ism grabbed power in Germany. All the world to-day knows the story of the burning of the Reichstag, all the world knows all about the wave of arrests and murders that swept over Germany, all the world knows what amount of treachery, of bullying and of cowardliness went into the making of the Third Reich.

All the world knows, and, I'm afraid, hasn't learned a thing by knowing.

And I know that it is no good trying to teach people, and trying to get them to see things, for I know that one only learns from personal experience. Unfortunately, there is no such thing as collective experience.

So I won't go on stressing the point. Though letting me stress the point might prove to be less painful than personal experience is bound to be eventually.

But after all, that's not my show.

TECHNICAL HINTS ON BECOMING, STAYING, AND, IF POSSIBLE, DYING A DICTATOR

Becoming a Dictator.

The most important thing when trying to become a dictator is, of course, to get yourself a grievance. This is essential. On the strength of that grievance you can start a party. Get a grievance practically impossible to get rid of, otherwise the grievance may stop before you become a dictator, and that would be fatal.

Start your party not with 100,000, but with seven or eight. For a militant revolutionary party is the stronger, the smaller it is. Don't smile, it's true!

Divide your adherents into party members and followers. Make it difficult to become a party member, choose the members not for intelligence or character, but for their determination to put their shirt on you, and die for you if necessary.

Make all the others followers.

Promise all your members and all your followers all they ask for and, beyond that, all you can think of.

Don't argue. Just state. Be a cart-horse. One can argue with people who might conceivably see both sides of a question, but one can't argue with a cart-horse. At least, one can, but the cart-horse will always win. Therefore, see that you are the cart-horse.

Never stick to the truth, but don't for goodness' sake start lying on a small scale. It sounds stupid, but it's true, that the greater the lie the easier you will get people to believe it. Don't mind stupid lies, for people

will believe anything if you repeat it often enough.

Get your members organised, that's all you need. Given 20% of the electorate, a democratic government, and two years' time, any fool can become a dictator. All you need is a technique, and, of course, a good organisation.

Remain within the letter of the law.

The nicest thing about a real Democracy is that it will even nurse the seed of its own destruction, let it rise until it becomes a small plant, and won't do anything to hinder its progress as long as it stays within the letter of the law. Anything legal will have the full protection of Democracy. That is the essence of Democracy, and your great chance.

See to it that some of your members die, and make martyrs of them.

Keep all your members, and most of the followers, on the street every day and all day; that creates a good impression, a lot of unrest and keeps them out of mischief.

Kill off anyone who stops being a member.

Kill your enemies, and don't deny that you killed them, for that won't get you any publicity. Just say that as the corpse was an enemy, you don't wonder if one of your followers in righteous indignation should have bumped him off. But how should you know who did it? Don't pretend to be sorry about it, that might hurt your reputation of being straightforward.

Establish the leader principle early in your career, for that relieves all your followers of any responsibility they might still be inclined to feel, and it isn't their job to be responsible. They have got to act, and you can

always take responsibility for all they do, for no one is likely to hold you responsible as long as you yourself didn't do it.

Never, under any provocation, be honest, adjust the idea you are fighting for to your own policy, make faith in your idea the only criterion of good or bad, and sacrifice everything, friends and enemies alike, to that idea.

Become a dictator.

Staying a Dictator.

Kill, exile, or at least arrest, all people you are afraid of.

Don't be afraid of anybody. But don't stop killing!

Make it illegal for anyone to eat hard-boiled eggs, and don't forget to make that law retrospective for at least six months, for you are then entitled to have everybody arrested at sight.

Make it impossible to become a member of your party, and divide up the riches of the realm between those who are.

If you want to please some members of the party, chuck out a few others, but it will probably be necessary to have them killed, they may otherwise be a nuisance.

Don't have scruples. Be straightforward, go the whole hog.

Be generous, keep your promises as far as you easily can, and don't worry about the others.

Go on having a grievance.

Organise all the people you can lay hands on, and see that the organisations keep them moving.

Get an empire.

Don't forget that the masses love chi-chi. Chi-chi is the most important part of a dictator.

Enforce the leader principle, take all responsibility, for no one now can make you responsible. Except history.

Talk about history as if you believed in it, but don't. Believe in yourself.

Get hold of your subjects while they are quite young, keep from them every influence but yours, and if their backbones don't get broken in the process, they will make admirable supporters.



Believe in the cowardice and vanity of man, and despise humanity. This is essential.

Keep on getting empires.

Promise anything to anybody you need, and never mind about keeping those promises. Anyone stupid enough to believe your promises doesn't deserve to have the promises kept.

Make ruthlessness a virtue. Ruin or kill off all those who are likely to oppose you, and reward those few you can rely on.

Don't be afraid of intellect, it can't harm you. Only brute force can, and as intellect hardly ever goes with brute force, you can safely set out deliberately to make an enemy of all and every intellect.

Don't ever have any yourself.

If Possible Dying a Dictator.

Announce that you will walk down one of the main streets of your capital unprotected the next day.

Do it!

WHAT PRICE NAZIDOM?

IT IS FUNNY how 57% of the German population managed to become extinct within a year, for when Adolf, a year after taking over, put himself to the vote, 97 or something per cent of Germany voted pro-Hitler. Either all the opponents to Nazi-ism had died or they had all been won over, or maybe they had realised that voting had become a farce, that nothing could be changed by voting Adolf down, and that one had better howl with the wolves, though only very few could hope to convince the wolves by howling that they were wolves too.

Six years of Nazidom have passed over Germany. An amazed world has watched a people whose one ambition used to be to be free, sink into a state of slavery, doing nothing about it, and being apparently quite happy with it. I am rather ashamed to say that those who still wonder obviously know very little of National-Socialism, and probably know very little about human nature either.

Experiments on a totalitarian scale have not been made for two thousand years, and the present dictators were the first to put the ancient methods to the test again, only to find out that they were as good as new.

To find out why the German people are still putting up with National-Socialism, it will, I am afraid, be necessary to try to find out what Hitler has done for and to the German nation.

Hitler has definitely freed Germany from the "tyranny of Versailles", he has united the German people, he has kept all the promises which he made in the Nazi party programme of 1920, he has done away with unemployment, he has opened up vistas for the German people of dominating not only eastern Europe, not only Europe, but a large part of the world.

The price which the German people were asked to pay for that was the tightening of their belts, the annihilation of their individuality, and an unquestioning submittance to the will of the Führer, the well-meaning, though maybe stern, father who was going to get the little boy all he wanted.

And the dreadful part about it is that events so far have proved him right. That Democracy did all in its power, over and over again, to prove to the German people that the Führer was right, that the Nazi method did get them somewhere, and that final victory was just round the corner.

Totalitarian propaganda has succeeded in creating the impression in democratic countries that Totalitarianism isn't all bad, that it has got advantages too, that it is able to do things which Democracies can't, and that for the average man, after all's said and done, Totalitarianism is rather a blessing.

Quite considerable numbers of the world's people believe that. They see that totalitarian countries have done away with unemployment, that totalitarian countries are strong and united, that the people there seem happy, or at least not unhappy enough to want to overthrow that kind of government, and they believe that all the bad things they hear about them are mostly

lies or exaggerations, created by hysterical, lying Jews, who don't wash, anyway.

Well, there's the case of Hitler, for instance. What has he done for and to Germany, what is really good about him, and what is bad?

Undoubtedly he has torn up the Versailles treaties and freed Germany, undoubtedly he has made Germany strong again and feared amongst nations, he has united the German people and he has got rid of practically all unemployment.

I happen to be an Austrian. And I am an Austrian with all my heart, and as an Austrian I am a German too, and as good a German as you, my Führer. But I refuse to become a Prussian, either by race or, so help me God, by mentality. I love and cherish that Germany of ours. Not yours, my Führer, for yours isn't the true Germany, that is dear to our hearts. The Germany we love is that free, that honest, that faithful Germany, that Germany that to-day still exists, though you are, thank God, too hypnotised by yourself to see it. That Germany is still there to-day, though God alone knows whether it still will be after you have done with it, you leader to Germany's doom!

What you did for Germany you did at a time when the world had already realised the need of a healthy Germany, when the world was seriously trying to get down to straightening out the mistake it had made at Versailles.

Nothing you, my Führer, achieved for Germany could have been achieved if it hadn't been for the world's bad conscience about Versailles and its willingness to let those treaties undergo revision.

I know, for I have seen and I have felt, what you have done to our Germany. I know how you cowed it, how you broke its spirit, how you smashed it up, and I realise, as do so few others in Germany, unfortunately, that the worst is yet to come, that dreadful day of awakening when the German nation will wake up to see how it has been mislead by you, my Leader.

You will one day stand accused of what you have done to Germany, and it will be the German people that will ask you to give an account of what you have done.

I don't believe that you will be able to talk your way out of that trial, it will be facts that count!



THE PRICE FOR FREEDOM

YOU HAVE FREED GERMANY from the tyranny of the victor states of Versailles, and of "their deputies", the Jews and Democrats, which from 1918 onward had been enslaving the German nation.

The Versailles Treaty no longer exists, the Jews and Democrats have been deprived of the rights which they usurped, and the German people at last is free.

So free that no German may say what he likes, may write what he likes, may do what he likes.

So free that he has become terrified of even his next-of-kin and his best of friends.

So free that if he is a business man he may not do a thing without asking you, his Führer.

So free that if he is a farmer he must grow what he is told, and grow it the way he is told to grow it.

So free that every German can be arrested and kept in custody without trial for the entire length of his life.

So free that no German is allowed to marry without first getting the consent of the Nazi authorities.

So free that unless he has proved himself a good Nazi, or at least politically dependable, he will be kept out of every job until he relents.

So free that he can vote as he must.

So free that he is being spied upon from morning till night and lives in perpetual fear of denunciation.

But all this seems to be beside the point. The German is being taught that giving up his personal freedom is a necessary preliminary to getting rid of that stranglehold which the world has got on Germany, and which it is sure to keep, unless Adolf Hitler, with the strength of the whole nation behind him, is able to break it.

So Germans who chanted: "Deutsch sein heisst frei sein" ("To be German means to be free") when they goose-stepped to vote for Hitler, now parade the streets of Berlin chanting: "Wir scheissen auf die Freiheit", which, I am sorry to say, means: "We shit on liberty."

And I wonder if this can be good for Germany.



THE PRICE FOR STRENGTH AND PRIDE

YOU HAVE MADE GERMANY strong, have created for it the largest air force in Europe, the biggest army, the largest population of every nation, and every German is at last able to be proud of being a German. For strength is apparently the only thing he can ever be proud of.

It is funny that I should be such a freak, that I used to be rather proud of being a German before it had made a soldier out of every male and a breeding machine out of every female, and that I should be rather ashamed of being a German these days when brute force, bullying, and denouncing are the things that count in Germany, and when the whole place is stiff with "nordic cunning."

But freaks don't count, and you have made Germany a proud nation again.

As one of them put it to me the other day, thanking God that he could be proud of being a German again, and saying with some surprise, when I asked him what for: "For stretching from the North Sea right down to

where you can smell the Adriatic, and for no longer having to be polite when I don't feel like it."

And as one apparently can be proud of the fact that one can be as rude as one wants to, he, of course, has got to thank you for enabling him to be proud.

And the price for it isn't high. Just the militarisation of the nation, to learn to do unquestioningly what one is told, to goose-step physically and mentally, and to realise that the finest thing one can do for Germany is to die for Nazi aims. The German has to accept unconditionally the superiority of brute force over intellect, of materialism over ideals, and of Nordic cunning over poor old truth.

That's not a high price for being able to be proud.
But I wonder if it can be good for Germany.



THE PRICE FOR UNITY

GERMANY AT LAST is united. At least, part of it, for I am told by Nazis that there are still Germans outside the Reich, in Italy and Poland, in Denmark and Switzerland, in South-West Africa and North America, and, after all, the Dutch are of pure Germanic stock too, and so, if one comes to think of it, are the English, except for what William the Conqueror did to them.

But for the moment the present unification will have to do, I'm told.

If unity means the using of the same postage stamps, wearing the same uniform, reading the same papers, if unity means listening in to the same speeches over the wireless, being allowed and forbidden to do the same things, if it means being under the same whip, then Germany indeed is as united as it never was before.

If it means anything else, Germany was never as dis-united as it is to-day.

A great rift runs through the whole of Germany, through all classes, through practically all families.

To the Nazi the non-Nazi is, and must by necessity be, poison. The ruthlessness of the movement which every Nazi is so proud of demands the dissociation from and the extermination of all Communists, Jews, Democrats, and the like, in one word, of all non-Nazis.

A German Democrat, for instance, must be every Nazi's enemy, and if it happens to be a son, or a father, or a brother, that may make for tragedy but is allowed to make no difference.

"Realpolitik" demands the dropping of all sentimentalities, tells you where the enemy stands, and gives you the order to fire.

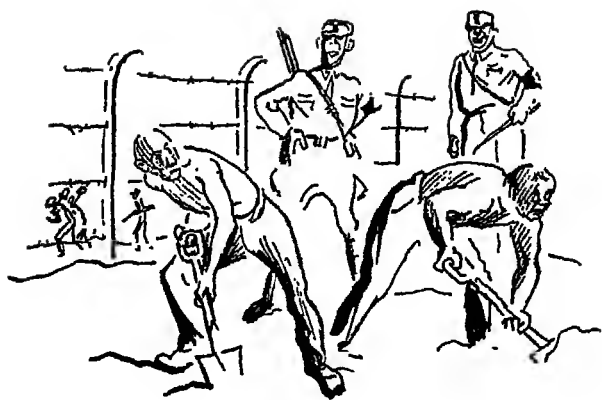
And traitors, as you know, are put against the wall. So when ordered, you fire.

It is only natural that a Nazi feels much closer united to a Fascist, to a Roumanian Ironguards man, to a Mosleyman even, than to a German Democrat, or any other brand of German non-Nazi.

I'm afraid that, just because the non-Nazis are cowed into silence, it does not mean that Germany is united.

The unity which Hitler got for Germany is pure mockery.

And I wonder if it can be good for Germany.



THE PRICE FOR WORK

YOU HAVE DONE AWAY with unemployment in Germany, my Touchy, and you can proudly boast that not a hand is idle, a boast which is entirely yours and your friend the Blessed One's.

When you came into power you confronted an army of six million unemployed, which to-day has dwindled to one and a half million, and those, you say, are only the work-shy and the disabled.

In a world that was faced with the catastrophic problem of unemployment, you, my Leader, created the principle of every citizen's right to work.

That you did, and that you succeeded so admirably in taking five million people off the dole, brought you the admiration of millions all over the world.

How you did it only a few of those millions enquire into.

That by introducing military conscription you took millions of men off the labour market, that by setting

up the labour service, which occupies two full years of every adolescent's time, and which works for you at a nominal wage wherever you want it to, that you started rearmaments going full blast, that you kicked out of work hundreds of thousands of Jews and political unreliaables, to leave them to starve as best they could, that you created a party machinery which with all its side organisations employs nearly a million people in the unproductive and highly paid work of registering and classifying your unhappy subjects, that you wasted the nation's wealth without shame, that you erected Ersatz factories all over the place to produce goods which any sane man would have bought at half the price and double their value from abroad—all that doesn't count.

You have done away with unemployment, and that is good enough for the millions all over the world. That in your irresponsibility you have not solved the problem of unemployment, but are only postponing the day of reckoning, when the whole of the German nation will have to pay for your irresponsible actions, is something you and the millions who admire you won't take into calculation, my Führer!

"Après moi le déluge" has been said before. By someone who was so vastly inferior to you, that all he did to his people seems infinitesimal to your crimes. Beyond that there is another great danger inherent in the principle of the right to work. For as it turns out, the right to work entails, on the other hand, the duty to work, for you can't get rid of unemployment when there is no work to do, except by getting rid of personal liberty at the same time. Cakes, I am told, can't be had and eaten. If the state is obliged to give every

able-bodied citizen a chance to earn his own living it must reserve the right for itself to compel the people to work at whatever work and wherever it wants. The whole population automatically becomes enslaved to the State, as is actually happening in Germany, where Austrian workmen, for instance, are carted off to the north of Germany, are separated from their families for months on end, are uprooted and made to live under conditions which they aren't used to, where they become thoroughly unsettled, where they are kept against their will, imprisoned or shot if they try to desert their work.

With State subventions, either in the form of hard cash or cheap subscribed labour, any broken-down industry can be put on its feet again, can be made to employ men again, and can be made to win back markets in which it could never compete under normal conditions.

This is just another, and more expensive, way of paying the dole.

For a country which has rid itself of all unemployed, it is surprising to see the efforts which the Nazis are compelled to make every year to collect and extort money from the people for their winter relief fund. Curiously enough, as unemployment decreases, the need for larger and larger amounts for winter relief increases. No accounts have ever been published, and probably never will



be, so nobody will ever know where the hundreds of millions of winter relief go to.

Nobody except, maybe, Joseph, the Propaganda-Aryan.

Whether all of it, or most of it, as I believe, goes into foreign propaganda, or whether it is paid out to subsidise industries to make them able to compete on foreign markets, I don't know.

None of it, in cash, anyway, goes to the needy. All they get is an occasional sack of flour, a pullover, and some toys for the children at Christmas. It's just charity for the needy, and the majority of the needy are at work starving on the wage which the Government decrees to be just.

Germany and the world thanks you, my Führer, for thus solving the problem of unemployment.

But I can't help wondering if this is good for Germany.

A NAZI BALANCE SHEET

WHEN YOU GOT INTO POWER, my Grater, you promised that in four years' time you would render an account of what you had done and how you kept your promises.

This was five years ago, and to-day is as good a time as any to draw up your balance-sheet to really see what you have done for and to Germany, and to find out whether you really kept most or all of your promises.

As far as promises go, we can dig up the National-Socialist Party's programme of 1920, which still stands to-day. It contains twenty-five demands which you pledged yourself to fulfil once you were given power in Germany.

Unreservedly, of course, you have kept your promises to the Jews. They got all you promised, and more.

As regards your other demands and promises, let's see your programme:

1. We demand that all the Germans should be united into one great Germany on the basis of the nation's right of self-determination.

You haven't quite fulfilled that promise yet, my Führer, for to you and your Nazis, the Alsatians, the inhabitants of the Polish corridor, of South Tyrol, of Schleswig, and of "German" Switzerland, are Germans too. But, no doubt, you will. And as self-determination means what you yourself are determined to get, you will no doubt be able to unite all those! Not forgetting

the Czechs, the Slovaks, the Ruthenians, the Ukrainians, and the Croats.

2. We demand that other nations should recognise the equality of the German nation, and that the peace treaties of 1919 should be cancelled.

If equality doesn't stand for superiority, you've got that, my Führer!

3. We demand land and soil for the nourishment of our people and colonies for the settling of our surplus population.

Meaning that you must get an empire that is self-supporting, I suppose, without having to trade goods with anyone. For that, as you have discovered, means depending on foreign countries, and that amounts to slavery. This demand is quite reasonable, but if every other nation were just as reasonable, think of the mess! Colonies for Czechoslovakia, Liechtenstein, Lithuania! Just as just a cause as yours. Only, of course, they aren't strong enough to get them. Are you, my Führer?

4. No one can be a citizen who is not a member of the German nation, and only a person of German blood can be a member of the nation.

That was said in the days, of course, when you still had to be a bit hazy about the fact that you were determined to kick every Jew out.

5. Foreign nationals will be permitted to live

in Germany only as guests, subject to special legislation.

You got that, and don't the guests feel comfortable!

6a. We demand that the right of determining by vote the leadership and the legislation of the state shall be confined to citizens.

You got more than that, for you even confine citizens who are determined not to vote for your leadership, my Führer.

6b. We demand that every public office shall be held only by citizens. We oppose the corrupting influences of the parliamentary system and party politics.

Every public office is held by Nazis, and as to corrupting influences—you certainly still do.

7. We demand that the state shall consider its first duty to be that of providing the means of livelihood for its citizens. If this proves impossible non-citizens must be expelled.

As far as the expelling goes, you got it.

8. All further immigration of non-Germans must be stopped.

No one, after you got in, tried to immigrate. All anybody is thinking about now is how to emigrate.

9. All citizens shall have equal rights and equal duties.

Okay, as you've abolished the rights and enforced the duties.

10. The first duty of every citizen shall be to work, physically or mentally. The activity of an individual may not be allowed to clash with the interest of a community, but must be directed to the advantage of all.

You surpassed yourself there too, for people not only work, but slave, and your activity, for instance, I know you believe to be to the advantage of all. But then people will always have different opinions about advantages.

11. We demand the abolition of unearned income, the smashing of the "Zinsknechtschaft" (the tyranny of interests).

Not much headway there, is there? But then, you aren't a Communist? Or—?

12. We demand the full and complete confiscation of all war profits.

Don't tell me that you have ruined Krupp and Thyssen! Poor boys!

13. We demand the nationalisation of all trusts.

You are still demanding it, aren't you?

14. We demand that the principle of profit-sharing shall be applied to all big business.

This has, of course, become meaningless, since all the profit goes into taxes, and no one wants to share those.

15. We demand a large-scale development and extension for the provision of old age.

Easy, as no one is likely to grow old in your Germany. Anyway, the worker didn't think the legislation on this point too bad under the Weimar Republic.

16. We demand the creation and the preservation of a healthy middle class.

The creating was easy, for you made all Germany middle class. But as regards preservation, you will have to drop the idea of fighting wars.

16b. We demand immediate communalisation of all the large stores, and the re-letting of them on favourable terms to small tradesmen.

Splendid idea, but why didn't it work?

16c. The most rigorous supervision of small tradesmen.

Got that, got that, got that!

17. We demand a comprehensive land reform, the passing of a law for the confiscation without compensation of land for communal purposes. The abolition of interest on land and the prevention of speculation in land.

As you amended this in 1928, saying that this does

not mean that you want to confiscate and nationalise land, I cannot think what it does mean. But I suppose you did keep your promise there, if you know what you did promise.

18. We demand ruthless war against those who by their activities injure the common weal. Traitors to the nation, usurers and profiteers and the like shall be punished by death without distinction.

As regards the ruthlessness, the punishing of the like, and the distinction, you have lived up to it all!

19. We demand the substitution of a German common law for Roman law, which was designed to subserve a materialistic order of society.

You got the substitution, so why stick to the materialistic order?

20. In order to place higher education within the reach of every capable and industrious German, and to enable him to rise to leading positions, the state must take measures to develop and extend the entire educational system. The requirements of practical life must be taken into consideration. Schools must aim at inculcating good citizenship from the moment their pupils are capable of grasping the idea of the state.

The gentle reader may not grasp that, but it's just as incomprehensible in German, and what it really means

is that only he who is a good Nazi will be allowed to get anywhere. So that's another promise kept.

21. It is the duty of the state to raise the level of the nation's health by the protection of mother and child, by the prevention of child labour, by making sports and gymnastics compulsory, and by the fullest support of all societies which cater for the physical development of the young.

Of course, you confined to Nazis the raising of the level of the nation's intellect, and the fullest support of all societies which cater for the intellectual development of the young. But then, of course, I see your point, that a nation can't be made greater by becoming more intelligent, but only if every youth is able to jump a four-foot fence.

22. We demand the abolition of a mercenary, and the formation of a national, army.

You've armed the nation, and money no longer has anything to do with the army, or with the private soldier, at any rate.

23. We demand that legal measures be taken against political lying and propaganda by the Press. In order to create a German Press, we demand that (a) all editors and members of German newspapers shall be of German blood, (b) Non-German (Jewish) newspapers shall only appear by special permission from the state and shall not be published in German, (c) Non-

Germans (Jews) may have no financial interests in or exercise influence on German newspapers. Newspapers which offend against the common weal are to be proscribed. We demand that the law shall wage war against any tendency in art and literature which exercises a disintegrating influence on national life, and we demand the closure of any institution which offends against the above demands.

You have certainly stopped all criticism, though whether you have stopped disintegrating influences is rather a disputable point. And as to political lying and propaganda! By Joseph!

24. We demand religious freedom for all denominations as long as they do not endanger the stability of the state, or offend against the German people's instincts of morality and decency. The party as such takes its stand on a positive Christianity without committing itself to any particular creed. It combats the materialist Jewish spirit within and without, and is convinced that a permanent recovery of our people is possible only from within and must be based on the principle of: the common interest before self interest.

As it has been left to you to decide what endangers the stability of the state, what offends the German people's instincts of morality and decency, what constitutes positive Christianity, and what is of common interest, you certainly have kept your promise here, by

only giving the Nazis freedom, and stopping it for everyone else.

25. To carry out the above we demand the creation of a strong central government, and the unconditional authority of its political central parliament over the entire Reich and all its organisations. The creation of special chambers in the individual confederate states to fill out the framework of the laws passed by the imperial government.

You got the strong government, and the political central parliament has become an unconditional authority on how to sing the Horst Wessel Lied. And as you've done away with the confederate state, I don't suppose there is any need to fill out any framework.

The leaders of the party promise to proceed ruthlessly to carry out the above principles if the need arises, even at the cost of their own lives.

Ruthlessly you did, but as the cost of the leaders' own lives would have been too cheap, you made it the cost of the German nation instead.

Munich, February 24th, 1920.

London, April, 1938.

THE MORTGAGE ON THE FUTURE

YOU HAVE KEPT all those promises, my Führer, all except the eyewashy ones, of course, and you can be proud of the fact.

That you have ruined the German nation by the process, no doubt you were too busy to notice.

You have ruined Germany morally and financially, and these are the only two ways which I can think of of ruining a people.

You are so proud of the fact (and the world admires you for it too) that you never have made a mistake yet. Mistakes, though, my Führer, are funny things. And to see whether you have made a mistake or not you have, unfortunately, got to wait right up to the sweet or bitter end.

What you have done to the German people will, I am sure, turn out to be nothing but a series of terrible mistakes, but when it does, it needn't worry you, for you won't be there to pay for them, my Leader.

The German people will have to do the paying, and I wonder if that will be good for Germany.

I know that it won't matter whether you ruined Germany financially, once you have established your world-domineering Empire.

But if your Utopian dreams fail, if, after all, you turn out to be a madman and not the god which you made your Nazis believe you are, it will not be you, it will be the German people, who will have to pay the price.

And what a people it will be when you have done

with it! By every means you and your Nazi boys have been corrupting the morale of the German people, have been robbing it of everything it believed in, have smashed every ideal it had, and have forced it to accept that religion of yours, whose sole god is might and whose highest mode of worship nordic cunning.

Once that faith collapses, as it is bound to one day, the German nation will be left with nothing, nothing at all, to believe in. And I wonder if that will be so good for Germany.

No means were too dirty for you, or too foul, to break the spirit of any German who tried to hold on to the faith and the beliefs of his own.

Your concentration-camp methods are not the worst. Robbing a man of his personal liberty, beating him up within an inch of his life, making him degrade himself, while your Nazi boys stand around sneering, isn't the worst that can happen to a man who knows that the spirit is aglow within him.

Your concentration camps, my Führer, are the places in which good Germans are being tortured to death, but they are, too, the birthplace of that other Germany which we are fighting for.

For spirit and faith have ever thriven on torture and persecution.

But still, I wonder if your system of concentrated camping is good for Germany.

Worse than what you did to men, who after all can and should stand up for their faith, is what you did to the youth of Germany.

Germany's youth, which you get hold of practically before it is weaned, marches beautifully and sings lustily

of the pride of dying for you and of the world which will be its to-morrow.

But believe me, my Führer, you can teach youth anything as long as it's very young, but as it grows up it will revise the teachings of its early days, and if it has any spirit left when you have done with training it, if it hasn't completely lost its mental apparatus, because it has got so used to obeying your shouted orders, you will one day realise that you cannot keep down youth by dogmas, by command and drill. For youth is ever on the search for truth.

But if you have had all its spirit drilled out of it, if you have succeeded in turning its brain into a gramophone record, and if all Germany's youth is capable of doing is to march down the streets, deliriously demanding to be permitted "to shit on freedom", it will no longer be any good to you, nor to anybody else in the world.

In fact, you will have succeeded in ruining Germany's youth, and again I wonder if that can be good for Germany.

I hold no brief for Jewry, and of what that unfortunate, truly miserable, people have suffered, others are more competent than I to speak.

As human beings though, I suppose, we all hold briefs for humanity; and against persecution and torture, against intolerance and beastliness it is our duty to fight.

We were brought up to look upon the religious persecutions of the middle ages as something unworthy of humanity. In those days people were persecuted for their own faith, which, after all, was something which they could be held responsible for, even if we know now that it was shameful to do so. They were tortured

and died for believing in something which others thought was a menace to the existing order.

Yet the inhumanity of the religious persecution of medieval times is nothing compared to the bestiality of the racial persecutions of to-day.

To-day, people are not persecuted for their own faith, their own beliefs, but for the faith of their ancestors. What makes a Jew and an outlaw in Germany to-day is not a man's religious faith, but the fact that his grandparents failed to be baptised.

Anti-semitism and the brutal pogroms are but one sideline of Nazidom, and insignificant in the mass of crimes which National-Socialism is committing.

To me, as a German, the ghastliest thing about anti-semitism is not what it does to thousands of innocent people, is not the murders, and the tortures, and the deliberate campaign of extinction which it pursues, but



the use to which you, my Führer, have deliberately put it to corrupt the mind of the German people.

You have taught a whole nation to go sadist.

You have robbed a whole nation of the ability to distinguish between right and wrong.

You have taught the people to disguise their basest material aims with untenable theories and wonderfully grand-sounding ideals.

You have robbed a whole nation of all its sense of shame, of dignity, and justice.

As a German, I lift my voice in protest to what you have done to the German people, and I cry out in shame at the degradation to which you have brought it.

The antagonism which all the world over exists between Gentile and Jew you have deliberately exploited, not only to ruin what you consider the Jewish element in Germany, but deliberately to corrupt the spirit of the German nation too, to rob it of any scruples and moral restraints it might have had.

That, my Leader, is the most unspeakable crime for any leader of any nation to commit.

It will take years and years to get the poison that you have injected into the German people by the anti-semitic needle out of its system again; it will take years and years to bring back the German people to a sane and normal way of thinking.

Wherever the weapon of anti-semitism fails, or where it cannot be applied to break down moral resistance, there are other weapons which you use unscrupulously to break down the spirit of our people.

Denunciations you pay for, spying upon each other

you have set at a premium, you have made it heroic to turn traitor, and highly commendable to perjure oneself if it but serves your cause.

In the six years of your glorious reign you have managed to ruin the moral foundation of our people, and have substituted, as the only law, your word.

And that, my Führer, believe me, isn't good for Germany!

The German people are living through a nightmare. And though they try to put it away from them whenever they can, though they try to stop thinking, for they know it doesn't get them anywhere, though they try to shrug their shoulders and hang their heads in shame, though they accept you as their destiny, my Führer, I know it isn't good for Germany.

You have mortgaged Germany's future right up to the hilt, you have ruined Germany morally and financially, and the day will come when payment will be asked for, and then the German people will realise whereto it has been led by you, my Leader.

I dread that hour of Germany's awakening, and it is but a small consolation to know that you do too, my Führer!

Meanwhile, the German nation goes on living through its nightmare, afraid of committing high treason if it stands up against National-Socialism, and unable to face the truth that it is every honest German's duty to fight National-Socialism tooth and nail, and that it is high treason not to do it.

A large number of Germans, a number which is daily increasing, realises with horror that the path along which the German nation is being led is the straightest

path to the definite and irrevocable ruin of our country and our people.

To-day, the world still differentiates between the German people and that mad government of theirs which, by means as foul as to be without example in history, got itself into power, and turned our Germany into a lunatic asylum full of sadists, megalomaniacs and gangsters, and there it yet time for you, the German people, to get up, and to make an effort to differentiate between yourselves and Nazidom.

At the risk of everything, if need be, for it is the German people's own duty to save Germany.

German people, you can't go on pretending not to see what is happening!

Once the catastrophic hour has come it will be too late to dissociate yourself from the present régime, it will be in vain for you to call out that you didn't want it, it will be useless to try to convince the world then that you weren't a party to the crime, for condoning it is not a shade better than committing it.

The world will believe you if you show but the faintest little effort now, but it won't believe your words and pleas once Nazidom has come crashing down round your ears.

By making an effort now we can still save our people, command the respect and the admiration of the world, and revive the belief in that other Germany, that great eternal Germany of ours.

If we wait until events relieve us of Nazidom, the world will have nothing for us but contempt.

If ever a nation had something big to fight for, we have to-day!

Germany's future, Germany's liberty, Germany's very existence is at stake. It is up to us to shake off the shackles of slavery and shame that are upon us.

It is our sacred duty, and Germany's only hope.

Let our battle-cry be: Justice and liberty!

And our faith: Germany!



THE AIMS OF NAZIDOM

OF COURSE, it can be asked why, if all this really be so, and if Nazidom is such a curse, not only to the world, but also to the German people itself, why, in the name of sanity, the German people are putting up with National-Socialism.

It would be easy to answer that question by pointing at the ever-expanding concentration camps, by pointing at the terror and at the totalitarian supervision of every individual's life; it would be easy to explain it all if one could put it down solely to cowardice and to the inability to make sacrifices.

It would be easy, but it would not be wholly true.

The German people on the whole are not a cowardly lot, and their ability to make sacrifices is, on the contrary, one of the reasons why they are putting up with National-Socialism.

The Grater has put Germany in a state of emergency, has established perpetual martial law, has made the people conscious of fighting a war, of being in the midst of a struggle which, if lost, can only result in the total destruction of the German nation.

According to Nazi mentality, the war which started in 1914 still goes on, hasn't been lost and might, with some effort, quite easily be won yet.

Versailles and the years of "peace" from 1919 to 1933 represent to them nothing else but the time which it

took to gather one's forces again, to get ready to march into battle once more, and to turn to victory what looked like defeat, starting out from a losing position and fighting with methods completely changed.

To Nazis the world war has been going on for the last six years, and success after success has crowned the Grater's efforts. That invention of his, the bloodless war, the war of Totalitarianism, was just a new method that worked wonders.

World conditions have totally changed, but though in many ways Germany is still inferior to what it was then, on the whole Germany has got to where it stood in 1914.

No shot has been fired, no trenches have been stormed, and except for thousands of murders, suicides and deaths by torture, Adolf Hitler has kept his war bloodless and is able to point out to German people what can be done by concentrated effort, simply by tightening one's belt, by willing, and by getting down to things. And from what they see, how are the German people to disbelieve him?

To what soaring heights might not the Grater lead them yet, without making them fight, just by making them say, or saying for them, that they would fight if they were made to!

One can't blame the German nation for that, for what nation would not, childlike, rejoice in getting things as easily as Adolf gets them for it?

Hitler has proclaimed two basic principles on which this state of emergency was set up. The one is the superiority of politics over economics, the other the principle of common interest before individual interest.

Life in Nazidom is entirely dominated by these two,

a measure which can only be justified in time of war. By now the whole of the German people are convinced that they are fighting some war or other, against a Jewish, a Bolshevik, or a Democratic combine. They aren't sure which, but prefer to think that those three are one, and they believe that those combines are trying to smash up the German people, crush Germany, and attempt to put their foot on Germany's neck again.

The acceptance of the fact by the German people, that Germany is at war, is the real explanation and the only justification in their eyes for Germany's effort to become self-sufficient, for the ruthlessness of the anti-semitic campaign, and for the acceptance of the Nazi régime by the German people.

I don't suppose that half of Germany's storm troopers or half of the German bunch-girls (which is as good a translation as any for "Bund Deutscher Mädchen") have ever heard of a man called Darwin.

Somebody or other in the Nazi ranks must have, though, for the Nazis seem to have got hold of the wrong end of that venerable scientist's theories, have munched them about a bit, and created the theory of nations who possess that mystic, wonder-working thing, the "will to dominate" (*der Wille zur Macht*), and therefore automatically have also got the "right to dominate," and of nations who have not got that will and are therefore, unfortunately for them, and luckily for Germany, in a state of decay.

The "will to dominate" gives any nation that possesses it the divine right to exercise that will, whereas the others, the poor decaying ones, if they do anything at all, start bleeding at the nose.

Darwin's survival of the fittest, I suppose, having been filtered through a Nazi brain, might be made to look like that.

The "will to dominate" can't compromise, and the fact that anyone should want to compromise with it, is sufficient proof to the Nazi that the seeker of compromise hasn't got that mystic quality, and is therefore bound to go to the dogs.

The Nazis firmly believe that of England. They are convinced that the British Empire will not stand up to any strain whatsoever, otherwise why on earth should England try compromising with Nazidom?

I wonder if the Nazis realise that it was only England's ability to compromise which made the British Empire possible at all?

To disguise or to bolster up their ideology, the Nazi politicians have invented new terms, or given old terms new meanings.

Having whole-heartedly plunged for the self-determination of nations when it fitted into their scheme, they immediately as an alternative created the "Selbstbestimmungsfähigkeit," the "ability to self-determine," which, of course, they reason, cannot be attributed to "splinter-states," which can't have a will of their own and are nothing but an absurdity.

They have given a new meaning to the "sphere of influence," so that that term no longer means the guarding of the already established interests of a nation, but the subjugation of feebler communities under the will of the most interested major power. "Neutrality" and "Protectorate" are terms which mean something entirely different if a Nazi uses them than if anybody else does.

Of course, to have the right to dominate you must, as I said before, have the will to dominate first. Therefore the German people have only to show the will, and the plums will start falling into its lap. And so far nothing has proved to the German nation that the theory has any flaw in it whatsoever.

And in every success which the Grater brings back home, whenever he makes the German nation will something, he makes new converts to that new, though apparently workable, faith.

I saw with my own eyes the state of panic and despair which Germany was in just before Munich. I heard with my own ears Germans of every colour and shade, from brown to red, abusing the Führer as a madman for wanting to sacrifice the lives of millions of Germans for those three million Sudetens who were no good to anybody anyway. I heard charwomen, storm troopers, officers in the army and business men, swearing alike, cursing in the same terms.

When Munich was over, and Germany had conquered the whole of the near East, buoyantly the spirits went up again, and those same people cursed themselves for not having trusted the genius of the Führer, for having been tepid in the moment when warmth was most urgently needed, and they all swore never to mistrust the Leader again, for no one but he knew what he was doing. And the Führer was always right.

Thus the German people marches on. It knows not where to, it is blind in its faith, drunk with its success, and it believes that Germany, with the possible exception of Italy and Japan, is the sole possessor of that sacred "will to dominate," that makes plums, pears,

and eventually melons come dropping into one's lap.

Nazi propaganda has managed to convince the majority of the German people of the righteousness and the justice of the Nazi cause, and the infamy of the combines which try to mar its way.

The Grater has managed successfully to put over his theory of a nation's prime need of self-sufficiency. On the face of it, it sounds absurd that after the world has worked for hundreds of years at making communications between nations quicker and easier, at bringing the markets ever closer to each other, that suddenly to-day it should be found out that the whole idea has been wrong, and what is really needed is to be self-sufficient.

To Germany this seems of prime importance. To cut itself off from the world market, to produce everything



in its own country, not having to trade for the raw necessities of life, appears to the Nazi to be of vital importance.

The ideally self-sufficient country doesn't need to import anything, therefore doesn't need to export any-

thing, and just goes on living on the fat of its own land.

The idea of self-sufficiency, of course, is age old, and it originally started when man first emerged from his cave, strangled a mammoth, fashioned his clothes from its skin, lived on its flesh, garnering it with the spinach which grew all around him, and made axes and spears, forks, and toy soldiers for his little cavemen, out of its bones.

It's a venerable ideal, the ideal of self-sufficiency. But ever since the days when man's home was his cave humanity has been laboriously working its way away from it, created trade, communications, barter first and then money, and has eventually got to the stage when wool from Australia can as easily be had all over the world as can coffee from Brazil, saltpetre from Chile, and Nazi literature from Munich.

But, of course, it is easy to see that the first caveman who tried to swap one of his toy soldiers for a superfluous stick of spinach which his neighbour possessed was being enticed to do that by either a Jew, a Democrat or a Bolshevik. It couldn't have been a bicyclist, for bicycles weren't invented then.

The Führer's greatest contribution to European civilisation is his discovery that to trade, to buy goods from others, to have to pay for things which one hasn't got, amounts to slavery.

As long as Germany isn't entirely self-sufficient she will never be in the position to do exactly as she wants, in fact, she will always be a slave to whatever combine rules the world, and Nazis never, never will be slaves to any combine, even if it should happen to be the combine of common sense.

There are two ways of getting to the stage of ideal self-sufficiency, one to go and conquer half the globe, the other to confine yourself to the barest necessities, and to re-adjust your life according to the products of your own country.

Both of which, I understand, are difficult things to do. Easier for some people, of course, like the British, more difficult for others, like the inhabitants of Monaco, for instance, where people, if they want self-sufficiency, would have to live on Casino chips and wear rakes all the year round.

For Germany the thing isn't as easy as for Britain, but not nearly as difficult as for Monaco. In the ordinary course of events, without Adolf's epoch-making discovery, Germany could have gone on producing goods inferior to no goods in the world, and taking third or fourth place in world's commerce, manufacture and trade, as it did before and after the world war.

The Grater's discovery, of course, has upset all that, and it would be no good trying to convince the average German to-day that there is no such thing as the encirclement of Germany under the leadership of England and America, two countries which, as everyone knows, are entirely controlled by Jews, for everyone knows that Roosevelt and Chamberlain are Jews, or if they aren't they should be.

The average German is convinced that all the trouble in Germany, the occasional shortage of butter, the surplus production of cannons, and the low standard of living, arises from the fact that the world is trying to keep Germany down, that it is trying to blockade her

by keeping the raw materials and the food from her, and that it is generally trying to enslave her.



Nazi Idea of U.S.A.

To survive, therefore, Germany must become self-sufficient.

Of the two roads to self-sufficiency Nazi-ism is taking both. Nazi-ism is tightening the belts of the German people, is continually lowering the German standard of living, draining every nickel out of Germany's banks and industries, at tremendous expense building up a battery of "Ersatzstoff" factories, making the German soil yield as much as it can and more than is good for it in the long run, and putting every German to work for the one great aim: self-sufficiency.

But right from the beginning it has been apparent that

self-sufficiency cannot be attained that way alone, that Germany is in desperate need of iron ore, cereals, oil, rubber, and various other necessary raw materials.

The Nazi leaders realise that German history books will only make the sacrifices which they are asking the German people to make seem justifiable if the great end is attained: the creation of the vast self-sufficient German empire.

I wonder, though, if the Grater and his little graters aren't making one really great mistake, whether they are not forgetting that empires aren't planned; that one can't set out and say: Now I'm going to create an empire, for so I will it!

Maybe empires just happen! I wonder if Romulus said: "This is going to be the centre of the Roman Empire," when he crawled about under that foster-mother of his, or whether Queen Bess said: "Let's have Great Britain, Dominions, Colonies, Protectorates and all, and make it snappy!"

I wonder if one can consciously set about making history, or if it needs a hell of a lot of spontaneity.

But don't let's digress.

Every time unrest and discontent arises in Germany Nazidom is logically compelled to strike out to conquer new raw material, to grab new cash to buy necessities with.

The sacrifices which are demanded of the people to keep up the principle of the supremacy of politics over economics can only be justified if in the end the economic sacrifices do, through helping policy to victory, attain sufficiently great economic gains. That Nazidom has to push its way through eastern Europe,

right across to the Transylvanian oilfields and the Ukrainian wheatlands, is fairly obvious to anyone who knows anything about National-Socialism and its aims.

Even after Nazidom has conquered the Balkans, and Adolf can play at sailing ships in the Black Sea, Germany will not by any means have become self-sufficient.

Mercury and copper might be got from the Iberian colony, but Iberia isn't quite a colony yet. And still there would be the meat, the wool, the cotton, the rubber, the silver and the gold, not to talk about the tea and the coffee, which are so necessary for stimulating overwrought nerves.

The average German is not prone to think as far as that. Like every other average person he will not think very far ahead of his nose, which might do in the case of Bonnet, but doesn't go so very far with anybody else.

But the German doesn't have to think, as his leaders do all the thinking for him. And Nazidom's leaders know that they will have to push right across Europe, halfway across South Africa, and most of the way across South America before the aim is attained, before the self-sufficient German Empire has come into existence.

It sound fantastic, I know, and impossible.

But in its seeming impossibility and in its fantastic-ality lies the strength of an Utopian aim. For no one will believe in it until the scheme is well on its way. No one will think it necessary to take up other defences but derision and laughter against a scheme of Utopian greatness, until it is too late successfully to take up any defence at all.

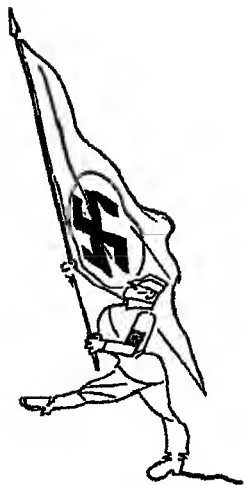
In a small way we have seen it all happening in Czechoslovakia. How step by step the Nazis "took in" the people who could have stood for defence, how all the cries and warnings were cried and warned into the wind, how those who knew what Nazidom wanted, and what it was out to get, were laughed at and scorned, and even now, after everything has become only too apparent, there are a large number of people who believe that somehow or other Hitler was forced to do what he did, and that surely he was sincere in saying what he did say at Munich.

Well, thank God, it's not my job to save Democracy!

All I can do is to utter shrill cries like Cassandra, get utterly disliked like that dear woman, and have the one consolation to know that in the end Cassandra was right.

Unfortunately, mythology is no consolation.

THE MARCH OF NAZIDOM



IN THE FOREGOING CHAPTER I have set out the one basic aim of Nazi policy.

If one believes in it there are only two ways of reacting to it. The one is to give Nazidom the self-sufficient empire which it wants, the other to fight tooth and nail to bring Nazidom out of its Utopian dreams, and Germany back to the world of reality, common sense and co-operation.

If one believes in it there is no need to go into the various methods, tricks and devices applied by Nazidom to attain its end.

For when it comes to fighting one has to invent one's own methods, tricks and devices, and when it comes to giving way, there is no need for either device, method or trick.

Still, as Cassandra knew that she would only be a nuisance at a cocktail-party and that people wouldn't believe her, it might be just as well to let the matter rest and to turn the spotlight on some of Nazidom's methods which we all know about, at least vaguely, and which we are all determined to resist, at the best, vaguely.

But as I don't mind not being a success at cocktail-

parties and realise that it isn't fearfully important to be believed, let me, please, go on being Cassandra for a little while yet.

The Grater, of course, knew that the first step in starting his great self-sufficient German empire would have to be the acquisition of south-eastern Europe, with its mineral wealth and its agricultural richness. Unfortunately, quite a few things stood in his way. There was Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Roumania, and there was that system of alliances that linked the western Democracies with the Little Entente.

The Grater knew that if he set out to conquer, the world wouldn't let him. So he set out, step by step, to liberate.

The first step was

AUSTRIA.

Austria he had to get, to get his stranglehold on Czechoslovakia.

The "Anschluss" was not based on the principle of self-determination, for the Austrian people was not asked whether it wanted it or not, and it was because of Schuschnigg's intention to ask the Austrian people that Hitler had to precipitate his march to Vienna. The Anschluss was based upon the principle that, as Austrians when they open their mouths emit German sounds, they belonged to the German Reich.

The Anschluss caused hardly a ripple on the surface of the much troubled waters of European politics. The Anschluss was considered just, not because it was, but because it was the easiest thing it could be considered.

The world accepted the theory that one people should go into one Reich, and the world accepted the Anschluss as being, after all, only just.

The acceptance of the one people—one Reich theory logically led to the second step of Nazidom's march, to

SUDETIA.

And, after all, once the principle was accepted, again it was only just that the Sudeten Germans should join the Reich they seemed to cherish. That the cession of Sudetia meant selling seven million Czechs and Slovaks into slavery to save three and a half million Germans, at least half of whom did not want to be saved, from suppression, could, of course not be foreseen.

Logically, whether German troops marched in or not,

CZECHOSLOVAKIA,

bared of its defences, forced to renounce its alliances, became a German protectorate which, the world knew, was not quite just, but which now, unfortunately, could not be helped. But Democracy did all it could—it started bitterly to regret.

It will be only just to give the

UKRAINIANS

when they start asking for it not only their autonomy, but their separate independent Republic, which, of course, will have to accept the protectorate of Nazidom

to protect itself against all its vicious enemies. For is it not Democracy's own principle that a nation should determine its own destiny, and could there be a juster cause than the liberation of minorities?

Personally, I can't see the world of Democracy that refused to fight for Austria and Czechoslovakia putting up a fight for keeping the poor suppressed Ukrainians suppressed.

It can of course not be foreseen that

POLAND

and

ROUMANIA

will have to become German protectorates, if they lose the territory which the Ukrainians claim, and if the Ukraine comes under Nazi sway.

Regretting bitterly, the world will then have to let Roumania and Poland go. And Adolf can sail ships in the sea until he is black in the face. It will only be just to give the Croats their own autonomous state, and who can foresee that Jugoslavia will then have to become an Italian colony?

With the east under its heel, the Nazi empire can then concentrate on straying farther afield. It can go for its

COLONIES

at last. For isn't it only just, that now that Versailles has become but a scrap of paper, Germany should have its colonies returned?

With Nazidom established in Tanganyika and South-West Africa, it cannot possibly be foreseen that it might set out to liberate the poor suppressed Boers from British suppression, to establish a Boer Republic, which, of course, will have to be protected by Nazidom against aggression. This cannot be foreseen, and will, should it happen, have to be bitterly regretted.

Thus Nazidom marches on, step by step: justice, *fait accompli*, bitter regret, to start off again with justice, *ad. inf.*

Totalitarianism has the great advantage of being able to concentrate all its forces on the storming of any one little bastion which it considers to be of strategic importance at any given moment.

Democracy has not.

Adolf was willing, if necessary, to go to war over Austria, over the three million Sudetens, not, of course, because he loved them so dearly, but because he knew that all his future plans depended on getting them.

Democracy could not plunge into war for either Austria or Sudetia, for it had no evidence that plans were afoot, as Adolf cunningly had not told it so.

A common mistake, which proves that Democracy still doesn't know what it is all about, is the wonderfully soothing "theory of indigestibility."

After every one of the Grater's successes Democracy thankfully affirms that at last Adolf has bitten off more than he can chew.

That he got Austria was a terrible blow to him, for everyone but he himself knew that it was going to be an economic liability.

The second blow that descended upon Adolf was

when he got Sudetia, for that too was an economic liability.

And when he got Czechoslovakia, that was the dread-fullest blow to him so far, for though it decidedly was an economic gain this time, it got him seven million anti-Nazis, and he would find them terribly difficult to cope with.

A few more of these shattering blows, and Adolf will have reached the Black Sea.

That arguments like these are still possible, shows that it has not been understood that every step he takes, no matter how painful that step by itself may be, is only taken with the future goal in view.

Once that goal is reached, it won't matter how painful the individual steps were that got him there.

I suppose, just as one can bleed oneself to death by a succession of victories, one can equally well attain final victory by putting up with a series of heavy blows.

THE METHODS OF NAZIDOM



AS LONG AS the democratic world is smug enough not to pick up the totalitarian gauntlet, and will, instead of fighting, go to sleep whenever Totalitarianism gives it a chance, only to wake up to face another "just" claim which it will then sleepily set forth to judge on its merits without having regard to any larger political issues which might be involved, as long as Democracy is not determined to fight, and to fight whole-heartedly, it won't really serve any purpose to study Nazi methods. For Democracy in its present state of mind has got no weapon wherewith to fight them.

The unfortunate part about fighting Totalitarianism is, that one has to accept, at least for the duration of the fight, Totalitarianism's basic principles of policy's superiority over economics, and of common interest over individual interest.

That, as I mentioned before, can only be justified in case of a war, and as Democracy will stick to the convention that a war is only in progress when it has been declared and when it is being fought with weapons supplied by Vickers, Schneider-Creuzot, Skoda or Krupp, it hasn't got anywhere near that state of mind yet which it is necessary to acquire successfully to combat the Nazi methods of bloodless warfare.

Nazidom is fighting a war, and Democracy still, after six years of it, not only talks about, but actually believes in, appeasement.

Democracy will go to almost any length to prevent the first shell from exploding, and that, of course, is one of the reasons for the success of Nazidom's bloodless warfare.

This bloodless warfare is a terribly complicated thing, and it has taken the Nazis years to build up and to perfect the methods until they have become as wonderfully synchronised as they are to-day, and to get them really working smoothly.

Whenever a new problem has to be tackled the ground is prepared months ahead by Nazi propaganda. The Nazis control more than three hundred newspapers all over the world, every country has its Nazi or Fascist organisation which, sometimes unconsciously, stands up and defends Nazi ideology, and, apart from that, German communities in every part of the world, in every town and village, are made to act, whether the individual likes it or not, as propagators of Nazi ideas.

Every town and district in Europe has its own "Gauleiter", or district leader, who gets his orders from Nazi headquarters and passes them on to every German in his district. Germans living in foreign countries are made to report, not only to their embassies, but to the "Gauleiter", and they do so, for, if they fail to, they have their passports withdrawn, sanctions taken against them, or members of their family in Germany prosecuted.

Special schools in Germany are set up to train young men and women in the art of Nazi persuasion and

argumentation, and those pupils who have finished their course are sent out into the world as students, commercial travellers, or simply as tourists, to spread the Nazi gospel.

There is a very efficient machinery behind German propaganda, a costly machinery into which a lot of money and labour has been poured, but which has amply repaid the cost by the successes it has already made possible.

People with very long memories will remember how the world slowly became convinced of the necessity of the Anschluss, of the justice of Germany's claim to the incorporation of Sudetia, of the righteousness of Franco's cause, of the injustice of letting Jews live in Palestine, and of quite a few other things which might require longer memories still.

Nazi propaganda can claim a considerable share in having convinced the world.

Nazi emissaries, through old friendships, through convenient introductions, through positions they might hold in the world, or by any other means, manage to get at more or less important personages to convince them, and to make them see the one or the other problem through Nazi eyes, or at least to make them see that there is a Nazi way of looking at it. Once they have done that they have won their case with people who are trained and willing to see two sides to every question and who will try to find a workable compromise. To get the other chap compromising is the only thing Totalitarianism needs to win.

It would take far too long to set out to explain in detail the wonderful propaganda machinery which is at

Nazidom's disposal. Suffice it to say that every German who still hopes to return to Germany as long as Nazidom reigns is made into a tool of Nazi propaganda whether he likes it or not.

And such Germans live in every walk of life; every member of every government, of every political party, of every municipality, is accessible by one or the other of those Germans whom they definitely know "not to be Nazis."

The Propaganda Ministry in Berlin and Mr. Bohle's "Bund der Auslandsdeutschen" have every German and his connections registered, know exactly whom to set to work when somebody or other has got to be tackled. And should a German prove unwilling to tackle as he is told, there are many very simple way of making him.

When the ground might be expected to be sufficiently cleared, the trouble can then be started wherever the Grater needs it. Whether Hitler stands behind a minority of Germans in the trouble centre, or whether it be the just claim of some political minority of its own, that has the Grater's, if not sympathy, at least support, he can at a moment's notice stir up as much trouble as he needs.

While his people at his own command stir up the trouble, the Touchy at home can become exasperated at this terrible new threat to peace, and he will start touchily bellowing from balustrades and balconies that Germany, that peace-loving Germany, can no longer look on, and eventually he will be able to step in to liquidate the troubles of his own making.

The Touchy has perfected a wonderful, deadly,

efficient method of drawing back once, to strike again with absolute certainty of success.

Remember, if you can, the Nazi Putsch in Austria, to which Dollfuss fell victim.

Remember the way Adolf withdrew into his shell to the satisfaction of the world, only to creep out again to implore Austria to come to a compromise with him for the sake of European peace. The compromise was reached on the 11th of July, 1937, and on the strength of that compromise Hitler stepped in to annex Austria eight months later.

Remember the Grater's threat to solve the question of Czechoslovakia by force of arms in May, 1938. Remember the smug satisfaction of the democratic world when, following the protests of the democratic states, he seemed cowed into obedience and withdrew.

Remember how he touchily wailed about the Czechs, the peace-disturbers, only to get his "compromise" through at Munich, for he knew the compromise only to be a step. Six months later Czechoslovakia was his.

There is method in the madness, and there is absolute certainty and complete security in the method.

And as long as Democracy meekly accepts those methods and pretends to be surprised by them, Totalitarianism will win.

In our days, when every nation, when every people all over the world has become extremely Jew-conscious, anti-semitism the world over is another wonderfully efficient weapon in the hand of Totalitarianism to create unrest wherever unrest is needed, to destroy the confidence of the people in their governments, which are made out to be in the hands of, or subject to the orders

of, that wonderful, terribly determined Jewish combine which some Nazis really believe exists, but which all of them at least pretend to believe in.

Anti-semitism is a very efficient weapon in the hands of an agitator of the Grater's quality. To the student of human nature it may seem funny the way anyone with a grievance against someone belonging to the Jewish race immediately flies into talking about him as the "dirty little Jew", whereas no one with a grievance against a Gentile ever thinks of referring to him as the "dirty little Gentile".

It may be funny, but upon this reaction of human minds is based a beautifully calculated propaganda which uses the Jewish bogey to drill a hole into a people's mental armour, into which hole Totalitarianism's stick of dynamite can be pushed.

What's the good of going into the many various ways by which the Grater is able to stir up unrest in whatever part of the world he needs it? The methods vary in accordance with local conditions, but everywhere they are applied with the same aim, to make the countries which they are applied to come to some sort of terms with Nazidom, or to prevent the countries from interfering with Nazidom's actions.

Wherever there is a grievance—and what country is without one?—Adolf can set to work getting in with the grievee, promising him his help to abolish his grievance, getting him to employ bombsters, organise street demonstrations and trade boycotts, with the one end of disorganising public life and creating a general feeling of uncertainty.

Even every trade agreement, which Totalitarianism

or any of its institutions enter into with any country, even if it only affects one branch of that country's industry or commerce, is used as a lever to break down resistance, is regarded as a foothold from which to climb farther, just a means to get nearer to the one definite, ultimate, unalterable aim.

That is what the superiority of politics over economics really means.

Nazidom, the most bankrupt institution the world over, has even found a way of enslaving countries not by lending them money, but by owing them some.

Personally, I long ago found out that one is in much the better position if one owes money than if one is owed some, but I never realised until Adolf came along that owing money can be put to such wonderful and practical use.

All you've got to do is to get over the old-fashioned idea that it is dreadful to owe money, and that you have got to be sorry if you can't pay when the time comes. It is, after all, only logical that it can't be up to you to be sorry, it is obviously the other chap's job, for he is the one who stands to lose.

Just let him come to you and tell you how sorry he is, and then try to console him, ask him to give you more credit yet, for that might enable you to pay him back eventually. Go on using his credit until you are so deeply in his debt that he is bound to go bankrupt if you don't pay him.

He will thereupon go frantic, and you can do with him as you like. You can then step in and take over his business, and he will gladly accept you as his partner, as

it will save him from bankruptcy, though how it does, he won't quite understand.

Unfortunately, these methods will land every private individual in jail sooner or later, so I wouldn't try them if I were you, not, of course, unless you are a dictator. No one puts dictators into jail, not as long as they are dictators, anyway.

The way this works is much too difficult to explain, but you can take it from me, it's ingenious.

Everyone more or less vaguely knows about totalitarian methods of work, but still Democracy has not been able to do anything about them. And it never will be able to as long as it sticks to its present state of mind.

It is the very nature of Democracy to negotiate, to seek a compromise, to try to find some middle way, to live and to let live.

Before Democracy realises

that it is Totalitarianism's very nature not to bargain, but to get all it is out for,

that Totalitarianism is unable to compromise,

that it will regard any compromise it has to enter into as only a stepping-stone to further conquest,

before Democracy realises that Totalitarianism is, in fact, totalitarian,

Democracy will always have to keep on running, it will always be beaten, it will never be able to do anything else but: protest helplessly and regret bitterly.



BEFORE AND AFTER THAT MUNICH MUNCHING PARTY

I REALISE THAT it is a terribly round-about way to go from Paris and London to Munich via Geneva and Addis Ababa.

But this happens to be the way Democracy got there.

At one time, now dimmed by the mists of history, there was such a thing as a League of Nations, and there were the principles of collective security and the indivisibility of peace, and quite a few other principles besides.

It seems a long time now since those days when the world believed that these were the pillars Europe could be made to settle down upon.

The League, never very potent, has become reduced to absolute impotence. Collective security has proved to be the insecurest thing for anyone relying on it, and the indivisibility of peace has dropped the "di".

Probably this world of ours, or Europe at any rate, is not ripe enough yet to accept any authority beyond and above the authority of every separate state, perhaps the whole idea of the League was Utopian, but perhaps it was only the methods, the discriminations within the League, and the failure to support it whole-heartedly in its supreme test that made it unable to work.

Maybe the day of the League of Nations,



or at least the day of a European League, has yet to come.

As it so happened, one member of the old League started a war on the other. Italy set out to conquer Abyssinia.

It was clearly the League's duty to stop it; it was clearly the duty of the members of the League to support it whole-heartedly in every action it took. Forty-two nations could have been united against an aggressor, could have been brought in line, not only to stop that aggression, but to demonstrate to every aggressor the world over what was going to happen if aggression was tried.

The sanctions failed because there was less than half-hearted co-operation, because while sanctions were in progress prime ministers found out that really effective sanctions might mean war, and because nations could not be brought to subordinate their supposed national interest to the interest of something which was "only" a principle.

To France must go a large share of the blame. But blames should only interest historians, and talking politics one should try to refrain from blaming and stick to causes. So let's skip it!

The sanctions, ineffective as everyone knew they would be if one wasn't prepared to risk having to follow them up by armed actions, did nothing else but forge the axis, round which Europe has so crazily been spinning ever since, and deal the death-blow to the League and the policy of co-operation.

When sanctions failed, Totalitarianism had won its first great battle.

It had been put in a position to re-impose upon the world the policy of bilateral pacts, and to reduce collective security to a farce, to make peace become something extremely divisible, for whenever Totalitarianism started wars or revolts going, the application of the principle of peace's indivisibility would mean general war, and that, of course, was exactly what Democracy did not want, as it had clearly shown when it resignedly gave up applying sanctions.

Though it seems years, it was actually only months ago, that the League and all it implied was referred to in a Royal Message to Parliament as the corner-stone of British foreign policy.

I am afraid even Lord Cecil will have to agree that that corner-stone is now definitely gone. With corner-stones breaking out of British policy, Democracy's policy became rather wobbly. For England, after all, is still Europe's leader of Democracy.

With collective security having failed after a half-hearted try, Democracy was forced to come to terms with Totalitarianism, and thus Munich happened, that Munich which, as some people pretended not to know from the outset, was bound to be a failure.

Munich, as, of course, you know, is the place where that famous munching-party was staged, where not only Czechoslovakia, which, of course, was the main dish, but, furthermore, the whole political order of Europe, got munched up and chewed about.

Even now, more than half a year after that party, lots of people don't quite seem to realise what actually did happen in Munich during those panicky days in September.

They still believe that the outcome of it all was that Hitler got the Sudeten Germans and they got him, which, after all, served both jolly well right.

Some realised that there must be a mistake somewhere when Adolf swallowed Czechoslovakia. Still, though, the public at large can't see that Hitler wasn't out for the three and a half million Germans of Czechoslovakia and the bit of country which they inhabit, but that he was out to smash the political order from Reichenberg to the Black Sea, and all the people who took part in that political game, if they weren't either fools or "taken in", knew that he was, too.

And that he got.

Which, of course, in his eyes made Munich a huge success, though why it should have been hailed as anything but a failure by Democracy has always been beyond me.

But perhaps it was necessary to bag a failure, perhaps it was necessary to try one's hand at a thing that was bound to fail, perhaps it was necessary because one might one day have to prove that at least one did have one good try.

After wasted years, and terrible, really terrible sacrifices, Democracy to-day has to return to the policy of collective security which once proved to be such a sad failure.

And it will prove to be that again, unless taken up whole-heartedly, unless every power that stands for Democracy and Liberty is prepared to stand up for collective security for all it is worth, wherever and under whatever circumstances Democracy and Liberty are threatened.

That policy will fail unless Democracy stops taking its clues from Totalitarianism,
 unless it starts creating its own alternatives,
 unless it is prepared to stake All for the principles of Democracy and Liberty.

After all, principles are the one and only thing really worth fighting for, and at the stage which mankind to-day has reached—or has sunk to, whichever way you want to put it—the principle of Democracy is a thing worth fighting for, a thing worth giving up all one's worldly goods and one's life for, for without it life stops being worth living.

To build up collective security again, to restore confidence in a policy which once already has failed, will prove to be more difficult than ever to-day.

In the days of the Abyssinian war Totalitarianism could have been nipped in the bud if the forty-two nations of the League had stood together, if only they could have forgotten the momentary interests of their trades and industries, if they had collectively worked for their own future security by enforcing the laws of their own making, the laws of their own League.

Germany then was neither ready nor prepared to fight, it sat in the background waiting to see what lesson would have to be learned from sanctions. Italy was there to get the potatoes out of the fire.

Whatever lessons were to be learned from sanctions, Germany learnt them.

Going through with sanctions might have meant war.

Not going through with sanctions not only meant Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Albania, but will mean

Poland, Roumania, Yugoslavia, and may even possibly mean France and Britain yet.

Not going through with sanctions did not do away with the alternative of either surrender or war.

True, if drastic and efficient sanctions had been applied war might have directly affected the leading democratic countries, France and England, a consequence which then, as in Munich, had to be prevented at all costs.

That is exactly what was wrong with the old conception of collective security: no one had any intention of making any major sacrifices for it. Security was all right as long as it worked, but collectiveness was much too dangerous a thing.

If that is the policy which Democracy is returning to, Democracy might just as well stick to the spirit of unconditional surrender, which is the spirit of Munich.

As long as collective security does not also mean collective sacrifice, it will never work.

THE DEFENCES OF DEMOCRACY

IF ONE KNOWS, as I do know, that Nazi-ism's one aim is the establishment of a German world empire, that Totalitarianism, being a creed, must, of necessity, go international, that it must conquer the world or die, if one knows that, one knows, too, that the great clash between Democracy and Totalitarianism must inevitably occur one day.

That clash must come unless one of the creeds collapses before the time is ripe.

But even then Totalitarianism before it collapses will hit out at the world, striking madly at whatever gets within its reach.

A large portion of the democratic world still hopes for appeasement. I wonder if the man who originally substituted the slogan "Working for appeasement" for "Working for peace" realised what irony he was pouring into it.

Totalitarianism cannot be appeased, for it is its very nature to fight and to conquer. And to Nazidom it is even more impossible to apply it, for Hitler has gone much too far, he can never go back, he can never even stop. He has got to go marching on and on. He has got to conquer the world for Germany and become a hero, or fail in the attempt and be cursed for ever after. And that is the one thing that he can't stand.

The hardships which he has inflicted upon the German people, the state of mind he has put Germany in, the bankruptcy into which he has led his nation, won't let him retreat.

He can no longer return to collaboration with the world, without once again upsetting the whole of Germany's economic, financial and political order.

He can no longer open up the world to Germany and Germany to the world without letting his monetary and political system collapse. And only a fool can believe that he would do that.



Nazi-ism must live, even if Germany should die!

One of these days Democracy will be forced to stop running away, will be forced to turn round, to catch as much breath as it possibly can, and to fight.

When and how the great clash is going to come about, who can tell? Whether it will be Italy or Germany, whether it will be even Japan or Russia which may produce the ultimate reason for an outbreak, nobody can foresee. Maybe the hour for the supreme effort will only come when Democracy in Europe has already been deprived of all its defences, when it might conceivably be too late, and Democracy might have to go down struggling faintly and bewailing the mistakes it has made in the past, as no doubt the dictators believe it will, and plan that it should.

But perhaps it is yet possible to rally Democracy in time, to make it come out of its fool's paradise of peace, and to make it realise that the fight for its very life is on already, that its fate is already hanging in suspense, whether it refuses to fight or not.

There are terrible dangers ahead. There are thousands of mistakes which Democracy might yet add to the



hundreds it has already made.

The greatest of them all would be to try to unite with Totalitarianism of one variety, to destroy Totalitarianism of another. Democracy can't march with Fascism to destroy Bolshevism, and equally well it can't march arm in arm with Bolshevism hoping to destroy Fascism.

It is no prophecy, no dream, but pure and simple truth, logical truth if one knows the workings of Totalitarianism, that wherever Bolshevism and Fascism clash, they are bound, sooner or later, to unite. It doesn't make any difference whether the Bolshevik government of Russia collapses and Fascism takes over instead, whether Nazi-ism breaks down and Germany goes Bolshy, or whether Fascist and Bolshevik governments come to a mutual agreement, the outcome always will be the same: the Totalitarian Front against Democracy.

Stating this is not being just downright stupid, is not

even being mildly prophetic, but just stating what is an absolute certainty. A certainty that can logically be foreseen too.

Democracy, for goodness' sake, ought to be strong enough to stand up for itself without entering into alliances which must eventually prove much more dangerous than they can, even at the outset, be useful.

It is one of Hitler's most successful tactics to create the impression that the alternative with which man or state is faced is either to go Bolshy or Fascist.

He hereby manages to drive the anti-Fascists into the Bolshy camp, where they can be branded as enemies of mankind, and of driving the enemies of Bolshevism into the Fascist camp, where they will set Fascist ideology above their own interest and everything else.

But the alternative is not, and can never be, Bolshevism or Fascism,

but will for ever remain Totalitarianism or Democracy, slavery or liberty.

If Democracy isn't strong enough to stand up by itself, it will go under, no matter whom it gathers in as an ally.

To win, Democracy will have to fight for a clear-cut issue, and that issue can only be: Democracy or Totalitarianism.

Where faith is fought for, one cannot afford to muddle one's faith.

Though it still dreams of appeasement and of evading the inevitable, Democracy will one day have to fight. And it will have to enter that fight prepared if necessary to face the supreme ordeal: War.

Once Democracy strips itself of the fear of having

to fight a war should all other methods fail or prove inefficient, Democracy has already won, at least it has won at the present state of affairs.

If it waits too long, things may be different.

What is wrong with Democracy to-day is nothing but the state of mind which it still incomprehensibly sticks to. It clings to peace, or at least to what it believes still to be peace, for all it is worth.

Democracy cannot in the long run go on taking strong steps and backing down, protesting against and recognising conquest, compromising and bitterly regretting. For that not only ruins the morale of its own people, but also tremendously strengthens the morale of Totalitarianism.

It can't be Democracy's job to go on appeasing the dictators by making concessions, it can't be Democracy's fate to wait in suspense and fear from one dictatorial speech to the other, to sigh with relief every time the Mighty One says he wants peace, and to feel indignant, ashamed, and powerless every time he breaks it.

Democracy must stop scanning the utterances of dictators in the hope of finding possible openings which might be made a basis for new negotiations, new compromises, new concessions, new attempts to appease.

Once Democracy has made up its mind that it can and will fight too, that it can use its weapons as well as Totalitarianism, fear and uncertainty will leave the world, confidence will return, and the scale of Totalitarianism will go down.

For wherein lies the strength of Totalitarianism? In nothing else but in its will to fight. In the unscrupulous-

ness of its leaders, their readiness to plunge the whole world in war to attain their goal.

So far it has been easy for them. For it is easy to play poker if you know that the other chap won't call your hand once you raise the stake. It's too easy. Democracy holds all the aces, and there are only four in the pack. Totalitarianism may pretend to be holding four aces too. But in that case it is obvious that somebody must be cheating. And we know it isn't Democracy.

Totalitarianism has yet to show that it can fight. From what I know of it, and from what I have seen of it, it can't. The people will not stand for it. Millions are waiting for the chance to shake off the tyranny of Totalitarianism, and whenever Totalitarianism is forced to make a real effort, its whole structure will collapse like a pack of cards.

All Totalitarianism has got to show for itself so far are the conquests of Abyssinia, Spain, Austria and Czechoslovakia. These are Totalitarianism's great victories, and the only thing impressive about them is the ease with which Democracy let them take place.

The leaders of Totalitarianism know that whenever it is made to fight its way to victory by force of arms, it won't get there.

They therefore want "peace". They therefore do all they can to be allowed to stick to the totalitarian methods of bloodless war. By that method they are sure that they can win, for Democracy will never learn to fight that way.

Or so they think.

But Democracy might. Democracy might yet learn

to pour a flood of honest, truthful propaganda into the dictator states, Democracy might yet learn to fight a trade war, even if it does mean making great sacrifices, Democracy might yet learn to apply boycott, even if it does mean going without one thing or the other.

When it comes to the real show-down, Democracy might, for instance, close all its ports to totalitarian shipping.

Oh yes, I know it can't be done. Trade might be lost, and the dictators might be angered. It would be an act of aggression, and would start totalitarian planes dropping bombs.

But, unfortunately, bloodless warfare consists of attacking, and there is no defence against it but counter-attack.

Unless Democracy acquires the will and the ability to attack in order to hold its own, Totalitarianism will go on piling victory upon victory by its bloodless methods of totalitarian war.

Democracy will have to stop minding if dictators are angered when it sets out to capture markets by dumping, by subsidising its industries and its shipping, by, in fact, using the methods of Totalitarianism.

Democracy will have to stop minding if dictators start foaming at the mouth when Democracy starts propagating Democracy amongst the people of totalitarian countries. After all, Totalitarianism is doing exactly the same, and aren't its dictators continually denouncing, prosecuting, and thundering at Democracy?

Democracy will have to stop minding whether trade boycotts make the dictators rattle their swords or not. Democracy will even have to stop minding if they draw

their swords, if, gone frantic, they should make war upon the world.

Democracy will have to be prepared for that last challenge, for if the dictators draw their swords it will just be too bad for them.

To-day still the advantages are all on the side of Democracy. Its trade and its treasuries have the longer breath, its people are the more unanimous, its trade-routes and harbours much less endangered, its supplies and reserves of raw material much greater.

Once Democracy makes up its mind to resist—and how far it can afford to let Totalitarianism go—it can pronounce its: So far and no farther!

It can then settle down and wait for Totalitarianism to overstep its bounds, and if it does, come swooping down on it with all its might, and damn the consequences!

It can then apply sanctions, and if the dictators start shooting, it can shoot back twice.

Democracy, freed of fear of war, stripped of all half-heartedness, ready to resist attack by counter-attack, is yet sure to carry the day.

GOING, EUROPE?

ONCE IT EVENTUALLY does make up its mind to fight, Democracy is sure to win.

For notwithstanding all the dictators, the white man all the world over still stands for Democracy.

Democracy and Liberty are still the only ideals which the majority of people, now as before, are prepared to lay their lives down for.

But winning the fight, be it bloodless or otherwise, won't mean a thing unless Democracy is able to win the peace. Democracy, when it makes up its mind to fight next time, will not be able to fight for punishment or revenge, it will have to fight to ensure a new order, sane, free, co-operative and democratic. Democracy might be able to win any war, no matter what slogan it fights with, but it is bound to lose again every peace that isn't built up upon truth and justice, common sense, common effort and common understanding.

There is a lesson to be learnt from Versailles, and perhaps it isn't too much to ask that that lesson should be learnt once and for all.

But the peace-making starts in war-time, and war-time methods must be adapted to the ultimate goal which eventual peace is intended to reach.

Unless Democracy keeps its shining armour free of demagogic propaganda;

unless it makes Democrats all over the world, this side and the other side of the trenches, conscious that it is the common welfare which is being fought for;

unless Democracy keeps itself free of the entanglement of promises which are bound to dictate the terms of any peace-treaty which it then honestly might try to make;

unless Democracy refuses to compromise with truth and justice, but sticks to them at no matter what cost;

Democracy, having won one more war, is sure again to lose one more peace.

Peace-making demands sacrifices at least as great as warfare. It demands those sacrifices from victor and victim alike, but in most cases it will be the victors alone who will be able to make those sacrifices when the time of peace-making comes, for the victims are sure to have outbled themselves before going down.

There is only one way of ensuring peace after a victorious war, and that is for the victors to pay for the peace.

Let us face it: The millions who died during the world war died in vain. Maybe, if ever the time comes for millions to lay down their lives for Democracy once again, they will not have to do it in vain. But whether or not only depends upon the wisdom of the men who set up the new order when peace is made.

Democracy's cause is yet by no means lost. The severest blow it could receive would not be to lose a war, for it might then still come up fighting once again, but to win a war and once again to lose the peace.

Then Democracy, and Europe, are doomed.

YOURS, AMERICA!

REGARDLESS OF THE FORM which the clash between Totalitarianism and Democracy might take, regardless of the outcome, and regardless of whose the victory may turn out to be, the effort which Europe is bound to make, the strain which will be put on its structure, is sure to destroy once again thousands of pillars and props which European civilisation and European culture rest upon.

Every effort which Europe makes must destroy some of Europe's traditions and institutions, for in case of emergency they turn out to be nothing but dead weight, they turn out not to be fitted to the age we live in, the technical machine age, whose greatest representative you are, America.

Europe is slipping your way, whether you like it or not. And if the clash between Democracy and Totalitarianism proves unable to destroy all the foundations of European civilisation, to destroy the Europe of the last two thousand years, I do not doubt that the fatal sisters will set Europe another task, which will force it to throw overboard what stands in the way of the spirit that dominates the new age upon which this our world has entered.

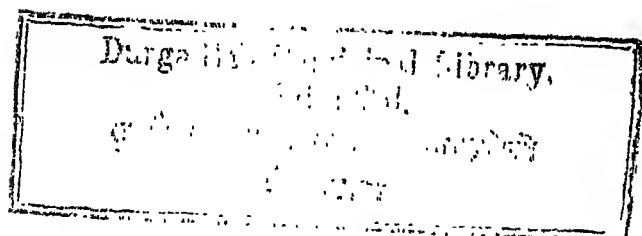
You will be the leader in that new world, America, and maybe there won't be any need for you to adopt any of Europe's ingrown wisdom to start with, and you will be able to content yourself, for the time being, anyway, with your youth, your energy and your push.

But as the machine age grows older, you will no doubt run up against the necessity of acquiring one or two of the things which went into the making of European culture.

It might be a good plan to adopt some of Europe's culture even now, in your young days, when you don't know what to do with it, and to keep it stored until you need it, for no doubt that day of need will be born.

But you've got to be quick about it, you've got to get what you can now, otherwise you may find out, from one day to the other, that there is nothing more to get, that European civilisation and European culture are definitely, irretrievably

GONE.



P.S.

ON READING what I have written I find that this book has not turned out to be as flippant and as light-hearted as I thought it might be.

It seems to me to be rather a sad book, beastly intense in parts, and much too serious, to make any of the jokes which it contains seem funny.

But it may be extremely humorous after all, and perhaps it is only our nearness to the events that prevents us from seeing the humour of them.

Once one gets farther away from it, may it not seem funny that one should make such a fuss about saying good-bye to Europe?

She was a nice old thing, as long as she lasted, she had her good points, but, after all, one shouldn't lose one's sense of proportion, for nothing and nobody is irreplaceable.

There's nothing I hate more than farewell scenes.

So let's get it over and done with, let's wave to the old dear, and smile:

Good-bye, Europe! It was nice to have known you. And don't worry, we shall be looking after the canary!



Oh!

Naughty! Naughty! Puss!